

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

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. Odaïne 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 Odaïne 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. Odaïne 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 Odaïne 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.

6/18/2024

card: death a strange day? a day a day. woke this morning after dreaming that James was forced to eat at McDonald's! not a good dream. then wrote my morning page - Joshua preparing for his crucifixion, begging the father for mercy. But it is his job, though he is mocked; the heart breaks for him, Joshua. Worked on the book - wrote two poems, one for Columbus, one for Indigenous. Seems like an unfair fight. Helped Odaine with his project to get a job at NYU in Long Island. We still have high hopes! Rejection from Amsterdam Review, which is sorry but not sorry. Wrote another poem about The Death Tarot; a tiny one. Read tiny poems in tiny wren magazine, completed a survey for American Poetry Review (the first one it has ever conducted!). Ran in the park, and would have run for another three miles but I was hungry. Sent a thank-you note to Rachel for the interview yesterday. High hopes! High hopes indeed! Applied for a job which I do not want. Read about the "hypergrowth" at Spring Health and felt my spirit sink a little; my spirit became a bit more poor. Anxious about the next step in the Father's plan for me but still keeping high hopes and high faith! Despite this year being, thus far, one of ghosts and empty words. We'll see how things pan out after the disappointments. Highest hopes! Highest faith! Is it a bad luck year? Or is it a good luck year? Odaine, once again, out of money. Very nervous himself this morning, the high tense to his voice specifying to the Verizon agent how his caller ID obfuscation should work. Refactored this app, made the moments of being stuff a class, wrote the code to produce a PDF from these moments in the database. I am fiending for a job. A good word, "fiending". Watched very little YouTube today! Hot, but a merciful breeze brought a chill to the oven, especially in the shadows. Ate a sardine sandwich for dinner, and blueberries with vanilla yogurt. The hard work I have done in this career must be paying off. It must!

6/20/2024

card: the magician hotter today. full moon and summer solstice! such ripeness! such nectar of the immortal gods with their bowls of blue milk and candied fruits! red for the hurt, the bleeding wound; white because of the pure soul which suffers it. the magician wears these colors, conduit to the divine, unlimited in action and potential. God is all action and all potential, simultaneously. I think that this is a better description than "unmoved mover". The Magician card could be called The Christian. Lilies and roses. But why be a conduit at all if this world will be destroyed? Because that is being alive. My interrogation at night; my thought process my own. My private thought process. It is not a crown of thorns, though the magician wears the fillet across his brow. let the order of heaven flow through me, though I am flawed, into the kingdom of Satan here on earth. For that is my role, besides Merlin: to be an eater of sin. To be a provoker of demons. Wrote a memento mori poem, applied for jobs. The hustle feels good. The job that lives in the imagination seems good. The promise of what the Father will provide. Oh, Euler. Such beauty in your equations. To have the beauty my own perception has found be so celebrated? Was that the sorrow at the end of the day? Spoke with Annie - she was mad, but then calmed. Father, please send your guidance and wisdom to her and Dave. Odaine learned that he had success with the interview with NYU! I pray that it is a wise decision. To be so ardent for you, oh Lord. To be so full of sin, and what should be vile in your sight; to be so leprous, and yet healed. Sleepy now. The breeze is cool, and I am grateful for it. There is greatness in gratefulness.

6/21/2024

card: the magician another day lived! very full with meat and mushrooms; thank you chicken, thank you fungus. spoke with James about the plan to travel to gulf shores; applied for jobs; worked for a bit on this app (put the search component in its own file and cleaned up the UI); chatted with peekie; thought about code design and then went for a jog in the sulfurous heat, which I love! is it cruel, is it loving in its cruelty? does it cure me of disease as my core temperature rises, as a bat in flight? worked myself into a sweat and felt immense gratitude then for the comforting consolation of the breeze, like a loving woman in a Denny's serving coffee. I am misogynistic! but the loving woman could be a loving man; I just like to imagine the wind with breasts sometimes. There were not many people on the track; I felt like a rare specimen; some kind of desert running lizard, or perhaps a road runner. Afterward returned home and wrote a couple of memento mori poems, washed the clothes, cooked the chicken thighs and the mushrooms which I mentioned. thought deeply about the next coding project I should pursue: a pomodoro app? Masters of Magic? I don't know how to make the sprites but if the logic were there, perhaps a graphics maker would manifest. can a game be made in the browser? without canvas? would it have to be in canvas? or would browser technology not work for this project? perhaps tomorrow look into what options are available. A project that could take years to create, because why not. Also thought about contributing to open source, which seems like a good idea but also a hard journey for little reward, and so not a very profitable experiment. If only to be hired to build a project from scratch!

6/22/2024

card: the magician woke and for a moment experienced comfort before the heat turned me into a blithering homonculus. wrote a couple of memento mori poems, then went to the brooklyn museum to chill with ana and ashley. so many beautiful artifacts in glass cases! i think we admired the art on all the floors, sort of breezing through the exhibits, i think frank o'hara would have taken pride in our so-what attitude but also mildly miffed that we weren't really more appreciative? an epic landscape like something from Lord of the Rings, a jar with a very meticulously painted black and white step design, very much programmed, perhaps the painting of a robot hand; paintings that were like rooms with swimming pools in them, each lane a different drippy color, vanishing into the center of the painting like a highway. and the hiroshige prints! absolutely wonderful â€” i would love to live in them. I can't believe we nuked Japan! must be a conspiracy theory. Judy Chicago's dinner party, and a gallery of a portly Black woman who posed naked except for white church shoes around Manhattan and other locations in New York City. Sometimes she wore a gold drape; sometimes she wore a mask. Afterward returned home and felt very much like to not exist would be the best thing, but then I ran in the park and persevered. A thunderstorm tonight which seems to have signaled the end of the heat wave; it crest and broke. Hoping for the return of Christ! for the repentance and the judgement and everyone to be saved. Still, I think cursing that which is beyond redemption is ok for the unforgivable sin of rejecting the holy spirit which is in me? Or is that terrible hubris? Also still searching for an idea. Idea, please find me! Programming project idea. Still stuck on creating Magic the Gathering, but there must be something else?

6/23/2024

card: the magician woke, said good morning to the plants, blessed them with their daily misting, for I am their munificent father god. Then I went to the brooklyn tabernacle. Once again, the heart feels like it will explode from joy and wonder at my salvation, at the miracle of my being when I should be dead, or worse. To be like one resurrected! Sermon was quite powerful: a recap of Exodus and Judges, then the gospel that we are all the temple of God, all those who walk with the Holy Spirit. Which later prompted a search on YouTube whether Israel is still "most favored nation"; I do not think it is, although there is evidence online of Israelis acting perfectly despicably to Christians. Spitting on nuns! My word! Also, the current Israeli wickedness as it pertains to the treatment of the Palestinians; clearly, the judgement of the Lord will be large in scope. Oh, to have the gift of language! Which I do have, really, for isn't the holy flame of Pentecost the inspiration of the language of poetry? After church went to a class about deepening my prayer life; resolved to memorize more scripture. Returned home and napped, read John Ashbery, jogged, returned home again and finished reading John Ashbery. Saw Ms Annie and rather regretted not asking if she wanted company on her walk. Also, that I did not wave with more enthusiasm upon seeing her. There were rumbles in the sky which were ambiguous: thunder or airplanes? Put a ticket on hold for trip to Gulf Shores, although the plan is to first fly into Oklahoma and caravan from there. Changed the sheets on the bed; feeling very sleepy now and wishing for a fizzy beverage. Some kind of sweet bubbly drink. Back to the grind tomorrow, such as the grind has established itself for my honing. Read a few excellent Virginia Woolf quotes as well.

6/24/2024

card: king of wands truly an awesome day and thoroughly depleting, which is the gold standard for summer, the sun rolling up the blue

hill of the sky like a veritable Fort Knox on wheels. Oh, I know that the center of the universe isn't me, but it's fun to pretend. Woke early and applied for jobs, then wrote a couple of memento mori poems and what I think shall be the ultimate, or perhaps penultimate, poem for Calendar: Triskaidekaphobia. A wind blowing through the clear light, I wonder if it shuffled the protons around, though I doubt it. A wind of photons and how like a curious child it is, purely American, picking things up, putting them down, rolling a can down the road for the sheer excitement of its sound. And here I am, like a faun, a satyr but gentle, nevertheless satirical, though not tragically so. Spoke with a recruiter whose origin I correctly identified as Manchester. Uncertain when the new job will arrive but feeling very excited and powerful. Tomorrow is the prayer meeting at the church which I aim to attend. An interesting interruption to my day; and then Wednesday an interview. So. Glorious feelings of love in the park, and then righteous fury against the power of the anti-Christ cherub for corrupting the angel of this planet - we must save Uriel! Returned home and cleaned the bathroom, everything clean, also washed the sheets and the dishes, cooked dinner, miso mascarpone macaroni, as Odaine would say. Folded the sheets, and read a few poems online, I think. Yes, discovered Stanley Moss, who also coined the Bright Day of the Soul, which is the essay I must deliver tomorrow. What else. Cherubs in the wall, clouds that answer like insects by changing shape or disappearing completely. Typical. Leaving the blue illusion of the sky behind, like an empty room. But the wind! Such a friend. The friendliest wind. Rings around the sun. The halos of the spaces between the leaves forming a network on the ground, I am tangled in it like a happy salmon. Perhaps the trees are fishing for men, perhaps the trees are the original disciples of the holy event. Could you imagine? Smoke in the atmosphere that remembers the King on the Cross; the King on the tree, where the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil (technology) meets the will of God. To have such obedient love! Love which set this whole mess in motion! Thank you loving Father!

6/25/2024

card: king of wands woke to peekie in the bedroom with the doors locked! so I was forced to adopt the role of door-knocker to retrieve my tools. wrote a lyrical something about the bright day of soul; a lyrical essay I suppose? a dollop of rainbow confabulation in the structure of the creation of days in the book of genesis. that occupied my time, through a mood swing or two, until it was time for my jungle run through prospect park. quite a green scene! and hot and intense, like my relationship with the Lord. but my spirit did not flag, and so I sweat and thirst; saw a chipmunk, a heron make an impressive landing near Turtle Island. Returned home and ate leftovers for lunch, then went to prayer meeting at Brooklyn Tabernacle; my expectations exceeded. Sang my happy little heart out, my brain became smoother, my critical faculties in distant disbelief that I should be in a megachurch prayer meeting. Life is too twisty. Too corkscrewed and bent. Oh, paperclip life. I would like to twist my spine like an ice tray so all my vertabrae pop out like ice cubes. But yes, such immense feeling as I have not experienced before? Is that the fruit of life on this earth? There? Here, now in my heart? I am shocked by grace? I am not understanding. At any rate, returned home in the cool of the dusk, the dusk the color of milk and fig, the enchanting dusk of my childhood. All the prayers for the children, btw. So many kids! Ate miso mascarpone pasta - tomorrow I will whip up gazpacho. Alas, did not make time to deliver the newsletter lyrical rainbow sherbet melt today, so that is on the list tomorrow. Job applications rejected and poetry sent to Comstock Review. Read a bit of the intro to Charlotte Perkins Gilman's work. Now my mood is private.

6/26/2024

card: king of wands thanks be to God for another day! more of my boring praise haha. not very eventful - interview this afternoon with Blakely from GoodLeap; before that typed up Bright Day of the Soul and sent it out to my meagre subscriber base. I wonder what it is like to have an audience of thousands, or even hundreds. Applied for a job with Redox; thought about the next project I should work on for the website; ultimately decided on a Pomodoro app with a cute interface and logging. Some data visualization. It will be cute. A thunderstorm brewed up as the sunset; it seemed as though a mountain had parked over brooklyn and streams of fire were running over its side. Sort of like a lightning volcano, I guess. Ah, floating mountains with rivers of pinkish-purple lightning! So that was entertainment for half an hour. Mixed up a batch of gazpacho, froze bananas to make "ice cream" tomorrow. Watched youtube about the 2nd coming, the acolyte (it is bad writing), and dijkstra's algorithm. Also considered a visualization of that algorithm - maybe the next time. Still holding still, waiting for job, waiting for growth in my writing, waiting for folks to go to the Lord so that we can get on with the final days already. So impatient; impatient Patrick. Did I write a poem about anything? No, simply made observations. Stocks didn't move much today, either. So most of the world is holding still. Odaine slept on the couch most of the day. Awake now and cackling whilst watching TV. Usual hot run in the park; had the best sensation of flying, and very thankful for this respite. Thankful for this respite because I know it cannot last forever! But I have faith and joy; also occasional twitches of terror, but mostly hope and joy and faith that all will be provided, as it always is (although sometimes it gets down to the wire; please Lord Father let it not get down to the wire this time). Love will triumph over all!

6/27/2024

card: king of wands revolutionary thought: interview engineers based on their personal projects; revolutionary thought: the sky is black, always; revolutionary thought: the world will end in October; revolutionary thought: we should replace all the editors with trained AI bots. We will all trust the robots! The robots do not make mistakes. They are perfect. Another lovely day for which I am grateful: gratitude for the grumps that contended with my emotional state after napping; gratitude for Odaine's freakout that the scan of his document was bad (the notary seal was chopped off); gratitude for the transformation of all our hearts into sources of peace and good, not disruption and evil; gratitude for working on Pomodoro app, even if the direction changed several times in the course of putting the timer together; gratitude for the workers at the deli, thank God they are not robots; gratitude for breaking my routine a little bit, as I did not write my morning page; gratitude for the time slippage of this day; gratitude for the guidance of the Lord Father; gratitude for the cool breeze of night; gratitude for the approaching rapture, I hope; gratitude for Odaine pointing me back to church; gratitude for trees like men walking; gratitude for progressive healing, Jesus spitting in my eyes. Jesus spits in my eyes and it feels so good. Why should the saliva have healing properties? Gratitude for gazpacho. Gratitude for the depletion of resources at the end of the day. Gratitude for not knowing where the day went. Gratitude for hearing from Hannan and for his invitation to meet his CTO on Monday. Yes. Gratitude for learning about the two witnesses today, and for wondering where I might apply for the position; even to die by the Beast. Hmm a tough dilemma: to be raptured or to be beast-killed? Gratitude for vacation time on the horizon! Gratitude for time and the work that is within time. Gratitude for the vision of heaven I had while walking home from my run in the park; gratitude for the handsome man who tapped

me on Grindr, although I am no longer particularly interested in sex. Gratitude for Disney coming apart. Gratitude for having the chore of vacuuming the rug tomorrow. Gratitude for fights between knights and tech CEOs.

6/29/2024

card: king of wands gosh! another day done. quite certain we are in the tribulation or close to the end of history. also quite certain I am not a madman. so. woke this morning from dreams about a decaying house that both was and was not my own; Benjamin Coopersmith and his secret love for another man, Jacob; rivers, many waters, some of them toxic and polluted, some of them vibrant and feeding many animals. Probably my different emotional states. Let only the nourishing waters remain! A windy day, glassy clouds, clouds like gray blown glass; now the wind has calmed, suddenly. Cool. Worked mostly on Pomodoro app – a better challenge than I expected. Only a few more finishing touches for the graph and then I shall be victorious (on that module)! Trying to feel the same way about men's bodies that I do about women's body – peaceful nothing. Wrote a couple of memento mori poems, speaking of which. Bought a latte from the somewhat grumpy but lovable owner of Cups n' Books. Wasted some time following up on the Biden debate catastrophe; it is very clear to me that social media has damaged our ability to form honest opinions. Perhaps all media? Social "media". Where is the reporting? It's really just political reactions. In the new creation I hope to be friends with many different kinds of animals. Had the good fortune to run past the band shell just as a group of musicians started to play – gave me the energizing feeling of being a character in a video game with the fires of invincibility around him. I feel quite confident about the future; excited. Yes! Encouraged, even, for the fire of the Advocate is within and without me. Did little reading – will need to catch up on that tomorrow. Joshua heals the blind and they see.

6/28/2024

card: king of wands small choices, small inconsiderate choices - how might they ruin a life? or at least cause pain to a life. for instance, the person who leaves their clothes in the dryer, forcing the mother doing the laundry to take them to another laundry room to find an unutilized dryer, which causes something, which has the effect of leaving a child alone in an apartment with a pot of water boiling on the stove. who's fault is it? we all are at fault. so many rejections today, and though my feelings are hurt, my pride, I am still alive, thank God. Praise to this day! Such a relief of cool air and keen sunshine; the air so clear, like a house empty of furniture and all other possessions; a house that is simply a house, and air that is simply the air. Read a short story, sort-of, about a man who cooked and ate rats and so became an enemy to Big Beef; it was gross, but publishable, I suppose. Worked on the Pomodoro app and spun myself into a tizzy with d3; still not quite sure I understand it's esoteric patterns, but my brain feels bigger from manipulating it. At least I did triumph. Very satisfying run in the park; wonder about the "heart" that powers the trees and the ivy, the flowers. Many beautiful men with bodies that call glory to God! And excite my lust. I am sufficient; I am sufficient. The beauty of Joshua's transformation on the mountain, the majesty of his metamorphosis – it is sufficient even to dream of it. Cooking spicy tomato pasta for dinner; would like to splurge on shrimp, but the bills. How tired I am of paying bills. Revolutionary idea: companies should post their job openings on Substack and thus build a mailing list for people who would like to stay informed about new opportunities – seems like an easy hack. And perhaps Substack could profit from it. Companies love charging companies. The vision of heaven that came to me so long ago when hospitalized at the hospital: the vision of a great white robotic saving bird.

6/30/2024

card: king of swords pretty peach colored clouds airbrushed on the sky, the illusion of blue finally fading to black. a nice rosy peach glow in the air. it is still, although it rained for the latter half of the afternoon. this morning woke from dreams of a Little Shop of Horrors mouth emerging from a larger mouth on a vine or tendril to bless my avatar and the video game characters who followed me. scary, but also a relief. rich dreams but a disturbed sleep. then I went to church; pastor preached about serving Joshua, and where Joshua is so shall his servants be – with the poor and with the children. So do not chase the things of this world, for this world will pass away. And I believe it. Mildly annoyed when a French family forced their way into the aisle where I sat and the aisle in front, then proceeded to distract themselves on phones and caress each other; it was a little cringe to see the mother fondling her well-grown son, and the father rest his head on the shoulder of another well-grown son. Are my sensors broken as to what true familial love looks like, or is corruption everywhere, even in the church? Sigh. Read The Yellow Wallpaper, which I had forgotten carried such a strong argument for the importance of aesthetics: yes, she goes crazy because of postpartum depression and the "rest" cure, but also because the wallpaper is so damnable ugly! like the poetry of Ocean Vuong. Now the light is lavender, quite a nice show. Bought a fan from Target after church, returned home and watched a couple of videos about the end of days which seems to be upon us; more from Christian Widener who sees certain prophecies and signs fulfilled these days. I would not mind in the least! I wait at the door for the return of Joshua. Napped, then played a bit of Wrath of the Righteous (haha). Read a good Gothic ghost story by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in addition to TYW. Should I cover it in the next newsletter? Otherwise a relatively gloomy day, the energy of Brooklyn seemed depressed. Sent memento mori poems to tiny wren. Researched the company Rain a bit as it rained – tomorrow I go to meet Hannan and the CTO. Cooked chili for dinner. Listened to No Agenda rehash the debate and the recent Supreme Court decisions. How disgusting is our mainstream media apparatus!

6/6/2024

i have transferred the database to neon.

7/13/2024

card: three of pentacles writing this journal entry in the afternoon in case I should become too weary to write it later, since the plan is to partake in a concert in prospect park this evening. rain this morning, but the rain has stopped and now even the remains of the rain are disappearing, for the sun is about its business. feeling sleepy, so perhaps a nap, then a jog? worked on the pomodoro app, added the delete feature, and fixed a few bugs regarding the chart and the audio. last night went to a wonderful party that Kenny threw. He invited

me to the Modal office; perhaps that will be the place of my next employment? although it is so perfect to be, as far as I can think, in the employ of Joshua. Odaine told me a sorrowful tale earlier: He had to watch one of his patients die due to the charge nurse and her incompetence; then, he had to put the body in a bag. a dove is singing sadly in the yard. I love the song algorithm installed in each bird. Watched a youtube about the empty rhetoric the media is presently using when it describes Joe Biden as a "good" man. He is not good, or no more good than any other sinner on this planet, and probably less so. And now the mega donors to the DNC have vowed not to open their purses unless Biden resigns. Who says democracy in this country is alive and well! Who says politicians aren't the puppets of the rich! So any person who says that Trump is a threat to democracy, know that democracy is under no threat, for it is dead already. ate sandwiches for lunch. had a funny idea to publish a physical trade magazine for programmers; some kind of supplement to the hundreds of newsletters flying around. who buys magazines? i guess it would need to be exclusive content or something. Oh, curators, I think you are bound for the lake of fire in aesthetic hell. Glory be to God! Temperature is not so high today. Perhaps tonight I will splurge on lamb with rice for dinner. The anxiety is not so forceful today, praise be to Father God in heaven.

7/18/2024

card: XIV Temperance woke a little dispirited, which small spirit has haunted me until this moment. It least it is all connected. Woke feeling disorganized; hopefully I am not becoming ill. Worked on Pomodoro app, interview with recruiter at Justworks, then cooked a little lunch and celebrated with peekie because he had the all-clear from NYU to start on the 29th. Very exciting! Very proud of my best friend. How much he has accomplished and how far he has come makes me rise, too. The proxy rise of the proud partner. Then went to Wall Street to hang out with the Rain crew. Walked and talked with Charles, who is the co-founder and CTO, I believe. He is a genuinely good sort of person, although my discernment seems to be malfunctioning because I wrote the same thing about Owen, who I still pray will repent. Charles seemed impressed with my software doings, although there were a couple of awkward moments which I hope the good Lord will strike from the record; not getting into the office was one, or at least not understanding that the 22nd and the 23rd floor were connected via a staircase. Duh. Then we were looking at the projects on my website and he said, "oh, you have a Substack", and I said "how did you know" and he said, "because it's in the header of your page". So. Nevertheless, I will text him tomorrow and say how much I enjoyed the conversation and what the next steps are. Spent a couple hours in the office working on bugs and listening to the conversation amongst the collection of semi-random individuals who had congregated in the Rain office. It was a salon of techies. Had an idea on the train to write an essay about images, specifically the image of Donald Trump looking very heroic and Spirit of America after his assassination attempt. Read a bit more of Herland; I hope they all fornicate. Fixed a few more bugs in the app; came across a particularly scary one that the tests didn't even catch. Ate lamb and rice for dinner at too late an hour. Skipped the jog because my knee ached rather badly.

7/20/2024

card: temperance XIV oh, to have the joy of one who is like Christ! To share in Christ's joy, for right now I am pinched and fretted and entirely too focussed on algorithms. Labored on algorithm to span pomodoros across hours; I think my (perhaps COVID) brain fog interfered. Nevertheless, I persisted and persevered. Now it is entirely too late, of course. Spent the morning cuddling with peekie and listening to the preachers talk about the end of days. Peter says not to focus on the jobs and perks of this life, which I am sincerely striving to do; so let me program algorithms for the joy and love and glory of God. Made a tiny bit of headway on the blog; it feels good to have so many projects naturally evolving from each other. Wrote a memento mori poem! Tried to squash my envy into joy in the Lord. Ran in the park; much cooler today than earlier this week, much much cooler than last week. Don't even think I'll need the fan tonight. I wonder if August will be as mild as last year? Many Black people in the park today, methinks there was an event. A cute moment when two girls passed two boys on the road, and one of the girls said "You're cute!" to one of the boys, and the boy without a second's hesitation suavely moved in on our plucky heroine, "You're cute too, can I get your number?". General amusement ensued. Returned home and cooked ramen with spam, which sounds decidedly low-class and poor, but spam is rather pricey these days. I suppose it does sound very, very prison menu food on paper. Nevertheless, I gloried and found joy in my humble meal. Researched what the interview process is like at Justworks. Feeling very drained now; drained and oddly hungry? I think perhaps I'm just dehydrated. Cloudy today, silvery clouds of joy. Saw a cardinal. I think the moon is full. Yesterday Crowdstrike broke the globe. Yikes! Too much power in these corporations, and yet, we certainly don't want the hackers to do their evil deeds. I would like to be a hacker, but for the glory of God. Thinking through what it would take to build a payment system; certainly a better payment system than Bluejay's. Realize that Terry simply wasn't ready for his position and that's why the business failed; so I forgive him for his crude ambitions and pray for his salvation. Need to get organized for upcoming trip. Vacuumed and cleaned the bathroom. Text with mother.

7/1/2024

card: king of swords what a blessed and wonderful day! woke feeling puffy and a bit grumpy and sour, but feeling better now; I think the run in the park helps to flush all the toxins from my system. Odaine very happy to receive a letter of intent from NYU on Long Island! So we had a moment of celebration. Worked on Pomodor app; the chart is coming together nicely. I think tomorrow I will work on the mobile view of it. Then storage, then the intention form and timer. Baked Atlantic Beach Pie, which turned out better than my expectations, especially the meringue which I whipped up and baked for the first time; still need to perfect my egg cracking and separation technique. Watched some more Christian Widener talk about the end times, and listened to a Tinfoil Hat podcast, also about the end times. So maybe there's something there, or all these internet denizens and myself are cracked. Applied for a few jobs; tomorrow going to see Hannan as the CTO was not in the office today (he had messaged me on LinkedIn last night). Otherwise rather chill. Revolutionary ideas? What about a meringue cloud? The whipped peak like a babie's cowlick twirled up with soap as she bathes in the sink? I think there was news today, but it's difficult to tell if any of it matters. The French have elected "far-right" politicians, the first since the Nazi occupation, according to the mainstream. I really must roll my eyes to heaven to ask for help against these fearmongering demagogues. How they can pronounce such hyperextensions of truth in such sober and somber tones is really infuriating; in short, how they lie and mislead. An elected government compared to that of an occupying force's government is alone absurd. So. It was a bright day, and unseasonably cool â€“A more like May than the first day of July. Happy with the events of the day and its conclusion. I think a little lust is necessary or else babies won't be made? Not that this observation is any excuse for it, but it should be written down.

7/2/2024

card: king of swords very busy day! my routine upended in a valuable sort of way. wrote for an hour about the yellow wallpaper; the thesis is strong but after reflecting on it over the day it seems to have lost its appeal to me. perhaps tomorrow I shall approach it with fresh vigor. jogged early, blessed be God, and tasted the pure oxygen of the green leaves growing, the heat of their verdant praise at the back of my mouth; the taste of all that life worshipping the sun! went to Manhattan to hang out with Hannan and the team at Rain for a few hours; it was fatiguing and energizing to be back amongst the corporati once again; a small but very lively team, very untidy, and felt a strange attraction to one of the engineers, a tall Chinese man with darkly beautiful eyelashes; also, his haircut was appealing. I think it could be a good place to work, although the idea of working with cryptocurrency honestly does not delight me. perhaps I could learn to love it. afterward went to the prayer meeting at the Brooklyn Tabernacle; actually prayed aloud for one Jimmy! I was shaking a little because of effort to manifest the words; prayed for the writing projects, because they so often are writing rejects, and I think they should be writing accepts. Learned today that Nimrod magazine seems to be having a rough time, as they have suspended contests and submissions. Thanks be to God, all these editors are blind; may God shut down all these literary rags. Perhaps in the new kingdom I will spend all my days praising the Lord with the Levite priests. Magical, dreamy fireflies floating and rising over the lawn tonight! Their lanterns of love, their bodies aglow with desire. Desire and love for all that is most precious and valuable on this planet, which is the grace of God. How fanatical I have become! Someone in the neighborhood is shooting fireworks, which is not much fun. What a loud holiday! I'd rather watch them sparkle on YouTube, silently. Like lawn spirits, like the lawn were drunk and dreaming and the fireflies were signaling its intoxication. I'm sure there's a memento mori poem in there somewhere.

7/3/2024

card: king of swords wow! what a gorgeous day; it was a perfect summer day full of light which possessed an indescribable quality; something even more ephemeral than light, like light within the light. light's inner light. worked on my shame today, prayed for it to be transformed to strength. I have nothing to be sad about! Finished writing essay about The Yellow Wall-Paper and published it; said my peace, hopefully for the glory of God. I did have moments of exhaustion today, but recovered from them. Helped Odaine with his paperwork pertaining to the new job; took a call with a recruiter at Bilt; set up time to speak with a recruiter at Great Expectations; ran in the park. Cooked egg salad for dinner, now it is certainly time for a piece of the delicious Atlantic Beach Pie. Worked on a rather unique implementation of a storage service for the FE. Woke very early this morning in the blue hour, read Mark 14, and a Charlotte Gilman Perkins short story. Watched part of a YouTube video about Biden's possible dementia, how the latest episode of the Acolyte fails to be an event because the writing is so sloppy and how to fix the sloppy writing. Spent too long (even a minute is too long) cruising the Notes section on Substack and the various LinkedIn posts. For the reason of social media I would like the Lord to recall me to heaven; I am weary of this dimension. Still, more full of praise for the Lord than ever. Had a dream that a team was very excited to have me join; I think Hannan had many colors dyed into his hair. Fussed at Odaine about the chicken that he had promised to cook but did not. Washed clothes. Sent the CTO at Rain a message about continuing our conversation; praying to the almighty Father that I don't waste the pearls of my joyful anticipation and excitement on swine.

7/5/2024

card: king of swords I admit to being ready for bed; my mind is like a slug slowly sliming its way across a radish. How I yearn for the bridegroom to come and whisk me away! Then I shall at least go about my drudgery in the care and custody of the almighty. Humid now, after a brief thunderstorm, although a small breeze is beginning to show itself - hopefully a signal that a stronger breeze is on the way. This morning and afternoon quite perfect. Worked on the pomodoro app; wrote the last poem for Calendar (triskaidekaphobia). Then I took a nap. When I woke up I went downstairs where I coincided with Miss Annie; we chatted about the 4th of July and she mentioned the trips she would take for her job, including one to Arizona; we found our way to the topic of southwestern states because of the "record breaking" heat in the west. Death Valley 130 degrees Fahrenheit, if the news can be believed. Then I went for a run in the park, which was empty, or had the feeling of emptiness after the record breaking fullness of yesterday. Returned home and watched youtube about Christian eschatology and Joe Biden speaking like a nincompoop. Ate saltines and peanut butter and then rice with chicken and then a piece of pie. Blessed summer life! I do pray for the rapture or some kind of additional wonder to occur in October, as my intuition is transmitting to me. Odaine did put me through the emotional wringer again today, begging me to pay his credit card bill in the most manipulative way possible â€” he claims to be unable to enter the app store to download an app for his job tasks because of delinquent payments on his Apple card. Why is he delinquent in the first place? At any rate, the Spirit is with me to stand firm and not cave to his pressure and bullying â€” it is completely insincere. Might just get into bed now!

7/6/2024

card: king of swords praise for the clouds like a girl in a rose dress carrying a bouquet of lilacs; praise for Odaine and praise for his good sense; praise for the night that is calm and peaceful; praise for the afternoon that is hazy and praise for the air that is thick as syrupy wine; praise for Henry Dumas who wrote about the orange sun and the seeds spread on the night wind and the bitter weeds with which his lover must contend after he leaves and how like the bridegroom he is! praise for his story about the boy walking home on the back roads while hogs scream in the night all around him and how he suffers an attack of screaming demon hogs and perishes; praise for knowing that even my brain can be incapacitated when sufficiently dosed with weed; praise for this feeling of fullness after eating dinner and pie; praise for very nearly almost completing the pomodoro app, which was an excellent learning experience; praise for the revolutionary idea to create a camera that is shaped like a vanity mirror (sort of a built-in selfie stick that way); who needs a phone anyway; people will buy it because they are told to buy it; etc; praise for the wicked magic of marketing?? praise for parsnips; praise for the idea to create an app that allows any coffee shop to set up a rewards program; praise for the season of fireflies; praise for the idea for a memento mori poem that came to me on my run; praise for sexy daddies (the one sin I still keep, though it truly has lost much of its appeal); praise for the return of the Bridegroom; praise for the low hum of the machinery which is another kind of silence (Henry Dumas); praise for the moths and the other creatures of the secret hours.

7/7/2024

card: king of swords the last creative act of a very creative day! oh, that creation should rest on a Sunday, but how can it ever not be at its work? Church this morning, very crowded, so many souls coming to the Lord I think because the finale of this creation draws near. How strange to have this idea nailed into my brain! Baby bonanza, the bonanza of the creative life force that is the fruit of the choice of love; that resolution which cannot be deformed or deterred; does not come with the compass of death's sickle. So - sermon about the uncreative act of David to assess and count his riches rather than his blessings; how he put the sin in census. Returned home, chatted with the lovely creative Odaine, ate lunch and dozed on the couch while watching YouTube videos about the second advent of the Messiah. How thrilling to think of it! Rallied and met Ben in Bushwick, which was full of dark but beautiful souls who are burning for what? The creative act, I guess, but to glorify God? It is challenging to imagine lives for these young folks who seem so unrooted to it; they are like the flowers of Adonis; young and beautiful forever. Meanwhile, their parents are their parents not of James' and Anne's age? So Generation X who somehow made enough money to support their prodigal children? Programming in Java? or Perhaps five or ten years older than my siblings? How are the productive in this society? I would like to interview them. Perhaps I will have a chance to speak with Brie or Charlie at the party on Friday. I still chuckle to remember the Herder Dog Code of Conduct from the mouth of Charlie. Ben and I had quite a marvelous and creative adventure in that country of darkly dancing youth! Where all the power lines are strung from crucifixes.

7/8/2024

card: three of pentacles collaboration with the shore and the waves and the peekie bestie best and the sun and the sand and the clouds and the towels and the lotions and the bottles of water. a very collaborative day at the beach. woke this morning and collaborated with Amanda at Great Expectations, although it seems share a suspiciously close destiny with Bluejay HOA - a customer that went out of business, desperately close to achieving revenue. So. Next interview is with the Director of Engineering on Thursday. Rejection from DMQ, which still wounds me, after all the hundreds of rejections. But it is God's will to have but pitiful success with this writing endeavor; half the journals in which my work did appear are no longer in operation. Almost two decades ago I won honorable mentions in a few contests, so there's that. I think my collaboration with language has improved since then. Read Gilman's short stories, which are delightful wholesome tales of collaboration amongst women, and sometimes men, when they are open minded and loving. Returned home. The bridge was not as terrifying as I remember it was on Juneteenth. Worked on Pomodoro app - hope to have it finished tomorrow. Started a micro fiction about a lightning flash. Still, there is this wildly flickering confidence, this holy spirit that my work will be seen - it will be published. Snuggled with peeke a bit and watched a fantastical story about a "spirit" detective in Japan (?) fighting Yoki. Ridiculous fluff, but hypnotizing. Acid reflux was not good today. How much of my fellow human's expression of angst is mere crocodile tears; I realize that now. Sang a song of thanksgiving and praise to the waves; I hope these prayers are heard and answered. So the sights of this day were simple, and the flavors, and the activities. The panic question of What am I doing here? The thought that my life is a mere joke. Would that some reassurance would come to me from heaven; like Elijah I lie under the broom tree and wish to die.

7/10/2024

card: three of pentacles joyful upheaval of the routine - went to Jacob Riis with Odaine this afternoon. The wind was powerful, blasting our faces with stinging sand. The waves were white-capped. My face is sunburned. We recognized that the wind would block us from a truly pleasant holiday on the shore when we left the apartment - even in the neighborhood the trees thrashed in the airy turbulence, and the light itself seemed like keen knives of translucent crystal in the winds many hands. Nevertheless, we persisted in our plan. When we arrived at the beach we sat on a bench and gazed at the few other beach goers who braved the primal elements. Ah, wind. You are divine. The seabirds rode you like floating zen buddhists, tapping your back with their black-tipped wings. But the wind did leave this treasured memory, now. Memory is the mother of muses. Decided on my prayer run around the park that there would be no more casting of my pearls before the swine of the editors of these magazines. How they cause me great sorrow and unceasing anguish! Sigh, oh heavy wind, sigh. Started shaping a prose poem about lightning but it seems in the mold of other things, so I'm not sure if I want to finish it. A lonesome lover watching lightning on the horizon in a beach house, reflecting on his tragic love affair (the other lover is dead, of course). Worked on pomodoro app; think I will need to use a web worker for the interval since the browser seems to pause them when the tab is inactive. Read more Gilman short stories. How I would like to be rescued and transformed on the farm or in the sanitarium of one of her characters. As it is I can hardly write properly. Perhaps the wind has stolen my brainpower.

7/14/2024

card: three of pentacles a cranky mood has shadowed me all day; the remembrance of evils, the ache at the root of my spine, the lassitude and sluggishness of these mid-summer days. went to church where the preacher seemed to gather his words after gazing into my heart: the race to Joshua is one that requires endurance, and not looking back. One thing I do: Forget what is in the past, and look forward to what is ahead. Did I mention the attempted assassination of Trump yesterday? So much strife in our nation. I wonder if he is the Antichrist and will be well and truly killed and then return from the dead. Funny that the impregnable vehicle that ferries him around should be called the beast. Odaine and I made a brief expedition to Jacob Riis beach after I returned from church; we arrived and left within half an hour, as it was very crowded and ominous clouds had gathered on the horizon. Perhaps we lost our nerve, but the situation did seem a little grim. Perhaps next time we go to Brighton Beach. Reading Herland now, which is compulsive reading but also rather silly, and is the root of many bad creative projects that currently pollute our culture, if such a gross medium as a streaming service can be called a channel of our culture; I'm speaking of course about the acolyte and the rings of power. Also, it is a rip-off of the Amazonian legend. But the quality of the writing is good, and the fact that it emphasizes the role of mother so absolutely plays with strangely with the handmaid's tale. I wonder what a story set in a world of only men would look like? Wolf of Wall Street? Bro porn. Napped while listening to a preacher talk about Ezekiel and Daniel and eschatology, but it went over my head, even if it was only remotely picking up sense from the sea of dreams where it floated. Last night had the most peculiar visions! I was tending a group of children, and had to go find someone in a parking lot in front of a concert away from them, and had many fun conversations with a small party of folks in the

parking lot and then rode in a van with them to another destination, but then felt a panic as I thought that I had perhaps been away from the children too long. But then it turned out happily and wonderfully: we found sanctuary in a cave that was full of the most marvelous technology. The cave seems familiar from another dream...

7/16/2024

card: XIV Temperance hot today. quite the devil in me! woke and railed at the creator Father, demanding at his throne that my prayers be answered. worked on Pomodoro app; it is almost finished. i think the only remaining task is to build the date chart. Now, what next for these programming fingers? A blog? Then to write a blog post about the building of the blog haha. Or at least the creation of the timer. Ran in the dense hot air of the park this afternoon in the marvelous heat; it is like a bathhouse. I must exercise at this hour to avoid all the glistening pretty boys with their gleaming bodies. Last night had a dream of sex, a hard and friendly man chasing after me. Well, I cannot avoid sleep, now can I. But alas, temptation finds me even there. Also had a thunderous moment when my temper expanded into a tempest because Odaine asked for money. Of course I gave it to him. Went to prayer meeting at the Brooklyn Tabernacle and read Charlotte Perkins Gilman on the train ride; have almost completed Herland. The question now is whether the women will wish to have children with the men, since maternity is the highest virtue amongst the women? Sensing an overall strangeness to my days: the suspicious character who interviewed me yesterday for Manifold (received their rejection today), and then the English character who spoke with me about a role sounded uncannily similar to another British character who chatted with me about positions. Uncanny, yes. These uncanny summer days. Summer is the season of the uncanny. June is the uncanniest month. Prayer meeting was very fired up, lit up with the spirit. So many prayers! And then the gift of praying with a very pretty man named Andrew; his skin very soft and smooth and yet I could sense his vigor and vitality, for I am an old vampire. Sigh. Had a vision of the crack of doom appearing in the sky when the Christ returns. How we will all clap and cheer! Watched a YouTube video about Daniel's prophecy. Now there is lightning in the heavens. I hope it will storm and bring a respite from this mind-bending air. Carvana: The Last Fender Bender. Sang my little heart out at the meeting; it's good to give such full-throated love and adoration to the Lord.

7/17/2024

card: XIV Temperance still thinking of the DMT-like dream that I had yesterday. The kingdom of God revealed! So wonderful and deeper, stranger, more exciting than anything I have felt before; like exploring a new planet. Today was hot and good for reptiles or other prehistoric creatures; very Jurassic, I say again. A beautiful green incense seemed to burn in the woods, as if they were sweating resin that then was then inflamed in the sun. worked on Pomodoro app â€” created a chart widget for all the chart components. Tomorrow will try to fix all the remaining bugs; also figured out a way to span the pomodoros so that information is not lost when the timer stops and starts. Was it Keats who wrote of the incense from the flowers? Now the clouds bear lightning and thunder; the wind is building like a wave to crash over Brooklyn, I hope. Cooked honey chicken with pepper for dinner; served it with asparagus and rice. Watched more YouTube videos about Daniel and Matthew 24 and all the end time prophecies. To think we are all rather existing in the mind of God. To think we are only shadows and phantoms and that the Creator should even give life to this cosmos at all. Ah, how fresh and cool this wind is! At last, a little reprieve from the week of swelter. Refined the scope of my pantoum about the uncanny summer lover. Chatted with Annie about a potential essay about literary hoaxes; chatted with James about travel plans. It seems he has COVID. Biden, too, has COVID. The RNC is in its third night. Attended a webinar to learn about NYC CTEs; to become a software engineer instructor in a NYC public school! Thought about what it would take to build a load balancer. Thought about God's load balancer. Strange â€” it seems like only last month the heater was clanging to life and the windows of the house had to remain shut because of the chill. I suppose in another three or four months we will be back to that state.

7/21/2024

card: I The Magician woke and drank a cup of coffee whilst reading about algorithms. so many algorithms calculating in my brain! but my brain is still occluded. went to church; pastor spoke of the individual love that the Lord has for each of us, and how we must listen for his Word. His word made flesh. A moment of hush when a person in the area below started heaving and shouting with prayer. Such spiritual ecstasy! I never really thought I would find such joy in an evangelical church, but here I am. The Lord works in very mysterious ways! Returned home and realized that I would probably not complete some of the things for which I had planned but that I never really had an interest in doing: the Bilt take-home interview (stupid), and the Education Pioneers picnic, which I would have preferred not to have missed but the laundry needed doing. Although I always enjoy hanging out with the educators and their bureaucrats. But they are a fuddy-duddy crowd. Perhaps I need more fuddy duddy energy, though, so I shouldn't impugn. Returned home and chilled out with the peekie; Biden quit his campaign but not the presidency, which seems like a strange thing. Toiled on an algorithm to merge intervals; finally finished after much fooling around. Jogged in the park and really must remember to go early in the day if possible for the pleasures of the flesh are too pressing when so many beefy lads are sweating around the track. Received a rejection from Prairie Schooner. Have decided to put my poetical ambitions on ice indefinitely. Should have worked on blog; hopefully if I do an algorithm problem a day it will become easier and I need not break my silly noggin and consume hours in the process. Made tuna rice for dinner. Peekie came home for his break, which was a nice break for me as well. He had a rather energetic response to the "breaking news" today; I have a hard time caring.

7/22/2024

card: I The Christian woke from dreams of a dog, I think, but unable or unwilling to recollect more than that. Cuddled with peekie on the couch for a bit, then programmed at random; afterward, claimed my unemployment and chatted with Odaine until interview with Guidelines; chatted with Odaine and watched the news until interview with Justworks. Think the interviews went well, although I am most excited about Justworks; this interview was the tougher of the two, as it involved algorithm; I did, however, code up the "ideal solution". Waffled a bit more than I should have when analyzing the time complexity, which brought out a rather condescending tone from the interviewer, Adrian, but I didn't let it get under my skin, for the information he imparted was quite helpful. Then we chatted about DEI and he was quite soothing, and then he seemed to be quite keen on selling the job to me, so I think overall it was successful, but it is all in God's hands. Again I pray for the peace of Christ! To rest in his presence and feel his good grace, the blessing of his

assurance that all will be done to fulfill his good will. Jogged in the park, and there were many cuties; my heart did melt for desire when my eyes found a young man in a white wife beater standing beside a grill in a Walt Whitman-esque attitude. Cloudy and humid but not too hot. Went to the library and completed my mission of gathering the crystals of knowledge which I shall enjoy on the trip. The trip! It is already upon me. Still feeling a bit under the weather, especially at this later hour in the day; very tired and grouchy and willing to sin. Cooked spicy pasta for dinner. Baked beans, toast, and fried eggs for lunch. I have become much better at cracking eggs. Everyone in politics wants to know who will be the Democrat on the ticket in November. Received an irksome request from a recruiter to send a new resume if I'm interested in a position at Anheuser-Busch; I am not, and I so no reason to re-vamp my resume, I wanted to scream. Mysteriously found a reference to Romans 8:17 when Googling to see if I could find the Justworks algorithm question on Leetcode; I could not. Oh, how shall I do the Lord's will tomorrow?

7/23/2024

card: the magician our politics are cringe and clearly Satan is the god of this world and I long for the return of the true King. completed algorithm to find longest substring after much more toil than I expected; I can see the algorithm in my mind but programming it is always the difficult part. That's the work of manifestation! Spent most of the morning and afternoon chatting with Peekie in the living room and watching the "newscast", although it is apparent to me that nary a journalist on these stations deserves the title, for nary a one can answer questions straightforwardly. It is discouraging, but still I must praise the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings! The hilariously weird situation of Biden calling into an event to "anooint" Kamala Harris with the soundbite, "I'm watching you, kid"; shudder. Peekie and I had a bit of a falling out regarding what is happening with Biden - does he have COIVD, or was it a lie concocted to give him cover to resign? Is he dead? Why couldn't he appear on Zoom? And what's this business with the Obamas breaking with the DNC? For they withhold their endorsement. So. My brain is overfull of our retarded politics. Received rejection from Guidelines, which I expected. Ran in the park; cloudy. An older man who had a difficult time crossing the road because of his fear of the bikers. Went to prayer meeting, which is directed purely toward praise, and the pastor quoted from Chronicles and the story of Jehosaphat sending the choir to combat his enemies through Praise to the Lord. Inspiring, although I did feel (hyperbolically) like Job praising God with my heart in splinters and my faith in tatters. Oh, Satan. Washed clothes and packed.

7/25/2024

card: the magician woke on the couch in OKC and ending the day in a bed which feels damp in a room which reeks of mildew in a one star hotel full of shady individuals in Shreveport. Well, it is only for one night. on the road for the day; this morning read Luke 20 and glad in my heart that Christ exposed the hypocrites and showed the promise of the resurrection in Moses' encounter with God in the burning bush and left them puzzled with the riddle of how the son of david could be the lord of david. If only the fires of justice could purify this hotel into ash and nothing. ate at an equally noisome seafood restaurant around the corner; I think this city must be in decline; it is a grim testament to American life. Oh, come again, Christ the King! For here there is nothing but filth and decay; the squalid conditions of a rot and corruption. Phew! Listened to the Time Machine for most of the ride, and stories of the bad fates that took some of James' friends to the grave. One was found dead and decomposing in a pond in OKC; one committed suicide. Felt drowsy and sluggish through the green monomania of the wooded hills and the hazy greyish yellow of the cloudy sky. "The uncertain dreadful feeling of early morning" a good phrase I heard in The Time Machine. Still, the country had its plain beauty; not splendid, not vast and sublime, but very lush, and hollow of people and their works.

8/10/2024

morning page. weeks have passed since I last wrote in this journal! alas, the absence of a strong internet connection and the demands of the road have prevented me from recording the impressions of the days. first, the first worry of the day: Where is Odaine? Now, the things which have stuck with me over time: The green emptiness of America that revealed itself as James and I drove through Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas; the vast electrical storm that awakened us that night in Gulf Shores, its flashes of lightning so bright that they were like a darkness, pulsing in the chambers of the nimbus mansion - such colossal sparks! the rays and the fish and the dolphins and the bluebirds and the doves and the sea hawks and the pelicans and the seagulls and the pipers; the fish that brushed against one's feet and legs and the amberjack's fin like something that belonged on a sea serpent. The emotions of the family members were steady and nobody exploded or melted down, which was a miracle in its own right, thanks be to God. Read Great Principles of Computing. Yesterday the weather was dreadful, gusty wind and ragged, racing clouds; a great sense of turmoil. Odaine decided to go stay with a guy in Long Island, which is the reason for the worry. I should have loaned him the money without any delay? How I year to be treated like a child of God, for right now I am too often a kind of father. Lord, heal me of the despair and angst that drew me into the vampire trap of Bobby; I feel the same forces at work sometimes with Odaine which brings me down.

8/10/2024

evening page studied system design interviewing guide, solved a leetcode problem, outlined a system for processing payment file uploads, listened to pastors on YouTube preach about the various tribulations. Odaine has returned! So the worry of the morning was not real; merely a phantasm, a dream, like all of the experiences in life. So this is my existence dedicated to working with the machine for the Glory of God. Also thought about the Major Arcana cards for a Biblical Tarot; of course, Christ figures in most of them. Oh, blessed Lord, won't you soon take me into your home? Your bride waits for you! Jogged this afternoon; still slow after weeks away from the track. Nice and hot, all the juicy muscular men a temptation which it troubles me to deny. Nobody asks for my attention on Grindr anyway. Thank God! Yes, I would love to be a computer scientist in the company of the Lord. Apparently Isidore of Seville is the patron saint of computer programmers because he desired to transcribe all the knowledge of man into an encyclopedia called Origins or Etymologies. What wonders can be accomplished in the name of the Lord and when distractions are few, or none! How I pray for clarity and the wisdom to not make my systems complicated. Also, I pray for not being embarrassed or rejected in any interviews that are coming up this week. So far the Lord has granted me mercy and not progressed me into positions that would not be a good fit. Watched a YouTube video about recursion. Ate watermelon and feta salad, although the feta was not very good; Theranos I think is the brand. Odaine has returned, yay! Although it seems his job has given him some discouragement; still, I know he will persevere because of the

power of the Holy Spirit. I am suddenly reminded of a field in Oklahoma at twilight; I think my presence was there because of a country music concert.

8/11/2024

journal what a beautiful day! read Acts and Romans, and some Revelation this morning. Went to church and learned a new hymn that was especially wonderful with lyrics like "beauty for ashes". put scripture into my Grindr profile, so inspired was I after the sermon to be a light in the world, a city shining on a hill. The preacher today told a story about ministering to people at a Sam's Club, so I suppose even a big box store can be the habitation of the Lord, after all. Returned home and cooked fried egg pasta then drowsed around for an hour; so much fat and so many carbs makes Rob a dull boy. Watched a pastor on YouTube talk about Paul's attitude toward intimacy and celibacy in 1 Corinthians. Also watched some of the news with peekie: Charlamagne the God is not very bright, or at least is some kind of paranoid narcissist, is my opinion after hearing him speak in an interview. Politics is such a bore. I am wondering if the Trump + Musk alliance isn't the Beast and the False Prophet, however. Worked on project for application to Method - much less complicated than I built it in my head; turns out large files aren't too much of an obstacle for computers these days. Or so one thinks! About half way through. Also continued watching a video about recursion and merge sort. Odaine had a fright after drinking a protein shake and his pulse and blood pressure spiked unaccountably. Poor man! How anxious he is. I hope this new job doesn't cause him too much stress; I don't know how to take care of someone who does not seem built for this life. Perhaps I can convince him to enter a monastery. Or I will enter a monastery. Also praying very ardently for an opportunity to return to Oklahoma. In Jesus' name! There is a machine which buzzes very loudly every minute or so which is a sharp thorn in my brain. Also washed the clothes this afternoon. Which reminds me, they must be folded now. Who would leave a machine in such a state? Or who is derelict in their duty? Also, a lesson to a programmer that if no response is given to a signal, it should perhaps shut itself off, or go into a hibernation mode.

8/12/2024

journal ugh, gremlins in the machines. mysteriously, the fonts on the website in production look malformed, which necessitates a hot fix! today rather cloudy, a sprinkling of rain this afternoon when I jogged in the park. four interviews today of the exploratory variety, but my heart hopes for the job with Justworks, still. however the Lord leads me! wracked my brain on hIndex leet code problem; still have not arrived at a solution, but have something in mind to try tomorrow. watched YouTube videos about graphs and graph traversals; received a different project to complete for Method which is both annoying and something of a relief, since it seems a bit simpler, although I really had nearly completed the previous one. chatted with peekie, who started his shift today. praying that it goes well! he won't be home until tomorrow. 4.4 earth quake in Los Angeles today, and Hezbollah has fired rockets at Israel. how marvelous! I realize that the Lord returned me to life after my fatal asthma attack for some important service? Why else send me back into the fray? I should have stayed dead in the house of the Lord. Is there any experience this side of death worth the pain and suffering and peaceful boredom? perhaps that's not what I mean; perhaps I am simply ungrateful. Lord, help me to be grateful! worth the humiliation and disappointment. Robert over the past decades would seek for meaning in a physical experience, but now, with the knowledge that the spirit is enough, I simply feel - peaceful. I feel joy at church. How else to feel joy? Studying scripture? Working through a problem? Eating a good meal? How else to find joy? Is my existence bland and joyless but full of the spirit? That cannot be correct. But I do experience joy. I am joyful now, though I am tired, though there are many miles to go before I may again rest. doggone deployment failed for some insidious reason. oh, internet, why must you be so awkward.

8/13/2024

journal a beautiful day, praise be to God! woke and read about the adventures of Paul as he continued his gospel mission. much sadness as he goes into the lair of the dragon (oh the irony), Jerusalem. who will see him again? interviews with Justworks, coding challenge and cultural; think I did well on both of them, but not perfectly, of course. still, I shall be beyond grateful to have the position. I shall be most glad if the Lord would grant me respite from the intrusive memories I have of workplaces past, particularly better. I still feel the condescension of Roger, just now, as he told me not to grow, not to aim for the more challenging tasks; the tasks he himself was unable to surmount. Still, I call down blessings on these arrogant folks, and pray for their continued success. Some experiences I wish never to have had. Also interviewed with a surly CTO at constrafor; why must all the SaaS projects that interest me have as their leader a rather fat and unctuous fellow? Still, I pray for him as well. After interviews went for a jog, then a brief conversation with Peekie who was just waking. Oh, to have the resources to release him from this schedule, although it was entirely his choice, so why should I let his current woeful-ish attitude eat my heart out? My weakness is still a weakness. Continued working on interview assignment for Method. Went to prayer meeting, sang some of my favorite hymns; it gives me pleasure to praise the Lord; I think song is the best physical pleasure for drawing nearer to the Spirit.

8/13/2024

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8/14/2024

journal oh, blessed are these days the Lord has so graciously given to me! a warm and busy day; productive. woke and read about Paul facing angry Jews as he testified about his ministry and encounter with Jesus on the road to Damascus, his blindness and his healing and his baptism. The Jews tore their clothes and tried to murder him, alas. Then the Romans wished to flog him but Paul, being a Roman citizen, was privileged and protected under that law. Sweet Paul! Brave and courageous. Then worked a bit on the Method project (still); as long as I'm learning I suppose it can't be a not good experience. Interview with Midori for a position at Monument, then a chat with Mitchell about a position with his AI accounting company, and then a final interview (systems design) with Justworks, which wraps up my interviews there. I think they all went rather well. Washed clothes, ran errands, made chicken salad, went for a jog. Too many lovely people; it seems as if already folks are living in their glorified heavenly bodies. Watched youtube videos about the 3rd temple in Israel, Israeli men worshipping on the temple mount, which apparently is forbidden (I know nothing), and the crowns that believers will receive in heaven. Chatted with Peekie about sundries and celebrated the arrival of his welcome box from NYU. Snooped around on LinkedIn for no good reason. Still wondering what purpose the Lord may still have for my writing gift, but only dimly, without emotion. Feeling very full after eating almost two breasts worth of chicken salad and innumerable crackers. Suffered a little from an allergic reaction to some perfume the brother sitting next to me at prayer service was wearing. Need to learn about messaging queues such as Kafka. Still trying to love and not find fault and judge; it is not my place to do so, and it wears me out, anyway. Feeling oddly sensual, too, for music and dancing and feeling a hard body. Oh, temptations. Please leave me alone in the name of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit.

8/16/2024

morning page terrible and also exciting nightmare last night about a man with a tumor head who hunted people in a decaying house or factory and ate their faces; realizing now that it may stem from anxiety about William's health. Woke just before dawn in a little fear but walked through the apartment in the blueish lightening dark and felt at peace; went back to sleep for an hour. Also, neglected to write down yesterday but have an idea for a chapbook called Jogging Log lol. Yesterday heard the words along the lines of "pretty boy, i like / the way you stitched the ink / into the porous stone of your skin". So. Looking forward to a couple of interviews today, and by the mercy of God a job offer from Justworks; I had hoped for one yesterday but I don't know of any job offer that came the day after my last interview. It would be an additional cause to celebrate the day! Also continuing to study algorithm design; I'm afraid that Leetcode has become an obsession. I should probably take a break from it and focus back on writing the blog article about the timer on the web site; it would also be a great exercise in system design. There are also some bugs which need fixing. Finished the book of Acts this morning; Paul is in Rome testifying to the power of the Nazarene. The journey to Rome was so treacherous, it is wonderful that the Lord protected him and the sailors on the ship even as everything on board was being jettisoned. The power of the Lord's protection even through extreme hardship is awesome and cause enough to rejoice. Should make some time to play Pathfinder as it's been weeks since I last enjoyed it. Thank you and bless you Father God in the name of your son Joshua of Nazareth and the Holy Spirit.

8/16/2024

journal though it grieves my heart, I am at the point of considering joining the monastery in Shawnee. Such a change would solve many of my present dilemmas, at any rate: Living closer to family, living farther from Odaine and removing myself from him, fulfilling my urge to join a monastic order, and most importantly, giving me ample opportunity to love and study Christ. So if it is the will of God, though it should pain me on some levels, still, it would undoubtedly be merciful. I am not equipped for this world, and this world rejects me. Perhaps I should add that the reason for this transformation is my rejection from Justworks after working hard to succeed at the interviews which I passed with excellent feedback; I am just unable to beat the competition. So. Had a nice jog in the park this afternoon, then found a quiet path up a knoll and listened to the wind and the insects, the small still voice of the green. The sun was orange and low on the horizon and otherworldly; I felt as if my body were on another planet in a distant narrative, for a moment. Then I returned to myself and walked home, although I could do so without crying, so there was peace upon that knoll. Cooked egg pasta for dinner, again. The irony of Odaine seeking an intelligent conversation is that he immediately starts behaving like a rotten child when I do; perhaps I explained my plan to join a monastery with too much vigor and so he became defensive. Perhaps I don't know how frightening I am when upset. At any rate, a blessed breeze is taking a perambulation through Brooklyn; oh Brooklyn, how you make me ill. Also, more rejections: Oversound said no to my chapbook, and Strange Horizons said no to some poems. Probably other things. I'm putting my writing away for now, as it seems God has no plans for my writing. I am a little sick of God, too. What am I to do with this loneliness? Turn to the devil hahaha?

8/18/2024

journal sunday! woke in a lingering mood of disjointed reality, but Odaine was cheerful, showing me the various equipment that NYU had given him. Studied more system design interview tapes on youtube until it was time for church; also finished the structure for the directory component, which turned out to be easier than I expected. I pray to the Lord in the name of Jesus that He help me to solve algorithms more elegantly; to see the nifty trick to the solution. At any rate, church was very inspiring; there was a woman who served food to Haitian children but had to flee because of the country is overriden with gangs; the wickedness of this world only increases, I'm sorry to report, Martin Luther King, Jr. The sermon was about grumbling, and how it angers the Lord. A good lesson to learn, and I felt it resonate. Returned home and cooked the what remained of the pasta into egg noodles. Watched YouTube tapes about system design and took a long nap; also worked a bit more on the directory component. A thunderstorm broke shortly after nightfall. Currently there is a very loud party happening down the block which noise is invading this apartment, but I'm not complaining, although I am literally thinking of lodging a noise complaint, which would be fruitless. So how would Christ handle this situation? I shall pray; perhaps I shall go to sleep without any trouble, which is my worry; I'm also trying not to worry. At least they aren't shooting at each other! Cuddled with peekie and watched Madame Webb, which was a mess of a film. How it boggles my mind to consider the infinite nature of God; how it will gladden my mind to understand more about his ways and eternal existence.

8/19/2024

journal what a blessed day! glory to God, through whom all things are possible. woke and solved the h index problem that was preoccupying me, which felt great, and for which I am grateful. watched tapes from MIT's open courseware series on dynamic programming and Kafka, which is more useful than I first considered. applied for a few jobs and continued working on the blog, which is coming together nicely; tomorrow I will focus on writing the first article for it. also figured out how to get home affordability from the better.com website, haha, so will use that in my project until the engineers discover my hijack and shut it down. always protect from post origins that aren't from your domain! and don't send back such verbose errors. so maybe I'll build the home affordability calculator before the blog post for the google timer? let me pray to the Lord about this question. jogged in the park, which exhausted me; returned home and watched a pastor describe the role of suffering in the lives of the faithful, and another video about the absolute need for prayer in our lives. enjoyed a lovely conversation with mom, dad, and will, who all seem in excellent spirits, thanks be to God. A microclimate thunderstorm this afternoon; it really seemed to me as if the thundercloud were directly overhead and the only rain that fell was within a mile radius, if that. Peculiar! Whipped up some more chicken salad, watched a tape about creamy harissa butter beans, and worked on the directory component for the blog; praying to God that I become a little more boring and less creative in my design patterns; no more flashy design patterns! working on using the first person singular pronoun less often in my thoughts. overall felt so little fear and anxiety, it is a blessing to be alive and to be here. Lord, if it is your will for me to become a monk, so be it, otherwise, my heart prefers not to! although a garden would be a delight. keeping my mind focussed on eternity is the thing to do.

8/21/2024

journal the moon, light of the flesh, sensual flesh light, rises in the east. Oh, the difficulties of the Christian journey. Oh, the blessings! Praise God for all of it; I think to live in fear of the Lord is to experience that need for forgiveness and grace, the loving mercy of the good and living God. The God of wonders cosmic and quantic. I understand the scale of things, to a degree; a small, mortal, frail, human degree. To think of the creator of heaven and earth become such as this flesh is! Wow. Woke and studied systems, then worked on blog; drew up a dainty schematic for the blog system. A cool day, unusual for August, and utterly wonderful. A gift, a love gift. Took a call from a recruiter, but the discouragement and demoralization had gripped my heart for a moment; the old flesh life of envy upon going to LinkedIn and learning that Terry has started a new position. So, I pray that he turn to Christ and away from the false god of tech and career. Received a message from Jarad, one of the JustWorks interviewers, also on LinkedIn, as I rather suspected would happen; perhaps the Lord is sending him to help. Would that the day of the Lord happen already! Watched It's a Gundam violate the movie Borderlands, oh sin, and listened to a pastor Voddie describe Psalm 112, which accounts for the present mood. Miss Odaine terribly; he leaves in the night like a werewolf. Perhaps he is. Blog work is slow work, with many little pieces to the html in order to render the code pleasingly. Excited for the next project, which is the home affordability calculator. I wonder if I could also send email requests to better lol. Learning so much, thanks be to God. I think the next blog post will actually be how I built the planetary hours calculator.

8/23/2024

journal i am ill with inflammation; perhaps that is why my body craved the spicy pasta for dinner tonight. today warmer than earlier this week; interviewed at Monument with Will and Midori; suffered another weird little screw-up while coding the React component which, in my mind, makes me look strangely incompetent. But I think it went well, glory be to God. Such liberty in the life of the Spirit! Jogged in the park, there was a beautiful golden-skinned man who stood out to my lustful eye, which I should probably remove at this point; how to train the eye to seek beauty not in the flesh? Perhaps if I study math with more zeal. A sudden memory of the moon setting as I walked to the train station this morning, pale as a cloud against the blue sky; it always gives me that otherworldly feeling, as if it belonged to a person in a dream, full of some significance which I can't fully comprehend. So. Jogged and then returned home very tired; took a nap, then ate watermelon feta salad. A block of feta costs \$8! How I yearn to move away from this unaffordable town. Between that and the ingredients to cook the spicy pasta, I spent almost \$30. Yikes! So. That is not a real worry. Worked on blog, briefly; thought about how to do password-less authentication and authorization.; believe I have come up with a good solution, but there are some tricky bits to it. Sending the email in the first place, for example. Can that be done without an email account? Watched tapes on YouTube around Christian teaching; really felt worn-out in the body. Read a little bit of Histories of Computing.

8/26/2024

journal woke in joy, declined into crabby, then recovered my good spirits after the rapturous jog. oh jog, you are the only pleasure remaining for my flesh. encoded solution to LIS algorithm, to the glory of God, and then worked on setting up tests for the API, which turned out to be more frustrating than I anticipated, in part because of my broken brain, slow with fasting, and it's inability to stay in sync with the holy spirit as He guides. So. In the end, of course, a happy ending. Launched blog, and in the process installed a binary for a tool which converts images to webp, which also is to the glory of God; I see such growth in my computer skills. Watched a youtube video about dynamic programming, and a funny trifles; a gonzo drummer in a ridiculous Japanese-animated-character costume, for instance. Also, applied for jobs, which sickened me - the job descriptions are actually demoralizing and discouraging; at least, I feel discouraged reading them, because of my broken brain and broken heart. Played Wotr and slaughtered an undead knight and his lackeys, so that was fulfilling. Chatted with Odaine, who is not sleeping enough; at least tomorrow he has the day off and can recover. My mouth misses the taste of salmon and other toothsome dishes which are presently outside the budget. Oh, to live for eternity, but eternity feel so very far away. All these promises - I pray that they are delivered soon! Tomorrow hope to finish the login flow, at least, although that could be a tall order, particularly since there are interviews. Read from Corinthians about the importance of keeping unity in the body of Christ, which is the church. Yawning now. Another day closer to heaven, praise be to God!

8/27/2024

journal praise be to God! thanks be to Jesus for his sacrifice on the cross to save our lives; now we are dignified to bear the image of God. So. woke to a humid morning sky and continued working on login; refactored to use Next.js server actions, which was an unexpected treat. Interview with Scalar and Splash. Tonya text to announce that I was under consideration for a contract at Blue State; tomorrow meeting with John Paul Davis to discuss the project. Jogged through the heavy golden air past forests of golden rod, the steaming lake, the gleaming trees. Said hello to brother goose and sister chipmunk. Showered and went to prayer meeting; received

communion and listened to 94 year old pastor read from his book (letters of love to the spirit of his wife, who is deceased). returned home and made chicken salad - again, but I can't get enough of it! listening to Belle and Sebastian and continuing in this zone of good vibes; hard to say where the rest of my day went. excited and hopeful for the future! eager for the great and wonderful changes that the Lord will bring. I feel His holy grace; I feel His love and power. The king of the cosmos came to earth and died for our sake, for the sake of our undeserving selves. So. In this fact I find all the joy I need to sleep happily. I pray for bestie to get some rest when he can tomorrow.

8/28/2024

journal oh, holy roller me! to think of the transformation the Holy Spirit has cultivated in me these past years. yes. good news today with the official contract from blue state to develop a microsite for crooked media; a gift from God, provision for the new few months at least. also, a mentor in Jarad, another gift; we had a session this afternoon during which two-hour span he talked about layers, encapsulation, recursion, cyclometric complexity, refactoring, and played with ChatGPT; he also gave some book recommendations and offered to "back channel" with Josh about a role there. so. spoke with John Paul Davis about the BS project, another kind and familiar face to see. jogged in a very heavy heat, the flesh blooming and blossoming like a garden of hairy sweat flowers. listened to a youtube video about the Lord's supper, because why not get back to basics. moved office into the living room so that Odaine could get some better rest in the duck house, although it was so warm today I'm not sure if he really had the pleasure of a good sleep. a cooldown is on the way, however, thanks be to God. notable how the media is very quick to point out how hot it is today but not how cool it was last week. so. text with Tonya and Natalie about sundries. learned a bit about PHP in preparation to build this wordpress site; made progress on JWT session work for the apps. the idea to develop the Hairnet app Ashley and I discussed surfaced in my mind again, I think because I need a haircut. grateful now to be released from the work of the active mind.

8/29/2024

journal testing this refactor of authentication