

Heavy Sigh

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Abstract—Reality started to drip from leaky blue cracks in the sky. Molten, it burned and replenished. *What if I pretended like I was dreaming?* There's so much magic here. I rode directly into the storm, spiderweb lightening and crashing thunder, and I cackled into the sweet, fresh air. The summer sky has a personality that makes sense. Everything is vivid and instantly perfect and yes, I've found a Home in the quirks and the subtle surprises. I'm a bandit to myself, stealing away discomfort and transforming it into peace and purpose and a sense of belonging. And now, it's not survival. I'm coming around to the shocking revelation that I'm always exactly where I'm supposed to be.

Index Terms—heat, rain, repeat

MEDITATIONS ON FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS AND HOW THEY ARE CONNECTED TO EXPERIENCES

Are *emotion* and *experience* separable? I've been giving this lots of time. Can I *feel* without *experiencing*? For example, can I feel happiness without an experience to induce it? Or, afterwards, can I summon that feeling of happiness without first recalling the event that caused it? Put briefly: can emotions exist in a vacuum, or do they need to be attached to experiences? If I were to sit and meditate on *guilt*, could I pluck it out of thin air and say to myself *yes, indeed, I am feeling guilty* without thinking about an experience that caused my guilt? Does guilt need to be heralded by a wrongdoing? Perhaps. Maybe there are certain feelings and emotions that *can* exist without the accompaniment of an experience or event, and some that *can't*. There's also the issue of how we name things. By giving a name to pleasure and using it to *describe* something, we tie it to something tangible. There's also the topic of how empathy involves itself. What about the feelings and emotions we get while reading a book or watching a movie? If I'm *disgusted* by an event in a fantasy novel I'm a victim of that feeling, though the event never *actually* happened. The event in the book was merely a *conduit* by which I felt *disgusted*. So, in a sense, it is *still connected* to an event, though, a fictional one. It's another thing entirely for me to be minding my own business and, out of nowhere, feel disgusted. Now this is where things get interesting perhaps: emotions and feelings acting as apparitions. Showing up, inducing a feeling (seemingly out of nowhere) and then leaving. A postulate that follows this: anxiety is *emotion* stripped of *experience*. Often times I'm struck with wickedly uncomfortable feelings that don't seem to have any real connection to anything that's immediately happening. A natural counter to this would be that this is just a case of *remembering* something and then *feeling* bad about it, as if my memory is the fantasy novel and I've gotten to reading subconscious memoirs about things that have *happened* to me. That sounds like dreaming. So the question must be asked: is there such a "pure" example to support the claim for purely isolated emotions? This would be like lightening on a cloudless day. Can somebody feel

something that has no connection to anything? If you casually commanded someone: *feel relieved*. Would they be able to feel relief *first*? Or, (and this is crucial) would they first need to figure a reason to feel relieved and then, as a result of that course of thought, feel relief? Anyways, this was a primer for future thoughts on this subject.

OLD COFFEE IS A DESK ACCESSORY

Yanking hair out of the drain and shaving my armpits. Oat milk latte and maybe eggs and in the lab by nine. Dreams about my grandma and my old chemistry teacher and smoking a cigarette on my balcony. Making playlists and buying art supplies. Flat tires and practice exams on the weekends. Holography really *is* an art. Pounding on the front door and real fear. Going way over budget. Sausage, flatbread, garlic, yogurt. Mosquitoes in my bedroom and forgetting that it's Saturday. Sweating, singing in the shower, temporary tattoos and painting my toenails. Feeling the house shake from the storm. Giving up for the night and trying again tomorrow. Romance, or something close to it.

HERE

I wanted to write something really mean about you. To just let anger and rage and frustration come boiling over and consume me. But I don't like those feelings. I *won't* like those feelings. There's no use in searching for comfort there. It's not a game of *you did this* or *you should have done that* it's just something that happened and all I can do is learn and grow from it. So, instead of picking apart everything that went wrong, here are some things that went really right. For you dear, I hope you are thinking sweetly of the good things and healing and learning from the bad just like I am. So here: playing Sudoku together, reading Dune, Windy Point, picnic outside of the astronomy building, making breakfast, brushing our teeth together and looking at each other in the mirror, smoking on your balcony, slow dancing, figuring out how to cut a cake into equal pieces, laying down in that one beam of sunlight that would always come through your window, making your bed in the morning, listening to music together on spotify before we actually met, listening to you sing and play piano, visiting your family in nogales, meeting your eyes for the first time in the side mirror of your car, watching anime, playing super smash bros, looking at all of the polaroid photos on your wall, the desert museum, hiking up to that little house on the ridge afterwards when it was really windy and watching your hair, the really cute way the "s" sound made when you said "Cypriot", watching you make tofu, you watching me make coffee, giving you one of my favorite sweaters. And many more. And maybe, I think that your greatest trick was convincing yourself that I never cared about you. So dear, I hope you are doing well.