

There are many of us, singled out and shut in. A place on a road far away from an origin we savour to remember.

It's been 5 years since driving away from the east coast region, and feigning a lack of apprehension of the awaiting dry air of the inland. It was a goodbye to the sheltered youth I had been privileged enough to know.

Routine offers you a comfort, business fills the spaces in your day with importance.

\*I lie often, to my thoughts, fanciful ideas of watching anime for the purpose of studying it to one day produce my own.

Reading to learn, cooking because it's necessary. These activities, may have serve some purpose to me, I'm not privy what it is.

I do them, some in moments of escapism, some in moments of needing to do anything but what is of importance, anything of consequence, anything with an end goal is terrifying.\*

Days now fill with waiting and gain an inevitable momentum of their own, passing through me and wafting me along with it with a temperamental jerk.

My body doesn't know how to crave loudly anymore, it whimpers underneath fatigue and expects me to discern its silent cry for sustenance.

Our lives are filled, always to the brim with things we must do, and things that need attention and if there's a blessed day of peace, we fill it with items from our growing backlog. Nutrition and food have become topics of controversy, it's present whether you're concerned with health benefits or whether you lay on the opposite end of the spectrum and delight in the pleasure of taste. An object of disdain and bother for long and

In my days of attending to needs and wants, adjusting a mindset to cater for my gut has become a necessary practice.

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When my mother texts me, I can hear the voice in my head that I heard consistently for 22years.

Alex's friends are driving back... do you want food? I can send with them. Let me know this evening.

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Not even thinking about it, I replied with a yes.

yes, herbs please.

Weeks ago I found a frozen curry of red herbs laying in my freezer. The taste of it, I remembered sweetly. The taste of home.

I always ask for herbs, almost inconsiderately, not stopping to think if she had a store of it. I just asked, without inhibitions. A kid again.

Comprehension of our requests of our mothers don't reach us. We haven't bared responsibility for another life.

All I felt was my own exhaustion and weight of everything that held me down draining passed my languid limbs.