

## Journal Entries from College

### **Paranoid**

I might be paranoid  
But I feel like you're pulling away  
Gently tugging on the universe's sheets  
Slow and quiet so I don't wake up  
Snipping the strings that tie us together

I'm probably paranoid  
Delusioned by the distance  
And the bubbles on the screen  
Gray unfeeling words not accompanied by your smile  
Or your finger on my cheek

I never felt paranoid  
When you held me and we synced our breaths  
But now you're far away drinking with friends  
While I lay and spin my thoughts  
Into tangled knots that don't make sense

### **Bonfire**

I don't know if it's okay that I'm thinking about you this much.  
I don't know if it's okay that when my phone buzzes I hope it's you.

I'm convinced we have the same brain. Your nerves fire like mine. Your synapses light up right when mine do - like an S.O.S. pattern.

I got nervous and shaky and couldn't hold eye contact. I couldn't tell if it was the alcohol buzzing in my body or the campfire reflecting in your eyes.

I've been chasing that feeling for days now, rolling the thoughts over in my mind and examining them from every angle.

### **Dandelion**

I attach myself too easily  
Like the seed of a dandelion in late spring  
Where the faintest breeze could knock it free.

I attach myself too easily  
Like an overgrown weed in your garden  
Convinced you're what I need.

I didn't mean to float into your yard  
And take roots deep in the grass  
But now I'm here.

### **Inner Child**

I'm at Blackburn watching these little girls do cartwheels, as their sparkling laughter cuts through the creaking cicadas. They're running, yelling, and taking up so much space.

It's beautiful.

I miss being that blissfully unaware and unabashedly free.

Everything cruel and bad in this world is taught. We're born as these innocent beautiful balls of potential that get molded and poked and prodded by everyone but ourselves.

Becoming an adult means we get to decide what shape we are again.

It's such a beautiful miracle to be alive. Every second that I'm taking in air.

### **A Collection of Intentions**

I will continue to put my feet in the grass and enjoy the little moments in this finite existence that make me feel alive.

Feeling fragile does not mean I will break. Feeling weak does not mean I'm not strong.  
Feeling broken does not mean I'm not whole.

I'm comfortable in the body the universe has given me. I'm grateful for the opportunity  
to occupy a body as healthy as the one I have. I can feel the Earth's vibrational energy  
when I put my hands and feet on Her, and She holds me.

### **There's Mold in My Apartment**

There's mold growing in my apartment.  
You can't see it unless you look closely.

It's in the cracks of my shower grout, and underneath my bath mats.  
Little black spots are barely visible from the surface.  
My mom told me a million times to throw them in the washer.

It's on the loaf of bread in my kitchen cabinet, and the even-older loaf I moved to the  
fridge.  
Only two slices were used before it went all sour and forgotten.  
Anticipatory self-care sandwiches were never made.

It's on the vines and spreading down through the roots of my dead plants.  
They sit on my balcony; guilt prevents me from throwing them away.  
Dry and brittle leaves, where the slightest touch would send them falling.

There's mold in my apartment.  
I swear, if I'm still enough, I can feel it growing.  
I swear it stems from me.

When mold grows in the woods, it's a sign of death and decay.

But it's also a sign of rebirth, and a chance to start over.  
It's a fundamental mutation of the chemicals creating something entirely new.

So today I threw away the bath mats, and the loaves of bread, and the plants.  
And I'm creating something new.

### **12.1.21**

Today is December 1st.  
It's 70 degrees and sunny  
And it's lovely and terrible  
All at once.

### **COVID Wave**

Everything feels so dystopian right now. And not in a YA fiction mid-2000s way, with factions and love triangles and running through mazes.  
More like the slow thawing of a microwaveable frozen dinner, or vacuuming an apartment for guests that can't come over - that's what life feels like.

It's the most uncomfortable oxymoronic déjà vu: isolating myself for my own safety while others enjoy people's company; being screamed at by coughing customers; the return of an internal monologue reminding me I could be sick - infected, biohazardous; the painful burn of empathy.

I'm a solution based person with no answers. My options are to stick my head in the sand, or try to enjoy the little things like the puzzle on my coffee table and warm lavender baths.

### **Oasis**

I never thought I deserved the kind of peace and stillness I feel with you.  
Now I'm grateful for what the trials and tribulations have brought me to.

My endless internal monologue quiets when your lips brush my forehead and whisper –  
“silence.”

It’s so contrary to the violence – I once mistook narcissism for love, now I see it was  
compliance.

Your soul is so patient and kind  
You turned my apologies and self-doubt into gratitude and recognition  
For this peaceful oasis, this conclusion of drought.

It could rain all around us and we’d dance in the puddles – spinning and laughing,  
clothes soaked through while people stared at the couple.  
Two idiots that found love everlasting.

### **Root Canal**

Last month I got two root canals  
Holes carved in my teeth.  
My head spinning from the nitrous  
Pins and needles in my feet.

They said it’s because I’m stressed  
That I’m cracking all my teeth.  
Which I found kind of funny  
Since it happens when I’m asleep.

I guess even in my dreams I know  
This world is a fucked up place to be.

### **Vulnerable and Authoritative**

Today my teacher called my writing “vulnerable and authoritative.”

I never thought I could be both of those things at once.