

## **I Want To**

I want to go to the café where everything is varying shades of beige but not in a sad way because there is so much life and I could dissolve into the solvent of uni students with MacBooks and annotated lecture notes and critical texts. I want to tiptoe down to the basement and take my seat next to the history undergrad with the curly hair on a Sunday morning as she drinks a cappuccino or a latte - I can't remember which - with a beaten up copy on some civil war or another with coloured tabs like rainbow steps to Heaven and I think I could enter another plane down there. I'd bring an Italian textbook the size of a Bible and pretend my back doesn't hurt from lugging it around and stare absently at the text as I wait for Will to bring me a white hot chocolate and think about how I'm meant to think profound things but really I just want to sit.

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