

We wanted San Diego. We came here for an engagement photo shoot, but really, we came to imagine what it'd be like if this place were our home, as if the physicality of Coronado's lime-green grass and the glowing CVN-70 numbers in the distance, hiding beneath a veil of fog, was ours. As if your dress whites and our navy kiss at the banks of Centennial Park could make it become real. When we drove back to LAX, we just sang our sadness and threw it into the sea, out the car's window, and if this were any other kind of story, I'd tell you how the earth meets the sea on California's coastline, how a boy and girl who met at fourteen married ten years later and lived happily ever after. But it's not that kind of story. We're still living it, still breathing it, like the fog that envelops lungs.

—Melissa R. Sipin



*No. 5, Cigarettes on the Tongue (Series)*