

Recently I have felt like sitting down and writing something. And that is unusual.

I keep getting flashes of scenes from my life as if I'm at the end of it. That's got me wondering why I'm stuck back there and how I feel about it.

Like most people now, I don't know how to feel about the future. I think I've been digging back in the brain archives as a way to travel and feel expansiveness. My relationship to my future has always been a mix of fear, anxiety, dread and excitement. Because all plans are currently frozen and it's unclear when we will get our old lives back, if ever, it's natural to go the only other direction on the timeline possible — back.

Also something about turning thirty...I guess. On the eve of my thirtieth, I made a fire in my courtyard like a twenty-first century city cowboy, read a letter about my twenties to a circle of friends and burned the letter in the small but threatening flames. The letter recounted the troubles and joys of the previous ten years. I was only slightly embarrassed when I woke up in the morning. Turns out I had a pretty amazing ten years and had grown in ways that I hadn't realised until I sat down to write about it.

The other night I was watching Wild, starring Reese Witherspoon, and I just started crying at the quiet beauty of the wilderness. The tears caught me off guard. I wasn't crying because of her journey and life challenges, I was crying because I missed the open space and the casual encounters with strangers. The simplicity of a good life, to be in harmony and feel present in the world around us.

I've been watching and reading a lot these days as I've been stuck at home, even before my roommates and I got sick. I keep gravitating towards stories with messages of harmony with the natural world — the airbender series, hilda, kipo, braiding sweetgrass, Wild. Recently, sentiments about nature — missing nature, wanting to be in nature — sound more and more strange to me. We are always IN NATURE, although the cities I've lived in don't always feel that way. I think it depends on where we put our attention.

Stuck in my room, I stare at my plants all day. I have a lot of plants. My plants have grown wild in the past year. They multiply, die and are revived. Plants that are gifted by a friend, that grow slow and then suddenly bloom. My relationship to my plants mirrors the way I look at most future things in my life. I fixate on the dying leaves, I curse myself for not being more careful and mindful of what they all need. I don't see the plenty, I see death everywhere. Except late at night with one or two small lights on, I can't enjoy the plants doing well because I am waiting for

them to die and when they die, I feel terrible even though I was expecting it all along.

I feel more and more that I've been in denial about climate change. It was just one of those issues that felt too enormous to wrap my head around.

Scenes that are popping into my head these days:

- my bike to peacock island near potsdam. It was such a beautiful day. I was all alone and it felt really good to be alone. I had a coffee and read my book on the grass. I sat by the water and biked along the maverweg and through the neighboring forests. The road was smooth and I felt strong.
- sleeping in montana del oro with my "full contact fighter" sweatshirt, playing guitar and feeling independent.
- that day I biked so long and ended up near orainenburg by the canal, stopped at a netto and bought a cold water. I felt so unstoppable.
- big tomz's after BOND with all my older friends who I later realise were very weird to spend so much time with sixteen year olds
- roller skating in front of my house at night hoping jeff would come and see me in strange elegance and solitude

- walking in the snow up the Pyrenees mountains during engine room retreat, getting scared and coming back down
- swimming in the clear sea, getting sunburnt, and taking a conference call on a ferry in Croatia
- listening to the train pass in Ben Grill's strange mansion apartment in Brooklyn, and Why Was I Born?
- listening to the waterfall in the small town outside of Osaka at the bar with Rhodey and Jake