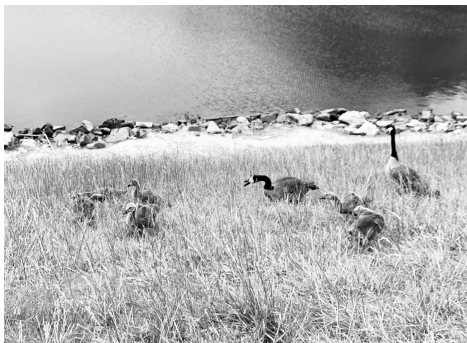


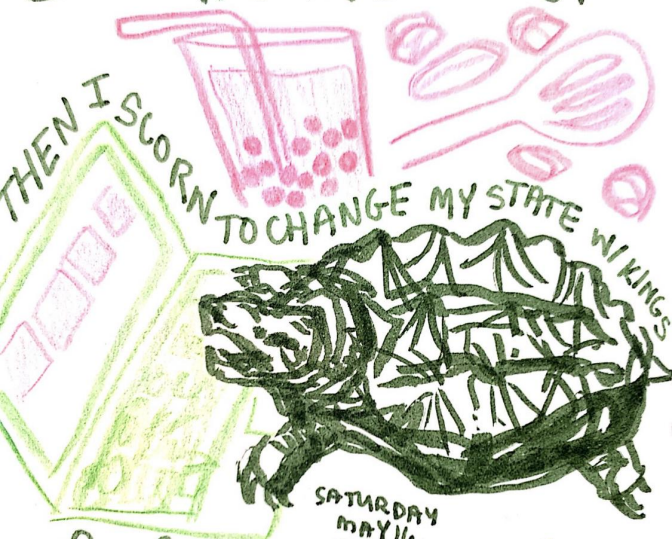
to the rising tides

week two



a. johnson

BUT ISN'T EVERYTHING WE DO
IN LIFE JUST A WAY TO BE
LOVED A LITTLE MORE?



SATURDAY
MAY 16
2020

~~WANDER NO MORE FROM KINDLING BURN
TO BRAIN, BUT DROOP THERE, WHENCE
THEY SPRUNG; AND MOURN THEIR LOT ROUND THE
COLD HEART WHERE AFTER THEIR SWEET PAIN
THEY NE'ER WILL GATHER STRENGTH, OR
FIND A HOME AGAIN.~~

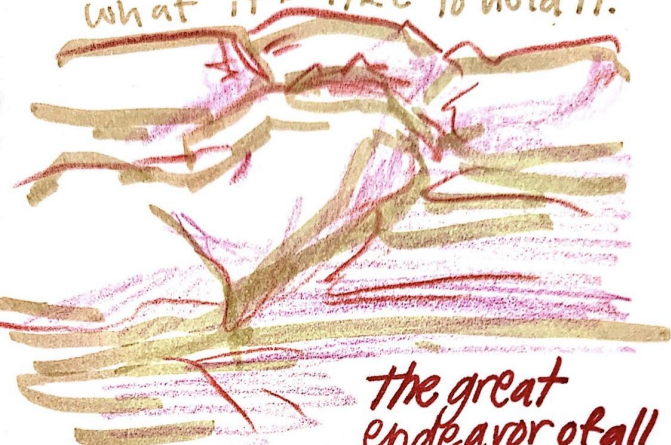
AND WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE OF
HER
ALSO
CAME IN
RUSH OF
SELF
DEC



SUNDAY
MAY 17
2020

I WILL NOT
BE NOTHING.

I can feel the water but never know
what it's like to hold it.



MONDAY
MAY 18
2020

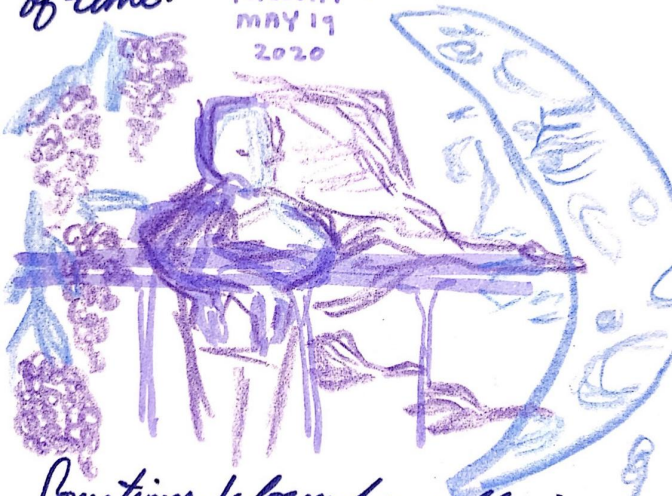
the great
endeavor of all
young beings:
a + tempting
to make
sense of



the conflicting truths that
parents, teachers, peers, and the
rest of the world project to the
young without any consistency

I was not by nature especially skilled at marking the passage of time.

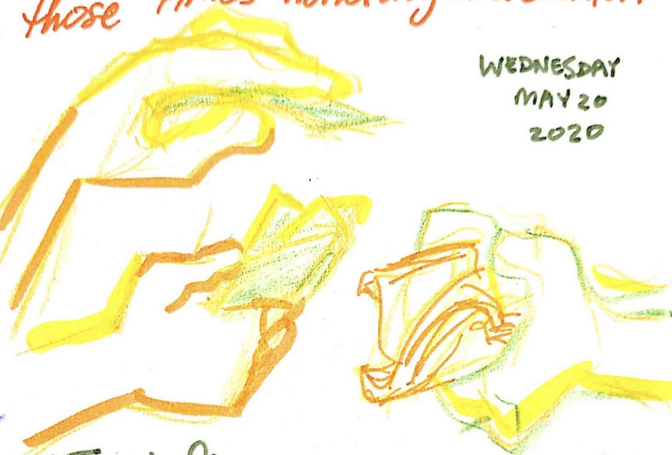
TUESDAY
MAY 19
2020



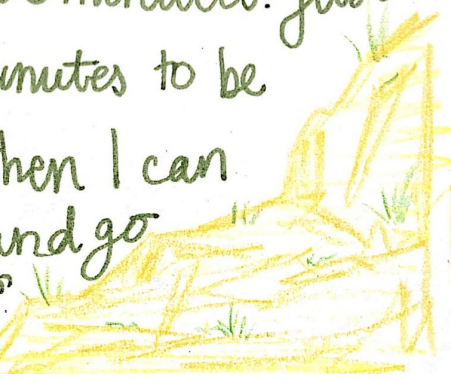
Sometimes I found myself with some knowledge of our the ways of people that implies that I must have once been a person. I find that it helps not to dwell on such things.

Sometimes I simply don't have the energy to do anything new and at those times monotony is a comfort

WEDNESDAY
MAY 20
2020



"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?



THURSDAY MAY 21 2020

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 untidy, / in the
warm fields. / when I woke /
the morning light

to the stars that we never really owned as ours

FRIDAY
MAY 22
2020

"WHITE FLOWERS"
MARY OLIVER

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 curled

until the next.



Méditations Genevoises
Jean-Pierre Viollier, 1934