I remember home with the car speeding off in the night, my mother held to the gun. This is how life will continue to happen: the mall held up, the cinema doors slam, four men dressed as policemen come in with guns, the first-floor bank floods with bullets. When it ends, people will go about their day: another day, another shooting. At a certain party someone will unabashedly defend communism, argue to me the benefits of “what shouldn’t be called a dictatorship” while they brush off their Polo and sip their Bombay Gin cocktail. I like to think that when I find something beautiful, I will no longer be alone.

But what I found is what I’ll never return to—far enough to reach the lighthouse at the north, the family of fishermen, the rusting ship tipping out of the sea. I had once found everything.