09/03/2021

What constitutes a totality? A full life? A complete life? What is a boring life?

I have tried to get very concete in my demands. I don’t want to work weekends and holidays anymore and I need more vacation and flexibility to be with my kids and my family. My “decade of retail” was obviously not ideal, I am pretty confident that most anything that I do in the future will be some sort of a work/life balance upgrade. In the meantime I widdle away at my mental well-being trying to burn the candle at both ends and stay cool and available for my family. I feel like I have been failing, failing, failing for over a year and its not a good feeling and I do feel very tired.

08/30/2021

Do this carefully placed, or at least hard fought pieces, combine to make a complete whole. There is no guarantee that all that work you put in will add up to a completed hole. There is no guarantee that all of these pieces make a whole. You just have to line up the questions and concerns that matter and start meeting those nees head on. Maybe you should hang up your notebooks, quit trying to just hang out trying to write some songs. A singing who would never seek a crowd, a product without a market for its wares. Compacted. Distracted. Torn apart. Hollering down the drowned day. Flayed, cut right in two. Caught between a cock and a hard place. A strangle-hold on the unknown and the what you once knew. The unleaven of the day, the easy road to ruin. Spoon feeding myself on envy. Cracking up. Why can’t you take these things a bit more lightly? Move along a bit more sprightly. Catch yourself in shadows. Seeks relief out in the fields. UYieldigg to the currents in the ourase. Finding solace in the seet seat coursing through your veins. Eyes and ears and arms and chains. Grand standing for the bystanders. The money lenders all coming round seeking change Nailed it because I had no alternative Xhanmber maid for the high gardener sanguine with the neighbors who paid. Rattling my cage. Seeking the client walker pissant brigade. The gay ones. The unlevel ones. The ones who came back from the war a little different. Looking for a cause to call their own. A staple of the the mechanic to get behind. A curriculum to tweak, a land to mine. What was yours shall always be yours. Shall never me mine. Shall always be yours forever everlasting. My spine broke and I choked on my vomit because I did not have the correct support structure behind me. I have lost all technique I am not really working or I am working. Gayle asked me if I was okay and then I started to write her a letter and this is what I have written and it is totallyh crazy and I know that I can write totally crazy stuff