

# Crema, an Allegory

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**Abstract**—Daydreaming about complex vector fields. Garlic makes my fingers feel weird. I really enjoy onions. Cooked, not raw. Though, I've never tried a raw onion. I wonder how much energy my body uses to replace the skin on my fingertips. I tried to ignore symmetry but failed. Exposure. Response. Don't forget to breathe!

**Index Terms**—sunset, angels, magic

## AROUND THE CORNER

The candle cut a golden curve into the evening's pale wall. A saddle of light, mounted by the crying wind and the lonely sounds of nowhere. With stamping hooves the light flickered and whinnied. It's terribly dark here tonight and nothing seems to be working. Don't trust me dear, not tonight.

## CRAFTSMAN

There's a lead weight hanging onto this afternoon. My mind is trying to keep up with the who's and the what's and the when's and maybe I should just forget how to care. Or worry. I have a sword on the anvil; I'm punishing it for being so sharp and flawless and I pound on it again and again and again and my hands are bleeding. Who would ruin something so perfect? I'll make another sword, sharper and faster than its predecessor. Then, after it cuts me I'll blame the sword and not the hand that guided it. This is all just to say that I don't know why I put myself through such painful thoughts. Sometimes I'm afraid to speak, out of fear of what I might say, like every word is a perfectly sharp blade and I'm just a clumsy fool who wields it. I'm lightheaded from these fantasies. They hang onto me like afternoons. And I'll pound and pound and pound on them until I'm spent, bloodless, and shaking in the bathroom.

## FINALLY, SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

It's a huge breath, mid-afternoon, that weds the morning to the night. Rest, the priest of this sacrament, joins the two lovers, and with a final blessing releases the Sun beyond the horizon.

## PRECIPICE

I can't help but feel like every single day is just a close encounter with something horrible and unbearable. But, here I am, many days after my birth. With fingers crossed and glasses sliding down my nose I press onward into the beauty of dodging yet another miserably bad event that could have happened but didn't.

## IT'S ME! RISOTTO BOY!

I've taken it upon myself to start eating healthier. This means regular, well rounded meals, a multivitamin, and an app to remind me to drink water. To kick off my new journey, I've fixated on making risotto. But damn, I feel *alive* listening to Italian classics and chopping onions.

## I WOKE UP THIS MORNING WITH BUTTERFLY LIMBS

He spoke softly. Cradling his slouched head in the palms of his hands, he let out a breath. "What's wrong with me?" Everything left him. Apart from it all he stared at the mountains and forgot about love, hope, and joy. Empty tidal pools were waiting for the next high tide. Dear, how long will it be?

## ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES AND THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE THING TO EVER HAPPEN ON ZOOM

I don't really wanna talk about this.

## SOME RAMBLINGS TO KEEP ME BUSY

Lifting up the lilting lilies, summer here just feels so silly. Greener grass is on the Moon, dry and burning afternoons. Sweaty arms and searing metal, thorns are simply pointy petals.

## SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN

Deadpan eyes while I wait for the faucet water to get cold. I'm blending into the beige walls while the shower heats up. Small rocking, back and forth, while the water boils and the rice cooks. Bloody fingers are leaving red stains like the first round of edits. Look, there is only five days in a week. Look, there's only seven days in a week. Look, there's another week and another five days or another seven days and why isn't my calendar confused? There is something so blessed about the pain of late nights and early mornings. I should have payed more attention to my family, but I couldn't stop thinking about sign conventions. Weeks are consumed by five days, or seven days, or a couple of hours (at least?). My lamp has a hat, my desk has a candle, my neck has a beard, and my daydreams are tangled somewhere between the Venetian blinds. It's nearly night now (it's only 6pm?), and the simplicity of the blue-red skyline is here to save me once again. I haven't suffered for long enough to feel like my sadness is justified; Sundays are perfect for overthinking.

## SOMETHING SAID

A bird visited my window this afternoon. A fine fellow on every account, he spoke slowly with very careful pauses; he tipped his head after each one. "There are just some things I want to say to you." This surprised me, because I've never met this fair fowl before. But, I wanted to hear him out, because it is not every day that birds visit my window to have a conversation with me. He said to me "How dare you." And I understood.

## IT'S A MONDAY MORNING AND

While I was watching a lecture, my regular "You are a horrible person and have made irreversibly terrible decisions and have said miserably terrible things and you are just badbadbad" demon came to visit me, and so I looked at the demon and spoke softly and said "fuck you, no I haven't" and I continued on with my day. This is progress, I think. The important thing here is that I should be able to differentiate between mistakes I have *actually* made, or offenses I have *actually* committed and things that my brain just makes up to torment me. Learn and grow from the prior, prophetically learn from and discard the latter.

## ENVIRONMENT, THE SECRET INGREDIENT

This morning, I had a perfect espresso. I showered, made my bed, did my hair, ate a decent breakfast, and drank an entire cup of water. The sky is perfect and cloudy and it's windy. See, I very well could have made the *worst tasting* espresso, but that's not what is important, really. (Unless it's like, *really* nasty). It's the environment, the things leading up to it, what's happening during the experience of drinking it, that matters. And, even though I'm stuck between here between the mountains, I can at least appreciate that I've made a pretty great espresso and that a new day is starting.

## MUST BE LOVELY

Oh pastel evenings, let me down slowly. Gently, let me sink beneath lukewarm coffee. I'll hold onto the stains stuck to the slopes of my mug and let go before I fall asleep. I'm tired and sinking, but perfectly. It's all so grand, beneath the light of my lamp. Eagerly, I'll swim to the surface tomorrow morning and lose track of the Sun again and again and again. Here: this is where I am. Here, and only here. Again and again and again.

## A MATTER OF HABIT

It's miserable, really, how quickly I run out of Band-Aids. I started bleeding this morning during my electromagnetic waves lecture. "... displacement field when ..." fuck "... dipole density if ..." ran to the bathroom "... when there is a charge present..." quickly now, quickly "... Maxwell's second equation ..." all settled. Wrapped around my thumb. I wouldn't want to get blood on my notes!

## PLAN TO REMEMBER

Sometimes during the day, and especially during the night, I think about how I will remember these times. Years from now, how will I reflect upon this day? This week? These last few months? The next few months to follow? I hope I remember them as times of growth. I *feel* like I'm growing. It's wickedly uncomfortable, but with each week's passing I grit my teeth and bite my cheeks and say "There, I made it. Now let's do it again." I recently learned that the word "passion" means "to suffer." Maybe I'm just obsessed with thinking about the future right now. It's hard not to be. From my fourth-floor watch tower I rub my chin and think.

## COLD SHOWERS

Getting up early and yelling, butt-ass naked in the bathroom. I feel so powerful today. Not very strong, or sturdy, but powerful. Goosebumps and a mirror that isn't foggy. Shivering, vibrating, dry. Folded laundry, a very large apple, and things to do.

## EMPTY GOODBYE (FOR WHAT?)

I'm abandoning our ship. Gentle waters, I pray, keep your temper. Lover, I never knew you. The horizon is endless and our course has no direction. It is in vain that I must resign from our voyage. It hurts. But, the nets have caught nothing but ocean my dear. I cannot keep them open for so long. I am ashamed to say that I cannot wait for the horizon to seem nearer than it is now. Please remember everything we never had, not with regret, but wonder. Precious time, lift your anchors and set me on another course. I have never loved and I have never lost. The sirens are silent, so let me sail away.