The chamomile warmed my throat as I felt my nerves and anxiety subside.

Thank god for chamomile.

As I sipped it, I looked out at the overgrown grass in the back yard.

\*gasp\*

A bunny! Chewing on some long grass

A deer…. no wait, 3 deers!

The first was a mama deer, the other two just young does gently trotting along.

\*\*Magic\*\*

Dylan is on the other line.

His voice comforts me.

\*\*Reality\*\*

Dad is broken. He almost died.

Mom is angry at Dad.

Eric is angry at Mom.

Wesley is angry at Dad.

Wesley is angry at Mom.

Wesley is angry.

Mom is angry.

Eric is angry.

Jess is….

She doesn’t know.

Grateful?

Fearful?

Anxious?

Exhausted?

Optimistic?

Pessimistic?

Privileged?

Unfortunate?

Lucky?

Unlucky?

Tired.

Jess is tired.

The family sport is poisoned.

Wesley’s happy place has been infiltrated by a man with sharp blades murdering bunnies.

Everyone is conflicted.

Do we quit the thing that makes us feel alive?

Or do we confront the risk together?

Together though,

we are all together.

Which feels nice.

So maybe it’s a blessing.

It’s easier to be optimistic when I’m high.

But also, it’s easy to be optimistic when I find new things to immerse myself into.

Work. Family. Caring for my dad.

Wow, that’s all I’ve really focused on lately.

Anyways,

I suppose I should make sure I add myself to that list too.

Back to the poem…

Went rock climbing today and had a panic attack on the wall.

I don’t know how long it will take before sports return to my life without me feeling fear.

Dad asked me if I was afraid while climbing today. I told him I was.

He understood.

Dylan asked me how I am doing.

I told him that I’m still figuring that out.

Sometimes bad, sometimes good.

Right now it’s good.

And that’s that.

Thank god for siblings.

Makes me question if I should have kids.

Makes me want to never get married.

Or to have a perfect marriage (not possible).

Interesting how the accident effects everything.

And now I’m leaving.

Just like that.

The summer is over, quarantine is a memory.

Time to go back to school.

The sun is coming up later in the morning but the leaves haven’t changed color yet.

The Fall made me realize that it is now Fall.

How poetic.

Let us enjoy,

These dying days.

Get old or die young trying ;)

Thank you, camomile tea.

*Side Note:*

*This is from Jess on August 17,*

*Last night while hiking with Wesley and Eric in the neighborhood, Eric pointed out a bunny eating the grass, and then suddenly a mama dear and her two does entered into the scene and hopped away. It was the same exact scene I had seen (and even perhaps the same family of deer) as the day before!*

*The universe is trying to tell me something….*

*Perhaps about family?*

*About mothers?*

*About children?*

*About innocence?*

*I’m not too sure…..*

*Stay tuned for parts of Jess’ loss of innocence.*