





Pandemic Blues

Hot coffee steaming in a paper cup, cold sandwich neatly wrapped in checkered paper. Tired, friendly eyes above the mask, drop a napkin into the bag and hold the credit card reader at arm's length. TV's on with talking heads. You've had enough news, not that you can stay to watch anyways. Hurry home, but, really, what's the hurry? All that's waiting for you there is more empty time to fill.

ineStill ISO 800 Tungsten Bαlαncec lympus 35RC, E. Zuiko 42mm ƒ/2.8







Kodak Professional Portra ISO 160 Yashica TL-Super, Asahi Super-Takumar 55mm f/1.8



Monuments

Sometimes the neighbors complained when new statues or recycled decorations appeared overnight in her yard. Where she found them, who could say. Her banners for the Democrat candidates and local politicians where always displayed, winners and losers alike had their place here, with a new crop of names and slogans sprouting up out of the dirt every 2 years. She took daily walks with her dog, a shabby old rescue mutt with one eye and bad hips. Down to the Embarcadero, then up to Sunshine Health Foods for lunch and then to the thrift and antique stores as predictable as the tide. Her weathered cheeks bore the signs of age, sun, and joy. Sometimes, she'd sell her creations, trinkets, jewelery, and towering yard decor made from discarded relics and recycling at the Harbor Festival and farmer's markets. At golden hour, glass of California Cab or Zin in hand, she'd sit in her yard in communion with her monuments to the weird and eclectic and sublime, toasting the sunset.

Ultrafine eXtreme B&W ISO 100 Minolta SR-T 101, MD 50mm f/2







Fujifilm Superia X-TRA ISO 400 Yashica TL-Super, Asahi Super-Takumar 55mm f/1.8

CINESTILL 50D CINESTILL 50D





Kodak Professional Ektar ISO 100 Yashica TL-Super, Asahi Super-Takumar 55mm ƒ/1.8



Laundry Daydreams

Another Saturday. Pull on joggers sneakers and drop the week's clothes in the back of the old hatchback. Shuffle in onto the peeling ancient linoleum, the air feels somehow fresh and clean with the effervscence of soap. It always makes me think of Sumi. She was in my dorm hall Freshmen year, but we didn't meet until half way through the semester. One day I stained my favorite shirt and rushed it down to the dorm's laundry an hour earlier than typical. She wore her bright, fuzzy pink robe that I'd often seen swirling in the machine that neighbored the one I used. Funnu how a little change in routine can alter the coure of your life. I often think on that while I sit and listen to the calming spins and gurglings of the machines.

Sometimes I read a paperback, or walk across the street to the liquor store, or smoke a cigarette in the alley, or aimlessly wander the surrounding blocks. But always when I come back something's different, eddies in this strange confluence. The washer that had been on earlier has fallen silent and empty, a cart has skittered across the room, a dryer now creaks and hums.

"One of the loneliest feelings in the world is arriving at an empty laundromat with a machine going," She once said. "Its like, there's someone out there, living this parallel life and you just keep missing them. You wonder about them, who they are, what they're like. You see their clothes, but the rest of them is missing." The whir of the machines never fails to bring back the sound of Sumi's voice to me, even if only for a fleeting moment. The machine spins down, bringing an end to my reverie.



