to the rising tides

week two

a. johnson
But isn't everything we do in life just a way to be loved a little more?

Then I scorn to change my state With

Saturday, May 16, 2020

Wander no more from kindling brain To brain, but droop there, whence They sprung; and mourn their lot round the cold heart where after theirs sweet pain They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.
AND WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF HER ALONE CAME A RUSH OF SELF-DECISION 
I WILL NOT BE NOTHING. 
SUNDAY MAY 17 2020
I can feel the water but never know what it's like to hold it.

The great endeavor of all young beings: attempting to make sense of the conflicting truths that parents, teachers, peers, and the rest of the world project to the young without any consistency.

Monday May 18 2020
I was not by nature especially skilled at marking the passage of time.

TUESDAY
MAY 19
2020

Sometimes I found myself with some knowledge about the ways of people that implies that I must have once been a person. I find that it helps not to dwell on such things.
Sometimes I simply don't have the energy to do anything new and at those times monotony is a comfort.

“Just five minutes. Just five minutes to be alone. Then I can get up and go on living.”
HEAD FULL OF NOTHING AND I'M WONDERING WHY?
Last night in the fields I lay down in the darkness to think about death, but instead I fell asleep, as if in a vast and sloping room filled with those white flowers that open all summer, sticky and antidy in the warm fields. When I woke, the morning light to the stars that we never really owned as ours was just slipping in front of the stars, and I was covered with blossoms. I don’t know how it happened—I don’t know if my body went diving down under the sugary vines in some sleep-sharpened affinity with the depths, or whether the green energy rose like a wave and curved...
until the next.

Méditations Genevoises
Jean-Pierre Viollier, 1934