 book guy, he talked about the desert flowers here, so thought IId see them for myself. Is that cheesy? I'm cheesy. I'm also awfully sneezy - the flowers are gorgeous, and murder on my allergies. Grabbed a bunch of seeds anyway - something he always did. Couldnt tell you why, since he never seemed to get around to planting them. Something about potential, I think?
I've been thinking a lot about that - potential. The potential of this book, this trip, what comes after all this. Wasted potential, too - I once asked a girl out in a note, but I paricked and stole it back before she could answer. Wouldn' do that now, after everything.
Not sure where's next - Ill write when I get there though! To potential - Hank


