

## Editor's Note

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During a weekend in mid-April, I learned what it means to build. Another way to put this is, I got married. The idea was an outdoor wedding. Texas weather being unpredictable, however, it was necessary to make contingency plans. So my friends and I made porches out of old plant trellises, dining rooms out of the garage, and a gazebo from a tent. It rained so hard during the ceremony, we got married in the living room, but afterward had the reception in the variety of rickety shelters we made.

What a lot of work that was. How unaesthetic the yards of tarp were. How pockmarked my backyard is from the stakes. But everything paid off—even if it was only after the main event. What we did was enough.

This is a special issue of *Thimble*, my friends, being our one-year anniversary. The idea was, well, we didn't have any ideas at all when we started. But "Thimble" sounded like a lovely word, so we built our journal around the idea of words being shelter. That words can be messy and look unbeautiful. But they can be enough, at least, for a little while, even if some rain gets in anyways.

The garage is open, and there're still a few beers. Phil is letting me bum smokes, because I've run out again.

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