Twitter Thread by BoiltOwl

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No one is rootless. You just don’t like your roots and that’s not my fault. You can’t shop your way into roots. You can’t buy them. Just like if you buy lingerie you’re not buying the model who’s wearing it. You’re buying a bit of fabric.

You wouldn’t like my roots either. When I was young and looking at tax maps, looking for FAMOUS house foundations and family cemeteries in the woods, YOU would’ve told me how you can’t wait to get out. How it was all so claustrophobic. How limiting this place is lol

And YOU would’ve been right. This place is not for you and you are insensitive to its charms. You would’ve left and maybe at some point some romantic notion about it may have crept into your head. You might RETVRN with these romantic notions as weapon AND armor.

But it still wouldn’t be the place for you. You would LOVE the gentrified general store and that people are hell bent on expanding broadband. You can LANDMAX here! A town IS an act of imagination and what you’re imagining is a war.

You wouldn’t see what I see here and we would talk past each other. You would see POTENTIAL. I would not. I see something fully realized and continuous.