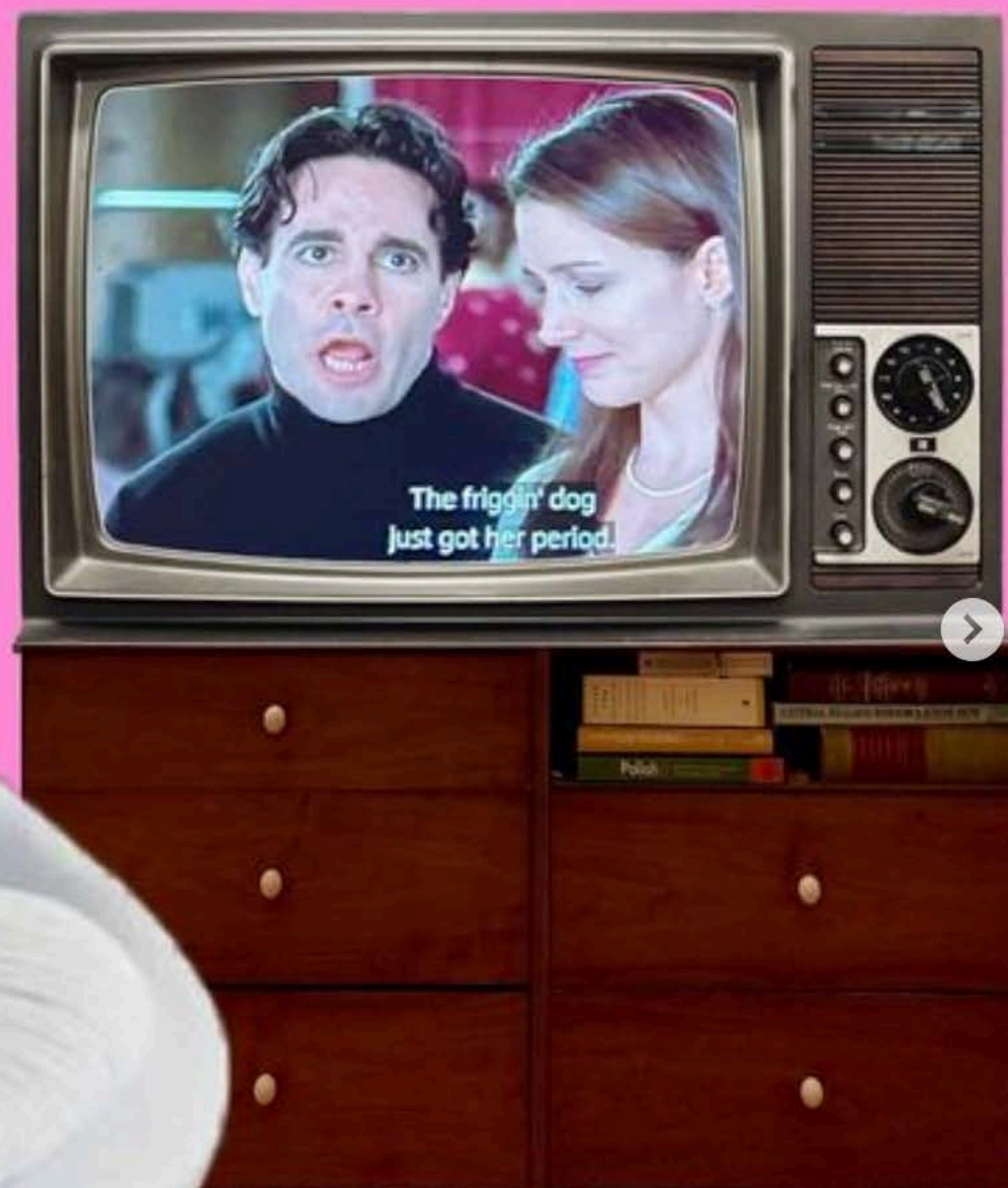


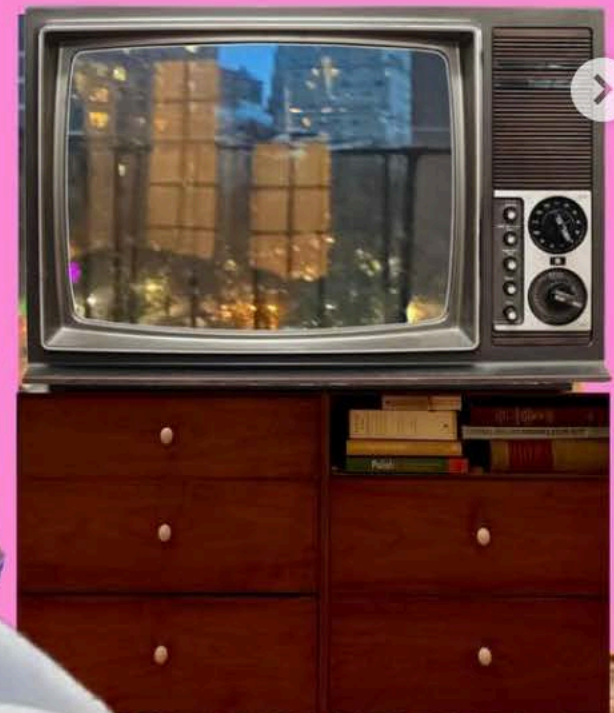
past 2 days all I've been
doing is crying and
watching sex in the city



A still life arrangement on a patterned rug. In the center is a large, dark brown ceramic vase with a blue and white wave-like pattern at the base. It holds a bouquet of tulips, including several large red and white variegated ones and several pink ones. To the left of the vase, a small, light-colored ceramic figurine of a cherub sits on a silver-colored metal base. To the right of the vase is a tall, cylindrical glass candle holder. It features a colorful, stained-glass style illustration of the Virgin Mary in a green and gold robe, with a halo. Below the illustration, the word "VIR" is visible. A blue cushion is partially visible in the bottom right corner. The background is a solid pink wall. A small white circular icon with a left-pointing arrow is overlaid on the left side of the image.



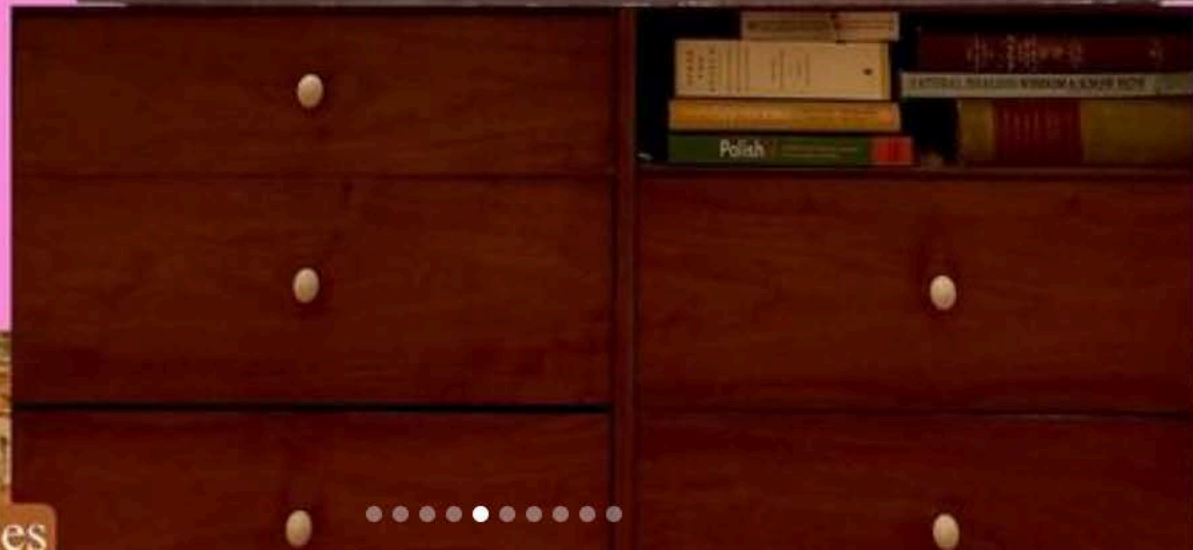
I am on my period,
choosing to live
vicariously





sex in the city makes me think about how we're all archetypes that have existed forever and there's probably no new personalities but I'm little so everything still feels new and shocking. Like how gay kids think they're all alone in the world and then like read an old book and are like ohhhhhhhh I just haven't seen it before. Mr Big has that same side eye look as this pretty boy I went out with last summer. He was not good for my self esteem and didn't make me cum. Steve is the spitting image of my ex. I'm kind of a Miranda you guys. I'm kind of a Charlotte I'm kind of a Samantha. Carrie? Oh that one's too obvious. People have written so many essays on sex in the city. We have culturally dissected this shit but here I am also culturally dissecting it. Lmao we've been dissecting the Bible for so many centuries. We just like really stick to something sometimes and chew on it for a long time collectively. Like a pack of dogs gnawing on one giant dinosaur bone.

LIKE A PACK OF
DOGS GNAWING ON
ONE BIG DINOSAUR
BONE!!



When we ask each other
are you a Carrie or a
Miranda we are trying to
remember ourselves.

When we ask each other
our zodiac we are putting
a hand on our hips and
daring: who do you think
you are?

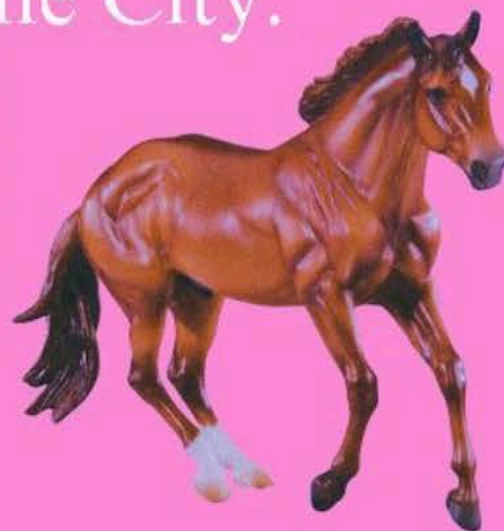


I'm thinking about the process of associating new people we meet with old people we know. And how it's like kinda this coping mechanism like when I went to summer camp for the first time I played this game where every new person I met I would see who in my life reminds me of them. And so even though I was away from my family for the first time it felt like I was surrounded by them, because my roommate spoke like my best friend and the counselor looked like my mother etc etc.

This last guy I went out with? He doesn't remind me from anyone on sex in the city but he reminds me of my grandfather who I never met. But my grandmother painted a really clear picture of him. I feel closer to her having experienced what I've experienced. I think I love her more now.



I thought I could love without empathy? But now that I feel more empathy I very clearly feel a shift and feel more love for her. Is that normal or is that troublesome? Am I a narcissist or is this human nature. I don't think I believe in human nature. I had to learn so much bullshit about the nature of man that's all that a political science degree is. Is the nature of man good or evil? Idk that's so boring. You know what's not boring? Sex in the City.



I wrote about all the
dates I went on this
summer maybe I'll share
more of that. I think I
love going on dates. I
think I'm good at them
and they make me feel
incredibly intense
emotions that are most
often not positive lol like
dates make me cry and
scream.



I think I like to cry and scream.
I think I'm good at it

