



MEDIA OF THE WEEK

I know very few poems by heart, I read this one out to a friend one day when we were exploring the underside of a bridge and our feet were sinking under the sand.

The mower stalled, twice; kneeling, I found A hedgehog jammed up against the blades, Killed. It had been in the long grass.

I had seen it before, and even fed it; once. Now I had mauled its unobtrusive world Unmendably. Burial was no help:

Next morning I got up and it did not. The first day after a death, the new absence Is always the same; we should be careful

Of each other, we should be kind While there is still time.

The Mower / Philip Larkin

EDITOR'S NOTE

I love my friends, love when I fall asleep on the sofa with them working on my table, walking to places with them, the patience they have for me, to see things closely and send me pictures, sitting on the grass with them or even on chairs and benches, love when they wait for me on the platform, call me at bi-monthly intervals, love them raggedy go through horrible times with me and have them tell me they'd gladly repeat it. I could do so so much worse than having people who take patience in my long and clunky sentences. *Mastroianni et al.* (2021) report that "there exists a *liking gap*: people underestimate how much their partners like them [...]" as a result people's post-conversation thoughts are often marked by uncertainty ("Did she think I was boring?" "Did I talk too much?" "Did I share too much?"). When I told one of my friends about this, she said,

wishing everyone a no-liking gap because if I like hanging out with someone I immediately tell them. no fucking around here.

It's all of us doing so much better now in November 2024 regardless of the circumstances, I swear to fucking god we will survive this. We will thrive.

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS

(with Juanita)

[...] It's that thing as if you're adding years to the wrong end of your life.

Whats that?

No it's like you're going to be old anyway one day and who knows what you'll be able to enjoy then. (another cigarette is okay), right now you can do all those things you are doing now running around and stuff. There's no point in trying to live a "better old-life" because you're old you'll be doing those things sitting on an armchair. Right now you can do these things in best.

Yeah.

Yeah so listen to your music at high volume who knows if you'd have good hearing at 50. It's adding years to the wrong end of your life. You can go buy those 50 rupees earphones from outside the metro — it's alright.

KABOOTAR DISPATCH



Issue #2 : Time (on Running out of) / midnight 13 November 2024

THIS WEEK ON

Lately I've dipping out of events earlier than usual because suddenly I realize I should be working and have so less time. Whenever I go home for a few weeks the last days are the most busy. The last night before leaving I usually stay up. There are so many places I'd like to see at sunset.

Often I come to visit this bridge in evenings, it looks beautiful in the sunset there's a crematorium nearby, and kids on the river encroachment playing underneath, another bridge a little ahead is only for the trains, mostly cargo, there the older kids hang out on the bare track with a better view of the sunset. I come here sometimes and mostly I come by because it connects the better part of the north of the city to the rest below, one of my best friends lived here in the posher of areas, one that we affectionately called Notting Hill. They still live there actually, just occasionally home that is.

TIME

I've associated most of the places in this town with my friends' homes, they are coming back again for winter maybe. What I take issue with is how often we take admit for how little evidence that we are not loveable, that the thing we did not wishing anyone harm, was in fact, bad, because we ourselves here are not capable of doing good, or loving in anyway that is felt true on the other side.

The first few weeks are the most forgettable, you sit in the chair that makes a very ambitious obtuse angle between the seat and the backrest, with a book and no matter, no matter how much you try you fall asleep, and you wake up only when the slow heating sun has moved to your face now. It used to be one time that these times were not thought of as wasted hours, or a substitute for a better thing. We do better, next year try.