

Sometime that September, as I tried to get used to a world without crutches, Jimi died of an overdose, and I decided to live.

White pop music was something Republicans listened to, not people like us.

"I don't sing the notes, Stella. I sing the space between the notes"

Writing, at its best, is a naked profession. We fell in love, of course. It was inevitable

I wasn't having a psychotic break, just a streak of bad luck. It was about to get worse

Are you trying to kill me? I whispered, half afraid it was true