to the rising tides

week one

a. johnson
WHERE WOULD YOU ESTIMATE WE BELONG?

AT THIS SIDE,
AS IF YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THERE + ALWAYS WILL

MY MOTHER SAID TO ME RECENTLY

WHY HOLD ONTO ALL THAT?
AND I SAID, WHERE CAN I PUT IT DOWN?

SATURDAY
MAY 9
2020
If God asked you whether you were a guy or a girl, would you ask them the same question?

I am settled — growing, stationary like moss like silence.

——

Sunday
May 10
2020
I

Shadow fill the universe

and maybe that's all I

wanted – to be

asked a

question

and

have it

cover me,

like a roof

the width of

myself.

GUIDATE

3 TAK3 CARE - HA9PY FUTURE

MOnDAY

MAY 11

2020
WHO MADE LOVE TO ME
IMAGINED MORE THAN

A WOMAN

IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT A PAST SELF
WHILE ALSO BEING THAT PAST SELF.

DISTANT
YET
FAMILIAR

FOND
YET
ANNoyED

TUESDAY
MAY 12
2020
to know what I am saying when even I don't know how to speak my language when I don't even realize I speak anything else. or to refuse to expect change, to accommodate without questions to learn me and see me and know me. my

THE LINE

LONE-SS OF

HIS IS DENI

LIFE

REVEA-L-LED

WEDNESDAY
MAY 13
2020

WEDNESDAY
MAY 13
2020
all our dreams are kept fragrant and I’ll meet you on the pavement

THURSDAY
MAY 14
2020

“So I started worrying a lot more about me because what was the fucking point?”
May your soul be overgrown with moss.

Why does tragedy exist? Because you are full of rage.
Why are you full of rage? Because you are full of grief.

Friday
May 15, 2020
until the next.

Allegory of Painting, detail. Francois Boucher, 1765