

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more.

(Revelation 21:1)

I'm never as religious as I am on a plane;

(Ten Hail Marys, one Our Father, repeat)

perhaps it is the proximity.

It's funny how everything is holy -

a thunderstorm, a window;

- the way I can always find the moon.
- the way I can always find you.

At any rate.

I'm trying to spend less time worrying;

to wake up earlier,

drink more water,

eat more fruit,

journal,

read,

sleep.

Does anyone else feel like

they're reaching for something

that's always just,

ever so slightly,

too far away to grab?

I think back to the moon,

as seen outside the backseat window

of a Honda Odyssey.

My odyssey is such:

luteal phase this,

b12 that,

(all these deficiencies!)

dirty dishes,

mosquito bites,

is it 8 o'clock already?

(I haven't even had dinner yet.)

(I haven't even had breakfast yet.)

(Ad infinitum.)

a playlist for every feeling I've ever felt,
a vacuum that doesn't seem to work,
no stars,
stray cats,
another doctor's appointment,
the dread one feels between 2 and 4pm.
(do they make a vitamin for this?)

I'm afraid this is getting repetitive,
or maybe too literal,
or, and God forbid, too personal.

How to be an artist
without telling anyone
how you're really feeling?

How to write a poem
without telling anyone
what you're really thinking?

How to believe in God
when you're so sure
there's nothing after this?

And with that -

To remember:

there is no such thing as a special occasion,
refill the ice tray,
most things are easier than you think they are,
except for the things that are harder,
(those are much, much harder)
the library closes at 8pm,
(except for when it closes at 6pm)
refill the ice tray,
Saint Anthony for lost objects,
Saint Michael the Archangel for protection,
don't trust how you feel about your life after 9pm,
anything worth doing is worth doing poorly,
never sleep with makeup on,
(nor with a tampon in)
refill the ice tray.