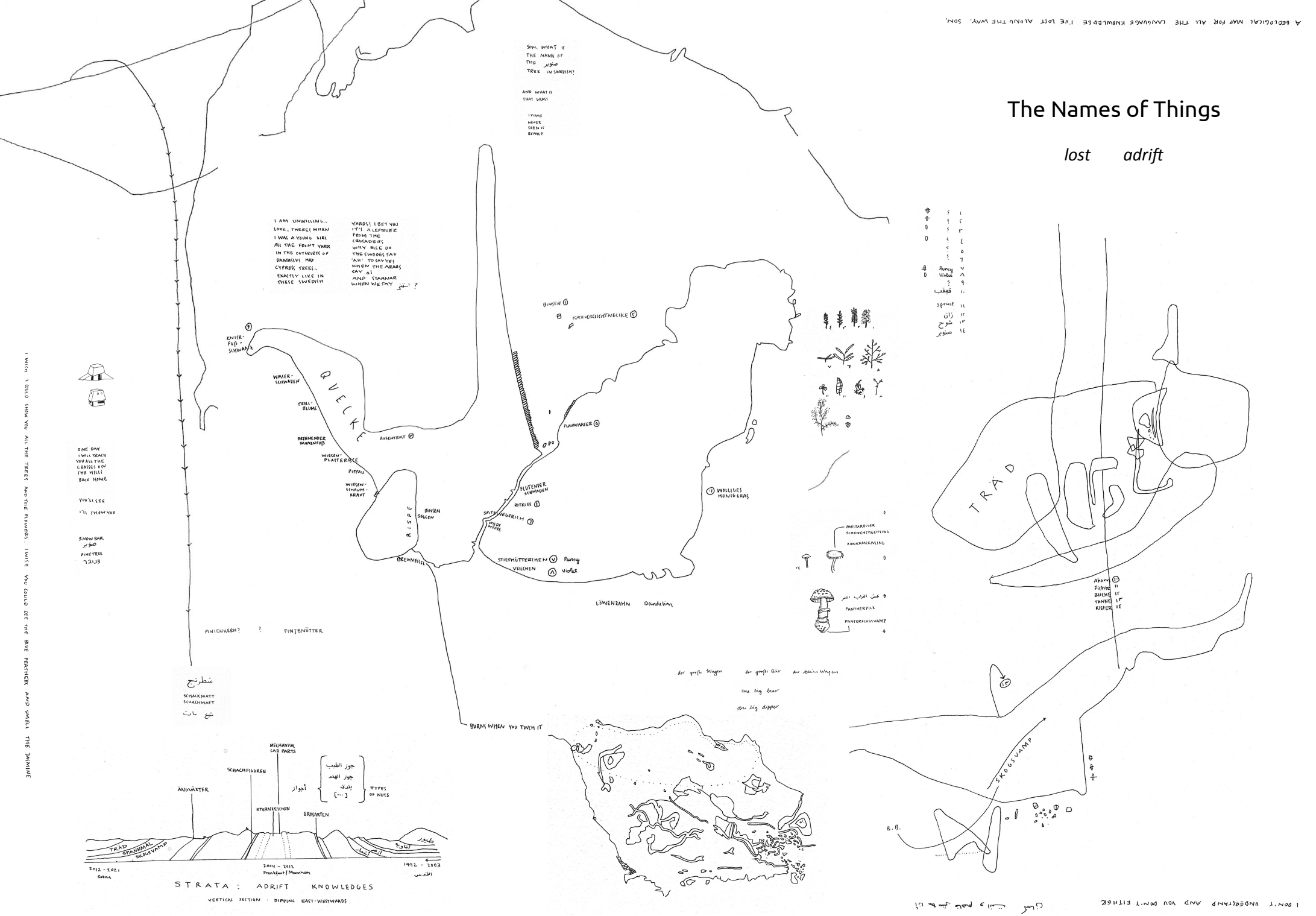
The Names of Things

lost adrift



I WISH I COULD SHOW YOU ALL THE TREES AND THE FLOWERS. I WISH YOU COULD SEE THE BLUE FEATHERS AND SMELL THE JASMINE

THE THING IS, NOBODY ACTUALLY KNOWS WHICH PATHS THE MIGRATORY BIRDS PREFER TO TAKE. ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THEY MOVE.

I WISH I HAD A GEOLOGICAL MAP FOR ALL THE LANGUAGE KNOWLEDGE I'VE LOST ALONG THE WAY. SON,

I DON'T UNDERSTAND AND YOU DON'T EITHER