

Woke up early. Found an old picture on my phone. J. M. W. Turner's Landscape with Barn. Muted. Cold. Reminded me of Figures in a Storm. Started to think of the last time I saw it. What I was then. Where I was. Stole two pans from the neighbors downstairs. Felt like baking. An unusual switch in the current for me. Not domestic at all. Used to be funny. A joke of ours. I burnt pierogis once. He took over. I laughed out loud then cried. Camped in the willows and when you're in the willows everything is shaded in swamp. They were my favorite growing up. "Don't you know the story", my grandmother told me, "the willow used to be a woman. Her husband died by the water. She planted herself there and wept forever". Or maybe that's the story of the weeping widow. Either way it's raining now. Hard. I really need to focus now, on this journey here. I feel as though I'm not giving it my all. Trying to warm up a bit. Coffee. Bacon. I make it in the pan. Not in the microwave. Paper towels. I hated it that way. Never said so. He gave me the same cup every time. China. A saucer. His mothers. Cracked. I put it in the dishwasher. Exhale. Still rain. I have to get in my boat here. I'm camped out all night here. Still here. I have to get going, get to work here, so I can come out on the other side changed. Right, right. Off again. The path is up and down. Though I think I had just faced the worst of it for the day. Any other triggers I'll try to be weary of. Deleted the old messages. Playlists. Hid the scarf. The load has lightened a bit. I almost can enjoy the day more. Fluently. Looking up now. Ease of tensions. When I'm out here, doing this, I forget about it all entirely. I can navigate. See the trips and turns before they come. Wade away from them. The part of me that leads found a sleeping lamb. That other part of me. Innocent of sorts. Compassionate. Fool-harded. Lovestruck. I stood outside and watched myself devour that part entirely. Catch it by the block heels. Threw it into the raging fire. Of my anger. Scorn. It did a dance around. Ritualistically. I threw buckets on the fire. Saved the lamb. Held it. I sat down next to the leader part and asked "why". It ate an uncooked goose, sucked on the meat, replied, "wanted to see if you'd save it". That naive part, the lamb, the sacrificial one. That caused us so much pain. Hardship. Continued on this way. Got stuck again further up the water. Another dry spot. Some weeping. It was still thinking of the weeping widow. I threw it a line. More like a leash. Dragged the weight of the sadness throughout the day. The lamb wanted to crawl into my boat. I said, "no, I can't pet you now". There were other grown lambs around. They seemed strong. Sturdy. I saw them looking down on me or else they saw me looking up to them. I couldn't catch them. They were too fast and far. Though, perhaps on the other side of these walls. I'll find them. Their strength. Rained all day and night.