

The Holy-Spirit is Non-Binary

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Abstract—In the mornings as I'm leaving my house I always look at my neighbor's flag to see which way the Wind is blowing: sometimes fate is tangible like that. The Wind is important to me for two main reasons: firstly, because I always bike to school and the direction of the Wind significantly impacts my commute, and secondly, because I am interested in how the Wind moves from day to day. The Seasons change very subtly in the Desert and the Wind is a messenger for these secret plans that the Seasons agree upon. And the head-wind (even the slightest head-wind) is a sign to be more steady and a tail-wind is a sign to be more reckless. And sometimes the flag is hanging limp and the Wind isn't blowing. This is my favorite. And the Desert is quiet from all directions. And I'm on my bike, quietly, steadily, recklessly: all at once.

Index Terms—midnight, already?

SELF-LOVE (BEING OVERWHELMED BY LAUNDRY BUT STILL DOING IT)

I've been thinking a lot about self-love and what that actually, tangibly means. I think it means doing my laundry even if I'm tired or taking a break during the day to eat or making time to clean my bedroom and water my plants. I ask myself, when considering an action, "would I do this for somebody I loved?" and the answer is almost always *yes, of course*. And so I get up and do this thing for myself because I am worthy of my own unconditional love.

I.

Night time (the time when things are dark) and listening to a very distorted piano sonata in the parking lot of the laundromat (bluetooth radio). I never went into the laundromat (went to get bubble tea instead). But I stared at the street-lights (the things that are bright) and believed the day was almost, almost over.

II.

And I felt that immense, heavy, profound feeling again.
Gigantic hands and toothpicks, the bright light of an alarm clock.

I was sick in my parents' bed.
I swelled up inside and my body became a balloon ready to burst.

This feeling is a rare butterfly and I need to capture it.
Then, the fear.

"I'm safe, I'm safe, I'm safe right now."

Cold bricks on my back.

Reading in the yellow light of every early evening alone.

III. ORDER

- One chicken pupusa
- One beef pupusa
- One chicken tamale
- Horchata
- 3 pupusa plate combo
- 3x Loroco
- Pastelito (x5)

IV. IS IDENTITY SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO FIGHT FOR?

V. CONSIDERING TRADITIONS (MARKET THOUGHTS)

What is sacred to me? Sitting by the wash at the Sunday market, a new kind of Church, sacred (in a tangible way), eating food with my legs hanging down along the wall, throwing small rocks down the steep walls of the wash, and the curious, respectful ants. A place to think. The bird behind me sounds like a steel lion licking the metal bones of a railroad track.

VI. LIGHT IS NON-BINARY

Wave-particle duality. (write more about this later, keep thinking about it)

VII. SPECIAL MOMENT

Banjo and flute. Saguaro skeleton. Death is sacred. Moon, spider. Singing. Dreaming.