an engineer. aspiration to attend stanford and become completely forgotten - like a tweenage things, important things, i had somehow excitement i didn't expect. there were other much of it i remembered with a level of clippings, paperwork and photographs. (again). It was mostly artwork, newspaper onto and what I could stand to part with taking stock of what was worth holding i spent time revisiting my old things,

thought i might miss them. tor the last eight years. she said she the bags of my old things, had saved them my sister revealed that she had held onto be thrown away. Just before the pandemic, i put all of my old belongings into bags to than deal with the bedroom I had left there, could no longer attord their house. rather when my dad was sick, my parents

mid-career. to no institutional recognition, i have reached extracurricular, unpaid labor weekly and little tull-time part-time litestyle, multiple hours of and 45 years old. at 35 with two degrees, a suggests mid-career as a range between 35 age of 39 at mid-career. mid-career. google number of people change careers around the which turned up a result stating that a large plans to speak ot. I did a quick google search a far cry from where i am now - with no real path. one that comes with a retirement plan. an engineer is a responsible, stable career

is ambiguous at best. i already know i'm in trouble and the way out i would be in trouble if anyone found out. but accidentally hit him with a wittle bat, atraid that trying to keep my cousin from crying after i'd being a child again. a leftover impulse of smoothe this over, to make it okay. It was like trying rapidly, clumsily, to find a quick fix, to even mean the same thing for an artist? i was again? can i even afford to? does mid-career mistake? is it too late to go back to school do. my mind was racing. had I made a huge against all that maybe my parents hoped i'd with my lite against all i thought i might do. persistent need to reconcile what i've done inauseous. I was overcome by a sudden, this thought sent me spiraling. I telt

thought about what he would do. was calming. he was good under fire. I

i started to think about my dad again. it

he would sit down beside me and nudge

me with his elbow. he would lovingly remind

me that the light ahead will only turn one

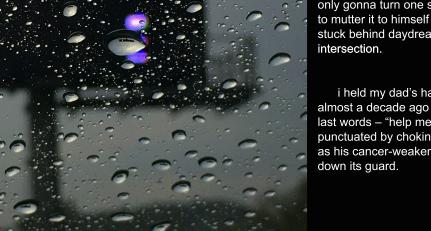
that light's only gonna turn one shade of green

my dad had this phrase - "that light's only gonna turn one shade of green". he used to mutter it to himself in traffic when he was stuck behind daydreamers idling in the

i held my dad's hand when he died. it was almost a decade ago now. i can still hear his last words – "help me (help me, help me)" – punctuated by choking. he died of an infection as his cancer-weakened immune system let down its guard.

since his death, i've spent a lot of time thinking about the things that he said in our lives together. part of it is solace, for sure. more of it, i think, is the hope that maybe there are lessons i can still learn from him if i can just think hard enough.

i don't know where he got this phrase. did he come up with it? he was good with words. he did word puzzles every day. maybe he saw it on tv. i never really thought much about this particular phrase until a few years ago, but I've been thinking a lot about green lights since.



spade of green.