

1ST Prompt - SLOW  
1/17/2022

I'm not very good at slow - slowing down, driving slowly, slowing down my mind - at least not lately.

I'm anxious about everything - from the ice on my apartment steps to my car not starting to my empty bank account to my newly broken heart.

I tend to take things slow, ironically though, when it comes to detail oriented tasks: hanging up some simple paper artwork in my kitchen - I meticulously roll each piece of tape while at the same time trying to tell myself it doesn't matter if they're straight or even or the same size just fucking HANG it already!!

I did manage to slow down this morning - my fresh-from-the-grocery-store stuffed and colorful refrigerator was so visually pleasing I stopped to take a photo of it. I love the HUII app - it's cliché and trite and hipsterdom but I don't care.

Maybe I'll slow down and take a nap in a little while.

Maybe I'll slow down and have a good cry in the bathtub for a while.

It's winter. It's cold. It's dark by 4.

COVID feels like 9/11 in slow motion - it just keeps echoing and echoing and echoing.

I live right next to the highway so the sound that surrounds me is never slow - just a constant rush of cars and trucks and when it sounds like wet slush I know that it's been raining.

Birds are back in droves. I don't know why, they're too early. Maybe they're confused. Maybe spring will come soon. Maybe they thought this was Florida.

I'm trying to slow down and memorize the lyrics to Adele's "Woman Like Me" so I can request it at a karaoke night and croon it perfectly to the bastard in my mind it'll forever be about.

It's nice to just write and not worry so much about making it sound good or make sense or be all *p o e t / c*.

I do love poetry.

Maybe I'll slow down further with a beer and my running doc of poems I'm writing and my applications and feel better about this place inside my head.

2ND Prompt - REST  
1/18/2022

I cannot wait to rest tonight. I feel like I'm halfway resting already as waning adrenaline is calming me down to a sleepy, loopy state.

Like slowness, rest is a hard one for me.

I like to be doing things, moving things, preparing things.

I like to know what the next thing will be, and that's a tricky combination when trying to rest.

I remember hating nap time during preschool - the irony of what I would give now for a constructed time to lay down and surrender to rest in the middle of the work day.

Maybe I'll make my students take naps as a part of class...classic heads down on the table. I'd probably get fired. Then I'd probably take a big nap myself.

*Climb the stairs up to my room, and sleep away the afternoon...*

Those lyrics always make me happysad - I remember my mom tearing up thinking about it because I think it reminded her of the grief in losing my dad to cancer.

It's still really hard not to judge what I'm writing.

Just write, write, write.

No judgements.

No "fixing".

Just pure thoughts as they come.

I felt like I was being watched today. I know it's just paranoia.

He knocks on the door from time to time, reminding me that my brain is wired differently.

I didn't like that the doors were open in the classroom. I know it's to help ventilate the Covid-soaked air, but something about it made me feel off.

I took lots of deep breaths today.

I did lots of warrior stances with my arms and legs stretched wide.

I ate a big and balanced breakfast and reminded myself you'll get through this, you always do.

What's to be so nervous about? Let's just make some art and have some fun.

My writing is best when I let it rest.

Give it a chance to marinate and saturate and sure why not masturbate and then come back together again with the pieces of words and sharpen my eraser key and space key and enter key till we maybe finally find a rest stop somewhere along the way.

3RD Prompt - RENEWAL  
1/19/2022

Spring is for renewal. How can one renew in the winter? Every day is about survival - trudging, sloughing, melting, stomping, lacing up heavy boots, pulling layers on, pulling layers off. It's a constant loop of struggle, to me at least.

Spring you can suddenly breathe (until allergies) and the air smells different. The rain doesn't sting, it soothes. Crocuses sprout up, but usually too soon. Regardless there they are, ready to bloom red and yellow and pink and happy.

I feel like I've been trying to renew myself for years now.

Since March 2020 and like everyone else, but before that too. The renewals looked different. They were sudden and far more violent.

Cicadas push out of themselves.

Tarantulas push out of themselves.

I admire them and am scared of them and at the same time and want to push out of myself too.

The word for this is *ecdysis* and the manic side of me loves how closely this sounds like ecstasy.

I want renewal like I want a good cheeseburger.

People don't understand the perfection that is a cheeseburger.

When I see a man in a restaurant or bar order one and then peel off the pickles and onions and lettuce and tomato I think BITCH! coOOme onnn!! What are you doing?!

That's a PART of the cheeseburger! Just order it plain if you want it that plain and boring. Give me FLAVORS or give me death.

Renew you subscription, renew your commitments, renew you vows, renew renew renew it's like new without the commitment.

Spring if for renewal. But so is revenge. So is holding on. So is this.

4TH Prompt - SPARK  
1/20/2022

I keep saying I need some spark plugs placed directly onto my life - I mean it. I need a jolt, a lift, a boost, a full blown sparking spark.  
*I can't keep on walking on walking on broken glass...this song is the shit.*  
I've had it on repeat the last couple of days and played it for my students today. I made us a Spotify playlist with all their favorite musicians from when they were in middle school and I threw in a couple of my latest favorites. I think they like what we're doing. And I hope that they believe me as a teacher.  
I don't think anything has ever given me more sense of imposter syndrome in my life. But I think that's a good sign that I care, a lot. Probably too much. Definitely too Virgo-soaked much baby, but that's me through and through.  
Prepper. Planner. Extraordinaire.  
Really I'm a Virgo with Leo tendencies because I'm on the cusp of both so I get to be complex and extra like that.  
I'm back on these stupid dreadful dating apps and they crack my shit UP. Some of these guys cannot be serious...they look like they took photos of themselves inside of an overflowing vacuum bag. One guy put "please don't be into astrology" in his bio... you know which direction I swiped.  
You know who else has spark? Taylor Fucking Swift. Damn. I feel like I've been living under a rock. That woman is legit. I keep listening to the 10 minute "All Too Well" and want to punch Jake Gyllenhaal in the balls even though I was obsessed with him in middle school and high school and he stars in my favorite movie of all time *Donnie Darko*.  
*Close the door behind you, leave your key, I'd rather be alone than unhappy...* another bomb titty jam. Break up music just hits different when you're in it, and like flint to stone, I'll keep scraping the surface until I find a spark that ignites something brand new and soaked in magic and all for me.

5TH Prompt - POSSIBILITY  
1/21/2022

There's a real possibility that my lunch took a record amount of time to get delivered to me today. Sweet balls, a sandwich and a pre-packaged bag of chips took an hour and a half to get from campus to the Center. But man was it the tits. 11/10 sandwich satisfaction for sure. I am so glad it's Friday, I am WIPED. I am at peace with the very real possibility this semester will be just fine, great in fact. I'm just so freaking tired. But I'm going out with a former coworker tonight and I can't wait to talk shit and stuff my face with queso and talk about boys who suck and drink cocktails in glasses far fancier than anything I own. At home I usually drink out of a stemless glass I got from a performance art piece I was a participant in back in 2019 with a super cool French artist and boy oh boy does that feel forever ago. It says "EXPOSURE" on it in two different places. The possibility that it may fall and break into a million pieces makes me so sad but like my mom always says you know the glass had a good life. Walking on glass, walking on glass...and if you want to hurt me there's nothing left to fear 'cause if you want to hurt me you do it really well my dear...DOES THIS SONG HAVE A GODDAMN GRAMMY BECAUSE I NEED TO SPEAK TO THE MANAGER IF IT DOESN'T! Hot damn! Annie Lennox really gets it this week and I'm all about it. I also learned from my cousin what "TLDR" means - "too long didn't read" HAAAAAAAAA!! How many times my eyes have glazed over people's ginormous paragraph after paragraph of text on their social media posts and here I am rambling on and on. Still, I'm all about the possibility of what's next, what's coming, what's just around the corner. I struck up a conversation with a guy off Bumble last weekend and we FaceTimed twice and I think I scared the shit out of him and he thought I just wanted free therapy but I really do talk this much and sincerely don't know what I am doing with my life but that's okay because tomorrow brings the possibility of getting your head above water.