***The Gyre aka Temporary Like Achillies***

***The Second Coming*, W.B. Yeats**

Turning and turning in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer;

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,

The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere

The ceremony of innocence is drowned;

The best lack all conviction, while the worst

Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;

Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out

When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*

Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert

A shape with lion body and the head of a man,

A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,

Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it

Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.

The darkness drops again; but now I know

That twenty centuries of stony sleep

Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,

Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

12/13/2020

The year of Obvious and Overlapping Metaphors:

* U-haul truck = time to leave your job
* Ides == IDES
* Achilles heel == alcohol related Achilles heel injury
* Obsidian stone == writer’s block, mood disorder/mental illness
* The Ides == IDS
* U-haul truck == time to move on
* Tarot telling me I was drinking too much
* Weird, unsettling lesions/sores on my feet and shin
* Achilles heel telling me I was drinking too much (*Temporary Like Achillies)*
* The desert
* Obsidian stone/Eight ball == writer’s block, mood/disorder/mental illness, audacity to creatively consider the human condition
* Year of the rat
* Blue Moon

12/20/2020

The Façade of Razny Jewelers Oak Street. Glass Façade three stories of glass.

Tall door glass doors that we walked in and out of for two years. Leaving Graff, walking through those doors to say hello to the Razny crew and confirm that I was officially out. Laura helped me out of a jam.

The footage of the U-Haul smashing into the façade of the building. How do you even talk about it? Civic unrest? Protest. People running in to get theirs. They are all black. They are all young.

I walked through the door, broken cases that I had wiped clean so many times, all of the Rolex boxes that I had kep stocked under the display cases. There was blood on the floor where someone had cut themselves. The façade was shatterd, reconstructed with plywood. It had been a good week for plywood.

Handed over my phone. Julio gave me a fist bump as I made my teller joke trying to close out my account at the bank. The guards both gave me a fist bump and I was out the door and into a new era. Not triumphant, but free, the very uncertainty that I feared was now my greatest asset, greatest lever, unexpected chance to completely reprogram my life.

12/26/2020

Year of the Obvious Metaphor:

2020

Uhaul

Achillies

Moutain

Desert

The Source

Obsidian Stone

Cycle vs. Apocolpse

The Laughing Buddha

The Ides

Cancel Culture Salvation Theology

Trump

Run, code, run

Stretch, code, stretch

Test, code, test

***I want to stick my finger in his wound.***

**02/01/2021**

**The gyre ripped, fabric unfolding.**

**I am not saying it was done for me.**

**I am just saying that it was done.**

**It happened. I say it. I stepped through it.**

**I have been fighting my way forward ever since.**

**The crazy fucking tsunami of energy that swept through the city and when we woke in the morning everything had changed. Thinking back it all seems terrifying. Betsy running to the porch as the suspect screams down Irving with the cavalcade of police cruisers right on his ass. A half mile on at Ashland a polic cruiser blowing the red light in pursuit slams into a white Ford Explorer heading north killing the 38 year old driving. A mother of 2. The suspects continues on towards Lake Shore Drive, tears down to the south side, drives on rail road tracks for a while and then ditches his car and runs on foot until he get entangled in a line of barbed wire and the police surround him and extract him from the barbs to take him into custody.**

**The news crew spent a lot of the chase in disbelief. He got away again. We don’t usually see this kind of thing in Chicago. Its like LA. Post election, car jackings have jumped up in Humbolt Park and on the South Side. Uber jackings have even become a trend. The profile of those jackers is typically a youth looking to go for a joyride. How different is this than kids stealing cars in the old days? Are their more car jackings today per capita… I bet there are not than say like 1921…**