Twitter Thread by Valeria Luiselli



Valeria Luiselli
@ValeriaLuiselli

This might be called: The Little Elegy-Manifesto for the Last Friday of Everything (which we thought was only one more calendar Friday but turned out to be the last of something)

Had we known what was coming, on that last crowded subway ride on a certain Friday, we'd have saluted every passenger with an anthem or signal, right as they stepped off the train car at their final stop.

We'd have devoted a slightly longer gaze to the stranger sitting across from us during that last, boisterous dinner table we were not even sure we wanted to attend, but did.

We'd have read a poem by Góngora, HD or Dickinson, out loud, in that real classroom full of present students. (And the room would have smelled of pencil, sweat, mochila, and weak coffee.)

We'd have clapped our hearts out and our palms got all red when that airplane we flew on finally fucking landed, not quite on time but smoothly-enough.

(Perhaps, if we had gauged these new times a little better, had had some hindsight & foresight we would have organized better parting rituals.)

We'd have made a damn good playlist.

We'd have kissed that avocado in the supermarket.

We'd have cancelled most subscriptions.

We'd have vowed to visit a glacier as soon as we could travel again.

We'd have written a letter to our parents, sorting things out.

And so on and so forth. (All missed opportunities welcome below):