Dear Diary,

Wow. I am really going to miss this place.

I feel *so* at home here.

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The things I am not going to miss:

* Being micromanaged by Julie to do chores
* Being told I am the messiest roommate by Julie and Preston
* Getting emotionally drained by Kenzie the energy vampire
* Listening to Kenzie talk incessantly about Jason
* Feeling anxious as I approach home with food -- unaware if anyone will be home
* Living into that anxiety as I approach home tired, high, or about to binge -- realizing that people are home and awake and want to hang out
* Not feeling able to smoke freely in front of people always (anxiety)
* Feeling INTENSE FOMO when I want time to myself and people are hanging out
* Feeling anxious when I don’t clean up things in time, even if I have a busy day
* Feeling guilty when I’m home with others and they are hanging out and I haven’t joined yet

You know -- it’s ironic that most of the things that I am not going to miss have a lot more to do with *me* than with the roommates or the house…

Funny how I seem to be emerging from a fog of anxiety, depression, isolation, and sadness.

Now I enjoy a lot of those things. I’ve been excited to come home and see people. I’ve been excited to hang out with them on any given night. I’ve been hoping to spend 1:1 and group time with them. I’ve been making plans with them. I have been binging less and isolating less and craving time with them and in the open spaces of this house. I like cooking more now. I love eating around them, I rarely take my food down to my room now.

Huh.

I suppose I have changed.

You know, something that I think I should talk to my therapist about soon is my unhealthy relationship to karma. I think that it serves me well when shit is going bad because I feel this innate sense that things will get better.

But, when things are going seemingly REALLY well (like right now), I get anxious sometimes because my body and brain worry that “good” is an indication that “bad” things are coming.

I REALLY hope not.

I’m absolutely loving life right now.

I literally feel like I am thriving.

I am dating a lot of people…

* So Mac and I are doing a long-distance fling right now (he wants to come visit)
* Meanwhile, Jesse and I are calling and/or hooking up almost every night
* I broke things off with Maddie
* Several men are trying to hit me up over Tinder and Instagram
* Dylan is still in love with me (though I have cut that off)

I am most worried about hurting Dylan in the immediate, because he is really pushing my boundaries.

I am worried about hurting Mac in the long run, if I can’t keep up to date with him… or maybe our distance will allow things to be a long-running fling over time and space? IDK haha

I am worried about hurting Jesse in the medium-term… I am unsure if he knows that I am not looking for anything serious.

Although, he is a dangerous boy. Dangerous in the sense that I can easily spend so much time with him, and I feel so comfortable around him. Our bodies fit so well together. I *love* having sex with him. I enjoyed spending the night at his place the other night. He makes me feel so loved and so good and confident. I feel really feminine and dainty around him too which I realized I really like in a partnership…

Yea, he’s dangerous. I can’t let myself get swept into that, that would be a bad idea. He’s too easy to get swept away into.

More on that soon I suppose.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~IN OTHER NEWS~~~~~~~~~~~~~

[afraid of moving, afraid of dark?]

Another thing I think I should talk to my therapist about soon is that I started feeling a bit of anxiety over moving recently, in part because the back of my brain worries that karma is waiting until I move to give me a *rough* go living alone. In part because I worry that being alone will re-trigger my fear of the dark and general anxieties. And also in part because at times I have worried that I am making the wrong decision to move out… because I am *really* starting to thrive here and I really hope that I don’t lose that momentum or this community when I leave :/

That being said -- it is VERY true that I have had graduation goggles this summer and especially this last week I feel like I have been taking in my last moments living here to the FULLEST extent, and have been really allowing myself to be fully present and happy and noticing all of the amazing things about living here.

It makes it hard to leave.

But part of the reason why it is so hard to leave, is because I *am* leaving.

If I had chosen to stay, I might not have felt this same way and embraced these final weeks in the ways that I have.

I’m very grateful to have lived in this house for this time.

[list of things I will miss about this place]

* Coming home on a bad or meh kinda day and having a roommate or two give me a huge hug and ask me about my day and talk to me and brighten up my mood and hang out with me or offer me kind things
* Having people to share my news with or my daily interactions or exciting celebrations
* Making food with people around
* Having people around while I eat meals in the common space
* Having events to go to randomly all the time because the roomies invite you on a whim
* Meeting the friends of the roommate’s and building my community up more
* Finding those days where all of my interactions are seamless and exciting and fun and kind and caring and authentic and deep and going down to my room and thinking “damn, I’m going to miss this”
* Learning new skills
* Having access to tools and people who know how to use the tools and are willing to help put up things like shelves in my room with me
* Never having had to clean the bathroom or take the trash out (okay yea maybe I am the messiest roommate, but hey - I clean up after myself most of the time!)
* This SUPER COZY space I have made for myself here in this office-room in the basement. Wow, I’m really going to miss this space. I love it. It has been my home for a while now. It housed me during COVID and during lots of life transitions. It’s starting to feel crowded in here now though. I think it knows that it’s time for a redecoration. But damn, I’ve done a great job with the place. From the string lighting to the shelves and hung up guitars and mirror and art and plants to the studio-like couch, to the shag carpet, to the queen mattress, to the make-shift closet(s), to the somewhat-okay-done storage, to the fake plants, to the books, to the natural and beautiful and safe and cozy and warm and welcoming and calming and *tranquil* energy of this space.

I will miss it.

I will miss it all, a lot.

I’ve been in this room for 1 year and 4 months.

I’ve been in this house for almost 2 years now.

I’ve loved so much of it.

I’ve hated some of it.

I’ve had some incredible times here.

I’m going to miss the shit out of living with these people and living in this space.

I’m scared.

And yet,

…..

It’s time to leave.

It’s time to move on.

Baylor house, I know I am not done with you yet. But it is time for things to change. The seasons… are beginning to change again (always in good ways though).

More soon,

Jess

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