Clouds are scattered in the sky today, I look up on my way to class. They look like small insistent waves, and I know they will float away soon, because they always do, and the only thing that remains is the endless expanse of blue, blue sky. Not a cerulean or lapis lazuli, the blue of the everyday sky is forgettable. Pale and shrouded by whites, it seems to fade into blankness whenever someone forgets to look up and notice it. Will I fade away just like the colour of the sky if no one looks at me, loves me, thinks about me?

Groceries and lots of readings for the weekend. Readings will be the death of me!! And I have to wash clothes too just kill me at this point please.

For the Romans, *gloria* was one way to reach the level of immortality. It must be rooted in some truth, because Caesar lives on. I want to be immortal in someone's imagination too. I want to exist even when I am laid onto the earth, and until long after. Can someone love me through it all, and remember me eons after I am gone? For I am no Alexander, and I never will be. Most people live long but little, and history will never remember their moments of conquering, perhaps not lands, but their demons and their struggles, even their desires. It doesn't stop us common people from wanting, and needing, and aching, for a small piece for us too.

Just saw a someone wearing the weirdest fucking shirt I have ever seen. Guys do we have time for practice this week?

Then I think. About the chacha who fixes watches in a dusty alley in Karachi. He had a tiny microscope he somehow fit into his left eye as he worked the small screws of each watch. I doubt many will remember him for long after he is gone. But I remember him perfectly. Better than I remember Caesar. And I have woven him into these words, and he is immortal every time someone reads them. Can I write myself into these fleeting moments of crystal clarity, when the world amplifies its blandest, and I am faced with the question of whether I matter enough for someone, anyone, to love me into oblivion? Can I write it into forever?

Yes mama, I'm coming home by like 7. I promise. I promise. Now I'll call later. Things are soooo hectic here, my lord!
