

TAKE NOTE, TAKE NOTICE

—*Ryan West*

IF MY HEART WAS A STENO PAD, it would be crumpled and crinkled. It would have little bits of ash and tobacco on it from the cigarettes I rolled and then smoked incessantly when you refused to talk to me. It would have words scribbled and scrawled, and more often than not, scratched out. Sometimes so violently it tore through the page. And the edges would be stained from a mixture of spilt coffee and the grime from my hands as I carried it everywhere I went, day after day.

But mostly, it would be beautiful. Not because it was mine, or my doing, but because it was yours. Each and every one of yours who contributed. Each of you who added a word, crossed one out, smoked with me, walked with me, thumbbed through the pages adding your own smudges, or spilt that scalding cup of coffee. It would be that. It would be you.

If my heart was a steno pad. 