

How I write:

I'm lying in bed, my headphones pushed deep in my earbuds, blasting the sweet tune of Mychael Danna's "Pi's Lullaby." A woman's face comes to my mind, smiling softly. She cradles a baby, his name is Joseph. They rock slowly in a chair in a corner of a room; the walls are soft pink. She was expecting a girl, her name would have been Josephine; the woman's name is Clair. The music gets louder, a trumpet sounds. Clair's husband in the Navy. The trumpet softens, a flute comes in. Joseph will meet the love of his life when he is fourteen, she will have blonde hair; Joseph has brown hair. The song ends. "Stay" plays next, the Branchez Bootleg remix. A teenage girl is lying on the floor, cocaine rushing through her body. She has pretty hair but dyed it too dark. Her boyfriend isn't there to help her. Where is he? The beat picks up, there's a car crash. Her boyfriend didn't survive; his name was Greg.

The song ends, a new story begins.