

4/26/2024

test moment

4/26/2024

test moment 2

5/1/2024

i love this moment in which i decide to love God with all my fiber.

6/6/2024

i have transferred the database to neon.

6/6/2024

test returning keyword

6/6/2024

testing alert for a successful moment.

6/6/2024

testing alert for a successful moment again

6/6/2024

this is a moment. this is an updated moment.

6/7/2024

card: six of cups woke to a grumpy body; very cramped and pinched, as if crabs had assaulted it over night. cuddled with peekie on the couch. eternal gratitude for peekie! decided to clean kitchen and office bedroom tomorrow. wrote my morning page about halloween: a very typical sonnet came to mind. the enumeration of costumes; then, the costume of being a human these days; then, my relationship with the spirit world. then the end. peekie left for his appointment, I walked to the park to run in it. saw a man with eyes so dark they were mirrors, and thought how cloudlike are the silhouettes of cars these days, and the rough columns of the tree trunks, and the high femme of the pink roses and all the other flowers in bloom this summer day, and the nod to james fallisgard, and the adorable heat. took a call with a recruiter and worked on this app. the light in the kitchen has gone out. watched a youtube video about how terrible is The Acolyte. chatted with Mackenzy about Brissa (she asked if she should use Brissa's card; I said no!!). tonight the wind and the tree and the tree in the wind are my friends, all of them together. ate tuna rice bowl for dinner. a simple shepherd life I lead.

6/9/2024

card: Strength another perfect day in the book of perfect summer days! thunderous this morning, yellow and gray, like flowering lichen on stone. woke and slept and woke. dreamed of christ, or my hands bore the stigmata; unsure. church, oh glorious songs, and the sermon on jeremiah 29:4-11. a breeze of boredom blew through the congregation occasionally. a prodigal son sang some songs. came home, worked on halloween poem, put chicken legs in the crockpot to bake. jogged - the park and the people in it so crisp, so high resolution i nearly fell over. like an eclipse, but also the opposite. a dusting of irritation in my mood or in the air; when is an emotion outside or inside my body? is this a disability? came home, worked on prodigal poem and started a chapbook on brooklyn. watched a youtube video about the acolyte, which is trash, it seems. started to piece together another packet of poems; submission to lascaux review imminent. learned from a rabbi podcaster that the ultimate spiritual experience is patience. to wait to wait to wait to wait. played wrath of the righteous. read ashbery. there was a woman in pink, like a rose, though falling apart, near the Hoyt train station entrance. there were beautiful women in dresses. there was the vision of being in ancient egypt along the Nile, all the reeds on the lake and a small crowd playing tambors and singing. so much song in brooklyn on sunday. ate "lunch" with odaine. ate cheerios. finished listening to a podcast about the lord's prayer. i am built to be a fanatic; hopefully can keep my wild need for a spiritual power hidden.

6/10/2024

card: three of hearts sun and clouds; a cooling breeze. anxious mood persists, but I too persist in my conversation with the father; the jog in the park purifies me; did not listen to any podcast. My brain and body feel squeezed; I have the jolly perception that I may be dying. The clouds do look full of treasure. Worked on this app a bit, wrote a poem about Thanksgiving, put together a packet for Samjoko Magazine and a packet for Lascaux Review; have not yet sent the packet to LR yet. Received a rejection from Deadlands, which poems

were used to form the body for the packet to Samjoko. There's a monotony to my life now, in case the rhythm of these sentences suggested otherwise. Disappointed in my attempt to wash the clothes because the machines were in operation all afternoon. Watched a YouTube video about the "preservation" of Gobekli-tepe; I hope in the new creation I shall have the ability to time travel to see what happened at the megalithic site myself. To be an immortal eye in the sky! Wrote another poem, this one about the anxiety and the wonder of being unemployed. To be as if a child, which is what the Gospel of Matthew teaches me today. Odaine went to the beach and now I think he's staying out. Cooked tuna puttanesca for dinner. Read a wonderfully precise balled by Anne Bradstreet. Hoping for the day when money isn't a stress. No word yet from Juniper, but praying to the father for help. I do need help making repairs, for so many things are broken and the challenges keep coming. But I am grateful for these perfect summer days and the Lord who made them!

6/11/2024

card: nine of pentacles overcast today, under which veil the soul of brooklyn persisted in its piggy happy sin. but I do love it, despite the fact that it all is death-kissed. currently in a state of anxiety, but such was not the case earlier today; it was all roses, pink and yellow, and the smurf-blue hydrangeas, like pom-poms. and poetry, a few good poems, one about the quest in abeyance, one about Christmas eve. this world is wicked always. listened to a reading of Ecclesiastes 3 which moved me deeply. God has put the vision of eternity into our hearts. so why must the sophomoric, unpalatable poetry of OV continue to pollute my heart? read some JA for solace. worked a little bit on this app. prayed for God to take me into his protection, to seal me away from further pain and doom. Entomb me, even. Odaine asking for a chunk of money to pay for something to become an employee of an NYU hospital on long island. Money which I don't have; hence, the anxiety, though I faith. Faith like the body of saint sebastian, quilled. Confess again to the porno sin. Florescent orange sigils on the sidewalk on parkside; what warlock language there was written? had a nice fancy of street lamps that were in fact trees that blossom at night, and attract fireflies into their petals, which create such a glow that we can see; reality is perception, and perception is reality. still no word from juniper, or any other news. i must dig myself into the joy of these days, however, as I know they may quickly change. gratitude for all that has been given me. other signs of life: wrappers, cartons, cans, pieces of poop, bags, bottles, receipts, tickets. i need to write that JA essay.

6/12/2024

card: queen of swords overcast again, and cool, like the shaggy trunk of a beech tree. woke and went to work on the poems; wrote one about the darkness which is "cute", and Input and Output. Put together a packet for Poetry magazine, which I shall send tomorrow. A flurry of job activities; starting to feel restless without a source of income (as I have indicated in previous journal entries). My mind is too small to be alone for long. Responded to a recruiter about Bilt, responded to a recruiter about a position teaching programming to adults in Long Island City, responded to a recruiter from Squarespace. Looked on the Walmart website, but there are no job openings for SWE. Still, I'm sure the father won't let me go broke and die in a gutter; my decisions are so much better these days. Jogged in the park, felt rage at Odaine because he asked me for money. He's the one with the job, says I. He's so excited about the job at NYU in Long Island; I hope it turns out to be gold for all that it's glittering. Rejection from Juniper. Jogged in the park, heady as usual with hunger - think I should go on a full fast. Cleaned the tub. Isolated here in the heart of brooklyn, how does that work? Read some John Ashbery; still the nagging though to write the essay about his poem. Tomorrow! Worked on this app, finished the email service in the cron job process. So that was satisfying and soothing. Read the parable about the workers in the field. In the park, a sparrow thrashed a caterpillar to death and then ate it. Must make absolutely sure its dead before consumption!

6/13/2024

card: Death to revisit the past here in the future; to move like a ghost among the memories. hello, Robert in the past! here's what you did today. and Robert in the future, here is what your past self did. this is the ghost made present, my present ghost. isn't that beautiful? even though Interstellar is fantastically over-rated, I suppose it does inspire. So. Read Matthew 21 and Joshua kills a fig tree then tells me to believe and have faith in my prayers, that I too may achieve wonders. For the most part, I was successful with this mandate today. Clearer skies, no longer overcast. The ghost of the world was radiant today. Phone call with Tazio at Motion Recruitment, told him about my idea for Messiah.AI, which would give you the answer to WWJD after being trained on the Bible, with special weight given to the words of Joshua reported in the Gospels. Odaine left early today, on his mission; it breaks my heart his sweet sincerity, sometimes. Wrote a poem about Christmas Day and how it has changed for me. Am I capable of writing words that aren't tied to my experience? So many projects to complete: Rosemary's baby redo (although we tire of redos); essay on JA (hahaha still not done); some big system. Spent most of my day thinking of systems, software systems. Payment systems in particular, and how it went wrong with Bluejay HOA. Submitted an application, on a whim but also seriously, to an inventory management software company in Mcallen Texas. Apparently this town is the most obese in the nation, which makes me want the job less. The company culture certainly is my block of cheese. Jogged, had no big epiphany. Still need to write that poem in which the water fountain is a metaphor of death. Grateful for the love of the father. Going to eat tuna with rice for dinner; a dish that never fails! Although I should have cooked the chicken thighs; regrets, regrets. They will still be delicious tomorrow. Now I need to rescue my dragon companion in wrath of the righteous. So many stories!

6/14/2024

card: 8 of pentacles quite a day! wrote a short story about time. sent poems to Poetry magazine. optimized search in the app, and fixed another style bug. arranged to meet Owen on Sunday to discuss job prospects at his company. cooked chicken thighs in a miso honey marinade. jogged, chatted briefly with mom. there is loud work being done in and around the house; William, Patricia, and the babies have taken refuge at a VRBO. read some poems from John Ashbery. Decided to hold off on writing an essay on his work for this publication of the curious times "instead going to send out the short story about time and the galaxy. watched youtubes about how dreadful is the acolyte. a full day but now that I reflect on it, static? a freakish thunderstorm powered into new york around 7pm. i bought a latte from cups n' books. it was quite refreshing. hung out with Odaine this morning, too; expecting him home any minute now. his plate of chicken thighs and asparagus on the counter. another day in which I don't play wrath of the righteous? manifested the card I pulled pretty well today. story about a group of friends with a secret. so original. are there even original stories? the faith in my father increases; I pray for an increase in faith.

6/15/2024

card: ace of pentacles like a translucent crystal, the sky today, with the occasional cloud. sedulous: a squad of diplodocuses in a pond, chewing solemnly on sedge. wrote a poem about the dream-consciousness connection, and how it is the path by which transformation travels. mildly lost today, as a Jew in the desert, but faithful to yud heh vav heh. oh, ancient of days! found \$140 on the sidewalk this afternoon, and a dead chick that had fallen from its nest. sad plump dumpling. worked on this app, finished the search mechanism, more or less; proud to have solved a thorny regex problem and built a custom "autocomplete". read more John Ashbery. patience, he says, and sleep, and find happiness with your lot. also, who is the subject? aren't we all the subjects? also, to whom does the body belong? to the state? to the family? to the mother? to God? yes yes and yes. jogged in the park, glorious as usual, although crabby at the lithe young otters who discarded their shirts - a certain element of pride that attracts and repulses me. sigh. i love to hear the twitting of birds at dusk. see you tomorrow ok have a good evening good night good-bye! resolved to send a pack of poems to those whited sepulchres at chestnut review. also, samson is oedipus! with the gouged out eyes. entrancing tree, what are you telling me? spent some time in the hellish memory of better.com; to see how i measure up against the "senior" engineers there. old envy, old bone rotter. and also, distressingly, to think of pitches for those marketing meetings. shall i ever be a font of marketing ideas like koty wong? i hope these old relationship patterns don't follow me into the new world. please lord god heavenly father! let it be fresh and pure and clean as the feeling i had this morning, waking so early and clear and baptized and loved! so washed and fragrant, so virginal.

6/16/2024

card: the hermit what is this life force that keeps us going? such a glorious day! quite close to perfect. church early this morning, again with the knots in my throat, the overwhelming feels, the brain amazed at its own significant insignificance; sermon of course about father's day, which is the name of the day; daddy, abba, the powerful and amazing force that guides, instructs, prospers. then went into manhattan for coffee with Owen, who strikes me as deeply good, his eyes very level and clear; talked about his company and my possible role in it. tomorrow an interview with the hiring manager. so much business! hope i can persevere through the flaming hoops. returned home and cuddled with love chuckle; listened to music and dozed (woke in spurts last night; once, i seemed to see a fuzzy grid, like the matrix, in the living room). next went to the park to hang out with Ben, Ashley, Steven and Anna. wove together a nice piece of conversation; it feels like a prize in memory now. if only all the memories could be so happy and good! my mind wants to turn to the memories of humiliation and frustration, mostly in the form of sour interviews; but so far this interview season the interviews have given me delight, or at least haven't twisted me into a freakish form. it is almost beyond credulity how many failed interviews i have experienced. fireworks now in the neighborhood. what is this life of wonder and faith? let me be a piece of that peace. odaine went to the beach, but now on his way home. i think we shall watch akira; hopefully he brings home some nice tidbits to munch on. one hang out in the park does make a summer. let the will of the father be done. excited for my dreams tonight.

6/17/2024

card: the magician hotter today; woke to a humid swelling of the air, like a vine sprouting. the vine of the heat. but now, at night, the air is cool and comfortable; a breeze blows. it is comforting. i am tired, but the day was good, praise be to the father. wrote a poem about boulder climbing, and a poem about new year's eve. put together a packet for the voidz. interesting magazine! wrote this morning about a dream i had of barking at 8th grade children, which now provokes a memory in me of a dream courtyard in new orleans, i think. Two interviews today; one with Akshay at Traba, another with Rachel at Aer Compliance, which i think should be renamed Aer Justice! Both were successful, i think, or perhaps i am delusional. My career is deep, so deep i nearly drown in talking about it. Deep with tears! Praying to Father for a peaceful heart in the name of Joshua; let me carry my burdens to the Holy Family. Tomorrow need to send out newsletter with the flash fiction experiment. i do love experiments. The thought occurs to me to build a software for the company that manages this building. The problem of building a ledger in the cloud. How interesting that would be! How wonderfully challenging! Perhaps the next project after this one. Jogged in the heavy air this afternoon, but felt happy about it. How beautiful are the boys who lightly step through the shadows; how little they know of wounds and defeat. Let my old body shield their innocence! This breeze is like the soft touch of their bodies, the soft kiss of their soft lips. Listened to Psalm 69 on the youtube and felt amazement. i wonder if these are my last days of "freedom"? Shall i be re-employed on July 1st? Questions, questions - be faithful, be trusting as the innocent child led into the palace of safety and security. Yes. Gratitude for eggs and sourdough bread, for lamps and electricity, for realizing that Eve held the secrets, which is why the serpent attacked her.

6/18/2024

test create moment 1.