

Pure Romantics (Hinterland)

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“i’ve driven all over the south shore, but i refuse to go into longueuil”
because i want racailles who pop percs and rap to Hamza while we’re cruising down Chemin de Chambly. i want white trash dyslexic broke boys who live in crummy fucking apartments who teach me how to roll up a fatass joint. i want Eastern European incels who teach me how to moderate Discord servers and clue me in on 4chan lingo (google search, what is a negative canthal tilt? what is sounding? what is mpreg?) i want to run from my past. i want schools that get bomb threats every year, i want to know plugs and get my eleven-year-old brother shitfaced on tequila. i want that summer camp where the management stole kids from us. i want that greek waitress at La Belle Province to interrupt me speaking to my brother and fill me in on the amount of scumbag good for nothing bad men she has in her life again. i want that pedophile teacher at my old high school to rot in prison, i want to dance on his mother’s grave with my friends again. i want to tote drugs and sell guns and get my dick sucked and sing “O Canada” as i flee the stranglehold of death. because because because because because because because i don’t want to be pure. i don’t want to be classy. i don’t want to dress down and preach humility. i don’t want to blow daddy’s money on vodka in Jeanne-Mance. i want Sean Baker to film me begging for dick at Terminus Longueuil like a detty detty little boy. i was never destined to be like the Thomsons and the Rothschildren of the world. i’m a loser and an empath and a good time. i’m a Longueuil boy, born and bred.