x

THE IDEAS and 8\*

Into the river

[Dear 2020](#dear2020) | [the river](#river) |

*“The Ides of March become.”*

*“So be they,” softly answered the soothsayer, “but yet are not past”*

This is an eccentric document to mark and attempt to try and record some impression on an eccentric process. I had to try and go somewhere a little different, because the way I had been proceeding was just not working out.

*Cultivate Joy*

*Seek wellness and wherewithal*

**Emerged from the IDES committed to TECH, LANGUAGE and YOGA with the understanding that YOGA was LANGUAGE. LANGUAGE was YOGA and TECH was going to pay the bills and YOGA/LANGUAGE was going to make the stillness sustainable.**

**Welcome to the vast ground of silence under-pining all you are.**

Overcoming the temporal nature of our body to ground ourselves in the eternal

**Under-pining all you are in a vast ground of right silence.**

**And I claim my crown:**

I am transmitting/ releasing anything that doesn’t serve my highest purpose and my path today.

Artistic sensitivity: “a sense of being somehow, somewhere connected with the other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is a norm” Nabokov (afterward to Lolita).

**We all are but what we are in the all.**

When the streams combine they become a river.

And I upon my driftwood barge,

Have at last harnessed an oceanbound flow.

Thank the MUSE I at last have a process

root | extend | \*

Root-- settle, consolidate, renew, take stock, root down

Extend-- flex, build up, push beyond, lean

Altered states-- sleeping, stretching, active, concentrating, feeling very hungry, feeling very full.

I was scared, sure I couldn’t do it. Wasn’t going to make it, but I soldiered on-- through the much, the sludge, following my practices, making my camp a little further up the ridge each name. My procedures tighteningwith my waist line, following my practices day to day.

**11/26/2019**

Foundation- strengthen maintain

Plan- path, arc

Work- within the framework

Evolve- modify the framework as needed

Consolidate.

Get back in control of your creative process.

Let’s recall that at the end of month 2 of {run, code, run} I was getting 50ish miles in a month. I had changed jobs. I was completing an on-line course… and then the Patek Training threw me off track and right around there I also got some weed from Sky. I don’t think I had been smoking at all. That was spring 2018… had the wherewithal to switch jobs.

Attempting to accept, fully accept and honor my vocation as a poet and writer and general doer of language. The chicken and egg conflict of not being able to come into a mature artistry because my confidence in my artistry is not absolute and not having absolute confidence in my artistry because it is not mature or developed. How do you develop a skill that needs to be developed to develop the skill. How do you learn to do something that takes doing it to learn? Coding and writing and language and probably anything has this catch 22. Finding some alchemic balance of input and output. Study and application.

9/11- I was dreaming of production, but I couldn’t manage much more than a short paragraph of a letter (unsent) to an old friend.

9/15: began intensive WRITING process to flush out my system and make space for the muse

Creating- meditating- stretching- resting- waking- nourishing- moderating

Sit alone with your ATMAN for a while.

Pressure + resistance = flow

Allow yourself to boot up, boot down; WIND, WATER, EARTH, FIRE; dashboard; decisions

Affable, curious, relaxed, and motivated. Orderly and game. Energetic. Self-deprecating, gleefully a father. Supportive, calm, structured, homey, calming, honest, open, non-judgemental, discursive, intentional, settled, an organizing force, possessing a realistic arching vision to my life, understanding of my practices— ***coding, writing, language, stretching***

9/16: Intellectual apostate: not to accept everything, but to attempt to understand everything, to search for the grain of truth that is contained in everything

9/17: Diagnosed as empathic narcissist; America-- my religion, Stevens my confessor, he brings a blade and lets the bad humors out. Synchronicity begins. 5:55; Received a call at 4:44; etc. etc. Hey, it’s better than the 9/11 I always used to see. I am the work; praying, writing, meditating; hushing the mind; holding the intention; making choices; honoring the process, the work, the life (sacred), evaluating the work, befriending the work, doing what is required. An honest effort. A sustained attention.

10/1: Diagnosed as having Borderline Personality Disorder; visited by the laughing Buddha

10/7: Blow up with mother and brother and father. Reaffirmed religious schism, the escape of the blacksheep, dynamic… quiet… engaged… no more bullets…(this has been harder to hold to than I had anticipated).

10/15: Got Free

10/27: healing week #2

02/09: Working back through notes etc.

**The Ides and 8:**

**15: 爸**

**16: 酒**

**17：体**

**18：音**

**19: 家**

**20: 业**

**21: 写**

**22: 睛 （眼珠）眼睛的睛**

**23：未**

Characters:

Laughing Buddha, Woodman, Hardman, Softman, Hardboy, Softboy, Dead Floyd

Goal:

Coming to terms/understanding/processing/acknowledging/working through the emotional experience of the last few years: a process that was bolstered by a good bit of suppression and putting off— suppress, suppress for the good, but with a draggingly disputable lack of vision to change the trajectory of my means of production which led me to some baseline despairing feelings, a sense of trappedness. Having only myself to blame really. I could try and justify my quandry. Attempt to ease my raw hide, sooth my sticky nerves with the balm of my good intentions. Thank myself for sucking it up and getting some money in the bank for us. Forgive your mother, forgive your father, forgive yourself, forgive the opposition, forgive the climate, forgive the President- another fine tale of hubris… and now for the big finish (10/13/2020)

Build tech skills while at the same time finding time to pursue writing, which rather conveniently acts as a double actively when combined with the therapeutic benefits of it- the mindfulness, the stress release, settling of emotions, the increased organization, drafts, the long thoughts, the gathering and confronting of loops. The stabs at release. The stabs at reform and promise. The long arching project to ground myself as an artist and a writer and a programmer.

Values:

Family, health, marriage, writing, coding, Chinese

The Subtext:

* Am I on the spectrum?
* Do I have BPD?
* Am I a drug addict?
* An alcoholic?
* Overly-dramatic?
* Overly self-analytic?
* Mommy issues?
* Daddy issues?
* My parents once alluded to me possibly being molested as a child. Or at the very least definitely used to leave me with someone who was later convicted of sexually molesting a child.
* I was kind of molested by Austin. It was just pretty innocent kid stuff, though I wonder if he has struggled with sexual identity issues.
* Is it my crippling depression?
* Do I have childhood lore too dark to explore?
* **Right mindfulness… Right mindedness is moment to moment presence, developed through awareness of the body, feelings and the workings and content of the mind.**
* Right concentration is one-pointed attention leading to ever higher stages of meditation, absorption, illumination --bliss.
* Not a Catholic
* Unsaved soul
* Lacking a clear vocation
* Lacking salient talent
* All energy or paralyzed stasis- manic
* Too independent == selfish
* Daddy issues
* Mommy issues
* An empath
* Writer’s block
* Not humble enough
* Not enough confidence

Methods-

1. Accept support, lean into it, take the offered time, the offered hand
2. Weakness leads strength, strength follows weakness (marital, artistic, physical)
3. Stop making sense
   1. Think unsystematically: bounce around project to project
   2. Read intuitively and creatively and connectively
   3. Explore new metaphors, make them lens, mantras, egg shakes of new rhytmns and vibrations in the day, new doors.
4. Stretching:
   1. Autism spectrum- rigid body, rigid thinking.
   2. Mitigating emotional/physical response
   3. Move past BPD:
      1. rigid thinking,
      2. striking out at those close to you
      3. emotional sad sack submisseness as path to intimacy
      4. closeness means showing someone what a piece of shit you are.
      5. Confessing- guilt at confession, burdening others w/ emotional shit, poor emotional potty training.

Sacred/profane, faith/atheist, aggression/passiveness, conservative/progressive

Despite all of the duality

There is no ultimate ledger.

No zero sum game.

Our incompleteness is the heart of our humanity.

As is our ability to grow.

Expand you mythic space, fables, the old testement, heroes journey

Your space for ritual and spiritual, emotional, physical melding and settling.

You are pursuing the eternal. The raising of substance to a higher form. Transformation. Effort. Life. Vitality. Passion. Reaching. Groping. Pushing inchoately forward. Ever. Wildly. Self-deprecatingly. Full-hearted, because we’ve only got one shot at this.

You know what certainy kills- mystery and I think to some extent curiosity. You know what feeds my spiritual appetite? Mystery.

Abundance comes from sacrifice.

Symbols:

* *­*memory
* mirrors
* time as ceaseless voyage forward
* time as quicksand
* body and mind (the robot)
* movement
* dreams, reality, knowledge

Steel Cage, blocked heart Chakra, unaligned spine, the Mountain, the desert, the River, the Source, Sun and Wind, Laughing Buddha, Sacred Heart of Mary, the Buddha, Healing touch, heat/cool, strength, weakness. Anglo-saxon literature: the heroic code without the vendetta system. Buddhism, Eye Symbolism, the gate, the 4 of wands, the obsidian stone, my blue bucket of gold.

Atman— the true self of an individual beyond identification with phenomenon, the essence of an individual, soul, self

Aatma— births, lives, dies, infinite number of times in x periods.

Moksha => attain liberation via self-knowledge => ultimate reality

Purpose:

To creatively reconstruct my self-supporting system of purpose.

To collect, consolidate, clarify, and cleanse, my cherished blue bucket of gold

In a concerted effort to achieve a greater degree of self-actualized and to become more existentially agile.

Creating some sort cross-cultural interface, knit together with care (rhadsody)

Stories of unity, uniting against larger powers: humanity against the vastness of space.

Early modern conception of a work of creative imagination as one in which conflicting realities find accommodation within a new order, and the reconciliation occurs…

This is my system of purpose, light, progress, right.

Religion is invisible

Only moribund cant

Is kind of concrete (and often, just barely)

Results-

* Body more aligned: stretching more, drinking realigned, smoking realigned, maintaining healthy weight and healthy coping and self-maintenance practices
* Writing: process launched the most creative writing period in my entire life. I have been freed to write and create and see writing projects through to mailing out or even publishing.
* Coding: depth of conviction has settled even further, I am on the right path
* Free to pursue interests and hobbies and vocation.
* Relational balance: emotion distance, allowing me to love and appreciate without feeling misunderstood or threatened.
* He (Alan Watts) later said about psychedelic drug use, "If you get the message, hang up the phone. For psychedelic drugs are simply instruments, like microscopes, telescopes, and telephones. The biologist does not sit with eye permanently glued to the microscope, he goes away and works on what he has seen."

Poems:

Clapping hands,

Thank the silence

Hands together

Thank the sound

Feel the vibrations in your organs

System ground in the immediacy of eternity

For the one contains the other

One lives for the other

One dies for the other

Mister System is a mystic

Mistasystem

Mysticism

The depth of the dark.

The prescence.

The light. The wind. The quiet still voice. (Elijah on the Mount of God)

The tears. The release. The breath.

Air taken in deeply to the depths of your organs

Flood them with red blood

They yearn for flow.

Agile good systems.

Flex points, pain points lead us to innovation if

We approach them in novel, wholistic ways.

Before you navigate the stream:

* Survey the course
* Mark the stones
* Prepare provisions
* Establish safety protocols
* Contingency plans
* Celebrations/visions/anticipations
  + Launcing tech career
  + Publishing a book
  + Purchasing a home
  + Planning regular vacations
  + Purchasing a new car that better meets our needs
  + Falling deeper into music
  + Purchasing a “Dutch Bike” and cruising around with daughters, going on produce runs.
  + Purchasing a MacBook
  + Falling deeper into photography.
* Building from strength, falling into something by leaning into your weakness. Pushing past your strength into an openness to the still silent voice that is not the thunder, not the fire.
* Life/Death (life lives on death, death is requisite for life)
* Choice- choosing from a menu of choices kills other choices, banishes other choices, sends other realities into the wilderness. Following a choice into the wilderness.
* Choice as sacrifice. Choosing one to live, others to die.
* Sacrifice- ritualized confrontation of implicit contradiction of life, the existence of death, the reality of death, life, this vivacious creative force, with its inevitable arch of growth, expansion, and contraction and decline.
* Peace about commitment, peace with sacrifice, communion with unresolvable opposites, conflicts.

Journey of Elijah

* The proverbial desert, high pains, tumble weeds, Devil’s Tower in the distance in triplicate. The strains of strings and trumpets and Spanish guitar strings ring through my herd from our last night in Rio and dreams of Sweet marie asleep in my bed. Curse this nowhere, nothing road.

Elements:

* “Carrie & Lowell”
  + Spirit of my silence, birds, myths/fables, Christianity, drug use, depression, mental illness, family death, self-death, vision, old-Testement spiritual framework
* Ritual door: the IDES as Gateway, as Gyre, as intentional destination, as cypher of change and transformation
* Yoga- stretching body, stretching mind, transcending rigid body and rigid mind.
* Birth- rebirth, birthing pains, change, new cycle
* Release of physical suffering and pain, releasing mental suffering and pain
* Opening heart and connecting with feelings, opening body and connecting with system
* Anticipating death of my parents and finding a peace with it.
* Anticipating my own death and the death of my wife and daughters
* Marijuana ritualized into a key to unlock doors
* Medication ritualized into a key to unlock doors
* Stretching/yoga ritualized into a key to unlock doors
* Physical maintenance that is not sport, that does not have to be “fun” or distracting. Accepting that physical maintenance is a part of the suffering of this life, and the break down of the physical body (entropy) is part of the price of entry to a fully experienced life. No once gets out free,
* The journey of Elijah: the desert, the mountain, finding God in the silence, finding that the mountain is everywhere. Finding a ritualized entry to the mountain. Connecting to God in the right silence.

Gifts of the Ides:

* Dictations
* Yoga, breathing (Hatha Yoga), chakra focusing/opening
* Stretching in general- release from pain/strain
  + Meditating and stretching until I cathartically sob (often combined with a bit of weed)
* Renewed interest in Tai Qi
* Renewed interest in Oseteopahy
* Settled on my feet (rooted)
* Heart open: feeling open and emotional and not nearly as conflicted as I had been feeling
* Relationship with alcohol less compulsive (recognizing compulsiveness vowing to work through)
* Relationship with marijuana less compulsive (recognizing compulsiveness vowing to work through).
* Much more at peace with my relationship with family and more open to them.
* More appreciative and connected to my wife
* More appreciative and connected to my daughters.
* Weight has stabilized at under 200 (first time in a decade)
* Body is feeling more toned and functional (picking girls up etc.)
* Feeling at peace about the election turmoil
* I am excited to see my books again!
* Eclectic/Symbolist: have a more grounded understanding of my spirituality and a path to pursue it: a spirituality that will center my body and my mind. A practice I feel fulfilled by and confident to pursue, don’t need to share it, but am happy to.
* Optimistic, pragmatic left of center progressive, believes in the wise progressive instincts of our country over its history
* Writing has taken off. I have hundreds of pages of work to comb through. And I have a PROCESS that is sustainable, and that has had the effect of flattening multiplicity in a simplicity. Many streams feeding into the Yellow River. The Yellow River carrying all the projects down the stream towards a second, third, fourth draft, etc. The order of this really excites me. It feels like something that will travel. Letters and post cards, completed despite my crush of coding work and the mandatory leavening time to read. Communing with the muse. By the end of the 8 I had a firm understanding of and commitment to my PROCESS. The notebooks piling up, spreading out, the waist basket boiling over with frothy yellow process writing.
* Music!!! Playing the guitar and singing have never felt better!!! Both are feeling more intuitive and natural. I am engaging in both in a much more relaxed way.
* Yoga reading, yoga typing, yoga dishwashing- combining mindful breathing and poses, my body can be integrated into any task, even if it is a mental one. Just as the mental processes are an integral part of any physical task.
* More mindful of emotions and more focused on flushing them out and engaging with them via stretching, meditation and writing.
* Vision of the laughing Buddha
* Political religious break, distance from family- a rehashing of past breaks, but a seemingly more settled and mature break.
* Totem poems of appreciation, totem poems of love.
* Bringing an aural element into the process.
* More open to music and rhythm
* Deep realization that modernity has created new spaces and refined and updated some old ones.

“If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams and endeavors to live the life which he has imagine he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.” – Henry David Thoreau

“Let him step to the music which he hears, however measure or far away.” - HDT

9/19/2020

Faith in reason, I’ve wasted my life playing dumb

Sea-lion caves in the dark

9/18/2020

Holding the intention | making choices

Empathetic | solidly sensitive | present | wherewithal

Career reboot 3.0

Trying to be “good depressed”, head down, working hard, suffering in silence. Like a good little depressive.

9/17/2020

I feel my way forward, desiring flow from a a mind and hand unencumbered. Trump with with bully pulpi and wanton manipulation of ideals and me just trying to be a decent parent and husband and writer of searching, nourishing poems. I believe I need more Japanese culture in my life— right silence.

Oct. 1 (Laughing Buddha) Oct. 8 (Blow up w/Mom, Hans, Dad) Oct. 13th (Self-diagnosis of BPD) Oct. 15 The Ides and 8

Oct. 1st – I smoked a joint in the middle of the day and had an ecstatic experience. Tension and anxiety gave way to a bursting release from my upper chest and the laughing Buddha boomed me in to joyful laughter. The whole experience was bewildering, but my first like it in 20 years of pot smoking. Later the Buddha helped me get free from my brother. The Wildman, the Wood man. This launched me on a 15 day preparation course to the Ides and 8 during which time I wrote 300 plus pages in the Yellow Submarine.

Andy Sterkowitz video blog talking about the hardest thing being dealing with the unknown and for the importance of choosing a road map catalyzes ideological deep dive resulting in a beatific vision of the laughing Buddha— the TOSSING GOD!!!! (Laughing and tossing away the bad and the tense and replacing them with the optimistic, curious, throwing off the weighty, embracing the light and airy and humane.)

I am the laughing Buddha. Many of the tensions within me, resulting in a constant unrelenting stressed feeling, steams from not fully connecting with my Manhood. Being a “good” son, or at least not an aggressively “bad” son has led me to internalize my mother’s judgements of my choices and internalize her anxiety’s and disappointments. She had a way of turning really mundane choices and issues into high stress, tension issues that perhaps pushed me to develop more fully in some ways, but also retarded my development in other ways. I forgive you mother, I love you, it is time for me to go.

We have been born to die. Life is only achieved by consuming life.

Feeling a greater sense of calm with relation to the election.

Feeling excited that I feel calm.

Feeling convicted to moderate.

All antannea- rabbit ears always twitching, consume, digest, settle, meditate, intention, love, love, love, love, love…

Face no body

Sea no shore

Mind of God- eternity

Your sun has set, dangerous regard, behind lids hanging down

10/2/2020

Take your pick, make your move.

The earth is shifting, I’ll be home soon.

Watch the wind, wear the time

Plant your vines, drink your wine.

Don’t be embarrassed about your dumb heart all bloody on the floor.

Feeling compressed growth.

Wrote 450 pages over the last two weeks.

A tailor cutting out his cloth.

A squrriel gathering nuts from my head.

Has procrastinating from diving deeper into Javascript been my lever?

Or one of them?

Pressure + resistance = flow (current)

Taking against the wind-

Finding flow, creating, producing.

I am the laughing Buddha.

Somehow this is soul work for me and I am going with it. Rolling.

I had been ashamed, but then the world changed

And allowed me to stay the same.

I’ve been in a pretty intense emotional potty training process. Part of what it means to be a good person is to make sure that you have systems in place to ensure that your is consistently making it to the right place. In our society if your shit is getting slung around even among the larger population. So too with emotional shit I thankfully have the physical management process down— though I will admit that it may have taken me marginally longer than most— into the summer going into third grade during our move to Gladstone I had a consistent problem with popping in my pants— perhaps my root chakra was blocked— I had been up….

10/3/2020

“Be Healthy,” cawed the crow all black and cold outside my window.”

Had a note that from 9/23/2020 that I was feeling overwhelmed, anxious and unable to follow through on any of my conclusions. 10 days later after much writing and thinking and then experiencing the Laughing Buddha I was feeling much more settled. And then by the end of the month I was feeling so much better. 10/31 felt settled and happy and silly and condiment and honest about my drinking and more honest about my smoking, though I was continuing to use maraijuana to keep the gate open. And then hit a day on the 8th where I felt like I was still relying on marijuana too much to keep the gate open. Sleep is so much more powerful than pot at the end of the day. This will continue to be an issue, but I believe if I take what I know and stay focused on my process. It will continue to work itself out. My conflicted feelings are settling, I am finding ways to ground myself and move/exist with a settled, firm and kind confidence.

Shower steam and naked warmth, I will follow the moon with you.

Night on the yellow river unfolds before us beneath the chemical lights.

A chorus before us of the heavenly host.

Holy lambs to the slaughter

Infinite cycle

White linen for Ostara’s daughters

Gaunt Klimt Children.

I of the wild heart and free,

Alight to mother’s pillow for the key.

Mother shows me her deep care

She poisons herself with impossibilities.

We can heal, we can heal.

Accept this body.

Accept this blood.

Escape the suffocating stench of closed consciousness

The noxious puke tang emanating from the grey bedlam

Mise-en-scene within.

The shit stained sheets of the inmates.

Move along, move ahead,

Step through here, travel short or travel long

to the mountains.

To arrive, leave.

To leave, arrive.

Content and context.

Mind supporting mind.

Language incomprehensible without interface.

Content unrecognizable without context.

Forms => many things known about the forms: joke vs. sermon vs. political speech, sales pitch.

We are messages => if we are in the habit of only sharing appropriate messages that eminate from our integrity then we do not have to be afraid of what messages we send. What am I saying? What message is it sending?

We know many things about each other (at least we think we do) without really knowing anything at all.

Cut the habit,

But keep the chain,

Cure the madness,

But keep the brain

Transparent, obtainable, consensus, irresponsibility, audaciousness, dissoluteness, salaciousness, and yet crumbs remain to return us to the broader path.

Acknowledge / forgive / heal

Hiding away to make sense of the world’s mad spinning

Emotional oxygen pumped into the lonely catacombs

The hold is impossibly deep and impossibly dark.

I pitch through the pitch.

Careening down, down, down

To the bottom of the well.

Out of time, out of place.

This is the seat of my soul.

Where I am and time is not.

Where memories align and settle

And coalese into a single point.

A pause, an object stripped of all its messages,

Its logical accidents, only its essence remains.

Move slowly and dwell in your sober head.

Plank for strength, unafraid of wasting time.

There is no wasted time, or wasted intention.

Descend, dwell back within the womb a minute.

Write your way back to the light.

At last Floyd heard the bird song

He’d waited all night for this twilight.

You shall occupy a certain domain.

Under an assumed name.

Perpetuating various assumptions

Depending on the girth of your gumption

And the depths of your appetite

For personal consumption.

Carve out a channel for marital flow

10/04/2020

Ace of Wands | the Hierophant | the Hanged Man

Read more about ARCHETYPES

RUN – MEDITATION – WORK

Finally on our way.

Write by night, code by day.

10/05/2020

Accept myself as a heretic.

Heresy: formal denial or doubt of a core doctrine of the Christian faith.

In many regions as Christianity first spread, heresy was its original manifestation.

I search for the castle that I have lost.

Choosing to love in the midst of brokenness.

Having the strength to turn anger into creation.

Alchemy of transforming or at least neutralizing negative emotion in order to do good, produce good .

Manelich’s painful experience reminds them that love is never easy.

Spending the rest of my life admitting that the past is behind me.

A confluence of joy, shame, and renewal.

Some kids wandered off from a mining camp in Oregon and came back with a blue bucket filled with gold— but nobody could figure out where they got it.

There is movement and vitality in this process!

If this is all a huge delusion then I accept.

Equal parts to-do lists and psychedelic manifestations.

10/07/2020

Been saving up my wounds for this.

Building up from my wounds.

Building up over my wounds.

Strength where weakness once.

Weakness where once strength pretended.

He had a vision, a real vision and he was in absolute need of expressing it.

This lifeforce, this hopeful vitality, this silliness and charm and shy regard of the day. The pulsating hunger and desire. This child eye, this child hand, approaching with my hands empty, approaching with my heat overflowing.

Inequality, mindless consumerism, false myths/unconstructive myths, fear, disorganization, dispiritedness, ideological impasses, social media sink hole (of time and emotion)

Sweet lotus flower on my tongue

Dark vision os of the valley

Ambtions flower in my heart

Satan deep down in this loomy soil

Far from any road

We make our way at night

The north star ever before us

Teel me great sage

Deliver your message complete

Accompanied by a Grecian chorus

In the street we have searched for crumbs

7 years a’pecking, hungry and hum drum

With his hands and hair dust stained red.

Do we travel on and on

One lead foot before the other

Forever through an unsettled mausoleum of rust.

A steel trap between us.

Elijah and Madonna own all the gold.

The jester and the sly one are switching primal roles.

The dummy and the bridgeman mimic the boatman’s call,

Up and down the river in search party for the Apostle Paul.

Could have spoken clearer, but as the truth draws near

Fear melds with feathers in my deeper down,

Creates an uneasy feeling, like when the crows come around.

The mountain heard you

And I too in the smog along Chang An Lu

Head high on cheap red wine

Ran my pain around the Cheng Qiang

Buried my heart on the Chang Cheng

Slow rising yeast, rambling priest.

Where to then?

1. Answer economic aspect of the vocation question
2. Sustained right silence
3. Sustained creative/collaborative inspiration
4. Deeper and more connected relationship to betsy and the girls
5. Reboot relationship with substances.
6. Spend way less time on alcohol, pot, and self-critical analysis and way more on music, reading, and supporting and celebrating the souls around me.
7. Main healthy body weight 195- 200
8. Find a sustainable flow with writing
9. Find a familial peace with politics, religion, etc…
10. Confront my BPD or whatever has contributed to my prolonged depressed and damaged self-confidence.
11. Substance reboot
12. Meditation
13. Exercise
14. Pursue- programming, language, writing

10/13/2020

Betsy and I had our first official hangout on the first night I ever really got stoned.

BPD: Play music, activity, ride it out (avoid compulsive substance consumption.

Be mindful. Wave. Don’t block it out!

Pray, take a warm bath, shower. Get help. Try some DBT (Dialectical behavior therapy)

Consider the Benefits of mindful walking.

People with BPD often experience intense emotions and become stuck in a cycle of judging the emotions as well as themselves.

What if you tried to breath? Notice sensations.

100 years of solitude. Need it. Want to mitigate my BPD and find a consistent tap into my wellspring of creativity.

We are healing. Just by seeking healing and opening to healing. We are healing.

Yield- total

People with BPD experience may have experienced emotional invalidation… my emotion would make my father uncomfortable. Made my emotion and insecurity seem weird or strange. I felt scolded for it. Just as I felt scolded for my unknowing when Mr. Rose caused me to hyperventalte. And when my mother slapped me at the lake house when I was oblivious to her intense anger. She had probably been triggered by her family and was stressed because she had to get back to work. Not wanting to be overwhelmed with stress is in direct response to my parents being overwhelmed by stress. And they were remarkable. But I feel like a lot of things, just normal shit was kind of fraught and it made me want to get some distance and give living another crack. Another go round.

Moving to Gladstone. Pooping in my pants and hiding the shit stained underwear in my dresser. I must have been going into 3rd grade. They sent me to the Christian school and the kids at church were dicks. Dad finding my shit stash and being discussed and punitive. Had to throw a fucking fit heading into 5th grade to avoid having to go to homeschool in Paul Gerard’s basement, easily one of my least favorite adults. Did not like anything about this guy. His sense of humor. His whole military schtick. His bitchy daughter. His greasy “world renowned” homemade spagehetti sauce. It reminded me of straightup diahrea and I remember thinking it was disgusting and I was not a picky eating kid by that point. Having to fight my parents over dances with repeated assurances that I wasn’t gttting sucked into the secular world.

When betsy went to Ft. Wayne at the end of August… that was really sad. I wasted some valuable days and just kind of collapsed. But then within two weeks I had launched on my most productive and sustained writing burst ever. I had found processas I was sifting through the ashes of my burnt out ends and self-defeating thought lines.

Joy comes from vision, strength and confidence.

I want a visionary joy.

I want a strong joy.

I want a confident joy.

Take the time. Find the wherewithal. Endure. Make peace with your decisions and try to be clear on why you decided to do what you did. Or say what you did. Ground your security in concrete actions that you have the power of taking. Radical change is rarely ever necessary, simple orientate your life towards your stated goals and proactively take steps to remain grounded on the path. If the path is not sustainable, it is not a path to take.

A desire to avoid a certain mode of thinking that boxes you in. Zones you out. Feeds into loops of aggressive attack and deflecting or subservient groveling and self-deprecation.

I am fucking over that sharing my problems is not a sign of intimacy. Hashing out these issues with these people could be, but why does it have to be about me. What about humans? How can I generalize? Abstraction arises out of organization, not chaos. I am an iterative learner. I iterate. I reiterate.

Repress… go quiet… stay silent…

I resent that I cannot escape this loop.

When confronted with the anger of my family I realize it is not a spiritual issue that I am up against, but an emotional one.

You are angry too. Your inability to launch a sustainable career. Political/religious turmoil with family.

What is this tightness in my chest.

10/14/2020

In my mind I conceded that confidence, contradictory to my mother was arrogance and I have wrestled with this basic acceptance of my own personal vision for life. My narrow vision. My small heart. My small head. Driving against the frenetic example my parents gave me of big home, big family , big career and commitments beyond that which should be.

I felt overcommitted as a family at some point which was inevitable given the size of our family— and then I left. (Geography played into this, economics, work life balance, rural/urban divide (lacking time/space to host), all accelerated in the last 6 years since having children. So I left and for 23 years I tried to get free- because I do want a peace with my family. I do want a connection and some mutual understanding and a sustainable interface for our familial bonds of love, affection, and shared history, present and future. And I want it to be a force of love to rely upon and a vein to mine. I want to b good to them and kind. I want to push past my myopic knee-jerk reactions to things. My rage and my disappointment.

I want to be a creative and productive force— I don’t want to apologize for what I am doing or who I am. I want to be confident in my decisions and focused on my wide intricate path. My soul is bigger than politics. All our souls are. We are something more than just superficial.

The ocean, the big lake, my Michigan lake, the river, the stream, the brook, the rivulet on a cool glass pane.

That was the last joint I will smoke until the 24th. [edit] This turned out not to by the case by the by… The Ides was not a process of casting off cannabis, but finding a way deeper into it as a ritual aid. Pot smoking combined with stretching has provided the psycho-physio grounding I needed to move forward in my artistic and technical pursuits.

The ides and 8 begins tomorrow. This will be the great test and the delivery today marked another step forward making peace with my BPD.

I’m tired of acting.

[edit]

I probably shouldn’t editorialize too much here, but I think I can at least make a note that this is super interesting to return to my subtly different mindset.

We take notes and we look for patterns. This is what I learned in my two sessions with Alyssa. I am not against going to a therapist, but thinking back now I can kind of see aspects of this project as having been lifted from Alyssa, or brought to consciousness by Alyssa. I have been attempting to write here and just let my mind lay out and play out whatever it may have to lay or play. And then as I process the writing, sifting it through to the various pieces that seem to be coalescing around the writing I can start to make sense of it.

Of course I continue to wrestle with the self-indulgent aspect of this project, but I suppose we can’t really chose our subjects and at the very least I am not trying to put evertying through some firm perspective. I think I am attempting to gather my thoughts and experiences and feel out what my perspective is.

Phenomenology always seemed right to me.

The whole BPD line is also very interesting. I remember at the time and I probably have some notes about it somewhere thinking that the whole BPD self-diagnosis was more of a thought experient than a serious psychological capitulation. As a thought experient in reaction to having something bothering me psychologically. Certainly the waxing and waning motivation. The self-doubt, the oscillating feelings of self-worth. Wildly swinging between self-conscious about my “arrogance” and self-consciousness about my worthlessness. I am arrogant because I have these dreams and who am I to have these a dreams? And I am dispirited because I have allowed myself to get trapped in unhealthy work patterns and environments. I have not had the wherewithal or self-discipline to get further with my creative endeavors than I have. My creative fragmentation and inability to finish projects, an issue exacerbated by my proclivity to arrogantly start up other projects and launch other learned ambitions: Chinese, Spanish, Coding, Sales, Politics, History, Literature, Poetry, Child Rearing, Yoga/Musculo-skeletal studies, my lack of energy, all my unreviewd notebooks, my distance with betsy when I am scattered and browned out trying to figure out how to structure my mind such that all these projects don’t collapse on me. What does a collapse look like. A collapse looks like the begin end of August, the beginning of September when I was boozy and scattered on the couch, feeling uninspired. Feeling the pressure of the project getting to me. Feeling like the road ahead was perhaps more than I could handle. Feeling ill at ease in my body. Feeling fragmented and stuffed up with emotion and soured famkilial relationships. Too tired to care. Worn out. Just a feeling that I was worn, worn down. The Ides were about renewal. The Ides were about becoming and transitioning beyond my adolescent mindset and my adolescent hangups. It was an intentional act of reconciling with the past and embracing the responsibilities and the realities of the future and accepting and embracing my role in shaping those responsibilities and realities.

This process will heal me because I have chosen my path. I have found my wound and named it BPD. I am leaving the loop to apply my active mind to web development and literature. The next chapter of my life is sufite with hope because I have chose to heal. I have named my wounds and let them breath in all their humble human glory- the pathologies are all quite clear. The tensions and unmet emotional nees are regrettable though given my father’s upbringing I’d say all-in-all dad wears his scars well. I have tried to escape the anger and the finger pointing.

It’s pretty incredible all the things that had to happen to make this process even possible. The pandemic, our solid savings, the civil unrest leading to our store being rammed with a U-Haul truck, 800 (nearly 1000 hours now 2/2/2021) hours or coding and computer related study, the birkey’s generous gift, my sickness unto death (aka dragging depression), a knee injury, a hip alignment issue, my Achilles heal, circulation issue with my legs (particularly the sores on my right leg), my sternum pressure and soreness.

Into the lake- one of those bliss to hell moments—

4th of July sun-buzzed and happy, into the drink as the fireworks begin to pop off and me thinking I had it all figured out— step, step , jump, pop, vermillion squeegies— fuccccccccccccccccccccccccccahhhhhhhhhhhh—

And then the water, colder than I had expected,

The sun went down the water is colder

And I stay under for a moment

Because holy fuccccccccccccahhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!! My Achilles!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I pop my head out of the water and the fireworks are exploding red and blue and yellow and green in the sky. It’s the 4th of July and my goddamned Achilles hurts like hell.

And then eating and smoking week all through July and August making plans again and again to quit, plans, but without addressing any of the underlying issues leading me to the compulsive consumption. Luckily I was still able to keep moving ahead with coding, honestly feeling really into it, though my energy output combined with my less than rejuvenating coping habits definitely made it feel like a grind at times. Particularly when betsy and the girls seemed dissatisfied or stir-crazy. This would drive me right to the edge of my wherewithal. I didn’t know how to take their stress on at times when I felt like my main responsibility was to focus in on my stress. Setting up a fraught cycle of perceived negligence and guilt.

Esme began school and that shuffled things up a little bit, but then something happened at the end of August when betsy and the girls went to Ft. Wayne and I just kind of collapsed for a couple of days. Again proof of some underlying pathology. Also, I felt pretty exhausted

I started reading Joseph Campbell. That was it. I believe. I started reading Joseph Campbell and copying quotations into my writing notebook from his interviews with Bill Moyer. Things then began to blow up from there and I’ve burned through at least 10 legal pads at 50 pages a pop (probably pushing 25-30 at this point- “The Yellow River”/ “The Yellow Submariner”). It has been pretty damned fun to write that much. Very good for my penmanship and wonderful for idea generation, who knew ideas beget ideas. Curious rabbits cuddled up in my mind burrow. Breeding like thieves. I am not saying it has all been kittens and whiskers. A big part of my success has been naming my block, personifying it a bit. Playing around with it. Writing it songs. Writing it poems. Yodeling her false prophesies right back into her face.

At times it has been incredibly painful— but in a way that I am greful for— in a way that seemed almost clinical in its emotional rotor rooting of my nervous system. Time will tell what crops will grow from my scattered seeds, but like Johnny Appleseed before me, I think there is meaning to be found in the scattered practice. If meaning is found in the practice of something then the work will be meaningful.

I am in the process of tacking back to a more programming-centric workflow. All my Ides prewriting has blocked me from piling up the hours. This is a necessary thing. Somehow my success in tech depends on me getting my writing practice squared away, set, established, grounded, organized, abstracted, internalized. Connecting writing with the subtle body has been key. Writing is the exploration of the subtle mind. Exploring the subtle body is also a way to explore the subtle mind. Both the subtle body and the subtle mind are best considered in right silence— right silence is only achieved through practice. Intentionally relasing your intention. Subjecting yourself to the cosmic knowing and unkwoing of the universe. Accepting your animal state in this perported world of sophistication.

My current writing system or practice or assembly line has moved me forward into a new relationship to productive writing. The connection is being established. An understanding of how to persevere at this practice is finally taking root. It is so amazing to me that I am simultaneously finding a new plateau with stretching, writing, coding, and guitar. The next element is continuing this good forward momentum while cutting way down on my cannabis consumption. I think a key to getting a handle on the momentum is catching up with my back log of writing and coding notes. Getting back into more of an equilibrium of new production and project assimilation will put me back in a more affirmed, “on the ball position.” I can move past that harried artistic state that has kept me in a loop of incompletion and perpetual becoming for 20 odd years. I don’t want to fee conflicted about this stuff. I just want to do it. This has been the great lesson of the process. I don’t have to rethink the wheel every time I sit down to write and I also don’t have to write like Hemingway- controlled and knowing with each stroke of my pen. I am learning that control comes after throwing everything and the kitchen sink into the mix and then parsing away the fat. Finding the lean line within the excess. Finding the true line in the excess. This is a process. I am not a first draft guy. I am a forth draft guy. I am beginning to allow myself to enjoy the process. The extra snap in my typing motion, as the thoughts move to the page from my mind less encumbered than before. This is truly a beautiful thing and proof that my arching vision, my larger vision for where we are headed here is correct and true and desirable and obtainable. My Eagle Harbor summer dream is not so far off after all. Carrie and Lowell sends strains to my heart. My heart opens. My chest opens. My legs open. My back opens. My sides open. My mind opens.

* 4th draft (McPhee)
* Note patterns (Alyssa from Chicago Psychological Group)
* Ritual (Joseph Campbell & Robert Bly)
* Laughing Buddha (visitation on my side porch in the sun with the wind)
* Subtle Body (Adrienne)
* Gyre (Yeats, U-Haul, ROLEX)
* Sunnyside (Charlie)
* Skyhigh Bakery and Associates (Sky and Micah)

My weed dealer and my landlord are both named Micah.

betsy has made this possible. She has done so much work with the girls, gathering our food, preparing our food, laundry, keeping house, all of her home improvement projects- decoration, painting, the loft, shelves, shelving unit, rugs, delicate organization of our very limited storage space. She has been my rock partner to make this possible. The fact that I am doing it for her too and she so supports me is so wonderful and humbling and I truly feel like we are building something together. What does it mean to build a family? Grow a family? There is so much subtlty and nuance.

I think at some point in adolesance you here that message about go to school, get a job, get married have kids settle down, blah, blah, blah, boring, boring, you’re going to get trapped, unavoidable, you’re going to sell out, be defeated, get caught, get broken… perspective is important here, because the need to serve somebody or something or do something or do some kind of work or toil by the sweat of your brow of the spunk of your intellect or personality or whatever you have to do to make a buck, because we all have to eat, we all have to live. This world really does get pretty jungle like if you start boiling things down and start considering the relatively narrow paths we all must thread out of desire or necessity depending on our own personal circumstances.

Bless us in our holy dualism.

Bless us in our ignorance.

Bless us in our knowledge.

Are you kind? Are you trying to be good? Are you nice to my kids?

Help us live. Help us love. Mother Mary. Laughing Buddha. Help us love. Help us live. Reverse

Empress(III) -R- : light, truth the unraveling of matters. Opening up. Moving into a new ear

Death-R-: inertia, sleep, lethargy, petrification, somnambulism. BPD. Looping negative thoughts and feelings leading to compulsive drinking and smoking.

I have faith in this good process.

Too tire many evenings to write. Overdoing week- getting off of betsy’s wavelength. I can do both. Tech/lit/work… family/relations/friends. I don’t need drinking or weed for either— this change which I am making effectively now and paying especially close attention to over the next 9 days for the Ides and \*- the dies which has been my soft of secret holiday/ personal check in day was now going to by my independence day. Subsequent Ides would be used as renewal days and days of celebration and continually recommitment or iterative augmentation of my overarching vision my over arching practices. My practices are my vision. Ideology your internalize and move in. Dwell in. Your religion is simply exactly how you live. You can obsess about every aspect or you can find a baseline. Something that you can settle into with the force aand comfort of habit. Settled, but aligned, allowing for the free flow of energy and effort and thought and emotion and healing and growth. You have identified the right silence as the source of this alignment. Right silence is pursued through living. My primary living practices are stretching and writing which are one and the same. Sanity anchors. Health anchors. Anchors in the sea of being. Writing and stretching are my twin anchors in the sea of being. Everything else is exploration and journeying. Writing and stretching are rest and reflection and consolidation.

Proof in pudding.

Look for proof in the pudding, eh?

IV Wands: Country life, response, concord, harmony property, peace, the perfected work of these.

The four wands laden with wisteria and fruit and two togo draped figures wave auspiciously raising bouquets in an exuberant greeting or warm hearted, sincere sendoff.

What a fantastic card!

Bad perspective had me fearing shadows.

Misshapen apprehensions

To inflame my apprehensions.

11:11:11 Illumination

Old rooster wild and crowing

Gold sunshine christening the dawn.

**10/15/2020-**

The IDES!!! I am really quite excited to be here.

*B.Dylan*

*Beastie Boys*

*Radiohead*

*Recording:*

And if this doesn’t work?

And if all my words end up

left for naught but the cold walks of Chicago?

What of it?

An O’Hare bound plane disappears behind a building,

And a nearly full moon affixes itself aloft

As a herd of clouds shoulder past.

Am reminded of that first night I got stoned

Smoking with Dave Clausen in the back alley

Behind the Fika house.

Just back from a fall England and traveling around Europe.

And the summer before on a 700 ft. Elton Hoyt II.

Dave asks about the summer, the boat, suddenly I am extremely

Stoned in a thatriacal way, in a shjow stopping way, in a way that

Will have me barfing in the alleyway in a moment, but then up and heal clicking to the rhtym of the streets the next as I whish around the block and back home to brush the puke out of my mouth and freshen up after my first proper stoning.

And I suppose it is inevitable that as we age,

we find ourselves recounting more and more the past

Returning to the lingering memories of days when we were younger,

Or more recent days when were now as we always have been haven’t we been?

We have ceased to ago have we not?

I feel the same today as I did yesterday,

And I have little expectation of feeling better than now in the morning.

Perhaps less tired. There will be coffee. Yes, coffee.

There will be coffee in the morning

and the white noise of the forced air

through the ducts,

Its hard work to keep our cubic yards habitable.

Howling wind now in January’s arms.

February’s yard.

Marching forth to mud in April

And life again back out of doors.

We eat well and mostly vegetarian.

Generally, very good health, I’d say,

Knock on and wood and then I pause to knock on wood I do.

Though none of us has been spending very much time out of doors at all.

But what’s this? What’s this twitch?

A jiggle on my brow, a wiggle, is that how an aneurism comes on.

A twitch, a warmth and then gone?

“Ga” Helena would say!

Or is there disorientation and rambling.

Misdiagnosis. Unwritten letters to your grown daughters.

Unasked for apologies to make.

Manically distant from one’s self.

You in an igloo.

I in my canoe.

We on the same ice flow bearing straight on ahead into…

Dawn light, nearly imperceptible,

but I think I see, or perhaps just feel, believe…

By then my yearning had pulled me full belly over,

control never quite returning.

People would say—

How nice— his clothes

smell of woodsmoke

and his skin of lavender.

Favorite emotion?

“Just one?”

Uh-huh.

“Laughter.”

Moonlight and Magnolias. Burning crosses beside our robust river.

Our river artery. Bleeding our chemical blood into the silty strangled Delta.

Waters gonna rise, levy is gonna break.

All your chains are rusted out of doors.

The trust I have in me ain’t what it should be.

15:51:15

On Thurs. 15th

As I was momentarily feeling bad about smoking one more joint I realized it was permissible because it was the IDES. In fact it was the perfect time to be smoking. As I looked at my watch it was 15:51:15 on the 15th. The Ides were coming together. Smoking as a more ritualized, growth inspiring practice had suddenly been broached. Inaugurating the next stage of my cannabis debate. Was this truly a useful tool, an aid, or was it a stupid crutch that I was athletically rationalizing the shit out of?

04/01/2021

Finally fully steeped through the stage that the Ides of October launched me into, or perhaps more specifically the visit from the Buddha on the 1st or my ungluing and lowness at the end of the summer, burnt out, fragmented, overstimulated, still pushing myself to be, anxious, fearful, estranged from writing, boozy, the girls going out of town and me melting into the coach to sleep off my beer and pot buzz. Eating bacon. Appetites and needs. Feeling bottled up. No writing. No direction with writing. Feeling buried. Imbalanced. Wanting to find a new way forward. This launched the intensive writing that evolved into the Ides and 8 with the visit from Buddha being the bridge between the two.

And now on this first day of April with my wife away and my girls away I have been making the attempt to make a deep dive into my psyche and rip out all that which has been standing between me and flow in my writing and coding and flow and love and connection with my family. My self-doubt and questioning of ability have been a big stumbling point. You can’t tell me that this anxiousness and the anxiousness of balancing family needs with studying needs that I use to justify my cannabis and alcohol consumption, not to mention my caffeine consumption, daddy’s got to get his head down and work. And he does, but that is why this is such a dangerous trap. Ultimately certain elements which are fun and enjoyable are not good coping mechanisms. They are shit mechanism. They run you down. Lead to weird white growths on your tongue. They have made this transition possible. But just like a caterpillar needs to lose its cocoon or chrysalis or whatever, I feel like weed and drinking especially in social situations has been my chrysalis, something just to float me along, lubricate me through the oozy unpleasantness of my social discomfort. Something that must be connected to my lack of vocational identity. I don’t have access to talk about my writing socially without feeling uncomfortable. I could talk about my reading, but I don’t want to lecture at people. I just need to work harder to get other people talking and ask them real questions. If that’s too personal please don’t answer and I didn’t say that because you seem like such a sensitive person, but because I am and I am always anxious about asking somebody a question that will make them uncomfortable.

10/16/2020

Snapped at betsy after she came in 5 minutes after I fainlly sat down at my desk- up early with Helena, holding her sweet and needy. Rebooted kitchen (coffee on, feed Marcel, unload dishwasher, unload dish rack). Got Esme up and dressed and snuck a good stretch in. Jaw feeling more relaxed. Tension lower, but still feel squeezed pretty tight in the morning fighting my way to the desk

**10/16/2020**

Committing to the process. Giving over to it.

Accepting the practice.

Other people’s practices are not a threat to me.

The existence of other practices are not a threat to me.

I can thrive in my practices and I have given myself over to this process to fuller enter into my adult self.

Reveling in the abundance of work. Feeling the wave unforld around me.

Working on this notebook nearly 4 months later and I am 1000 pages behind with little chance of catching all the way up. That said, I thik the big date to shoot for as a reflection point should be the 15th of October 2021. That will be an interesting perspective. I need to focus on what I want that perspective to look like and keep working on making that a reality.

Overcome by the gestalt. The images are all encompassing.

Well supplied- the city is a fine place for a hermitage.

Incessant interplay

Lost in the dream of the seasons ripening.

Mouth simple words through a window

Praise be rock

Praise be house of light

Superior blue

The sky has fallen into us

High alive, I’m striding.

Incessant interplay

Lost again to the wind

Words: simple, clear.

Rock of ages.

House of light

Superior blue: alive.

There is no greater priveledge than the pressure to excel.

Let’s take another look.

Perhaps from another angle.

Patterns. Practicing patterns.

Practices.

Ritula and routine.

10/17/2020

The Ides and 8 are about reclaiming my identiy and staying sexcitee about life. Reclaiming my identify after work and family responsibilities really started to strip my apart and kill my forward momentum with writing and Chinese. My 2020 reboot has given me a path forward to solvently pursue my first purposes. I am an artist. I am a learner and a creator and a considerer and a coder and aplanner and a creator and a provider and a participant.

Coding will allow me to fully break free.

Less enthusiastic about the overall corrosive affect of alcohol than ever before. Really losing patience with self overdoing it sometimes. So immature. Think Uncle Danny posting the Valley Gril retching about someone saying they voted for Biden.

There is no reason to feel guilty about coming into yourself…

Get over constructs.

Get over compulsive behavior.

Get over guilt reactions.

Depression reactions.

Working these jobs that just really did not align with my values was sucking the marrow from my bones.

These last few months have been about climbing ack up out of the hole I had found myself dug into. It has been a slog… but climbing is becoming, no?

Life is suffering… neutralling stated… neighter optimistic nor pessimistic. The cup is neither full north empty. Both empty and full. Birth is suffering. Aging is suffering. Death. Sorrow. Grief. Pain. Despair. Anxiety. Fear. Uncertainty, clinging attachment, loss, conflict, opportunity cost. A tally that just wont stop accruing. A tally that right along with actual experience just keeps on accruing.

Samsara is the endless cycle of death and birth, suffering. Suffering, lifetime to lifetime.

What if each day was a lifetime.

What if each day were a lifecycle.

Mental discipline provides insight into the natural of reality.

Right mindfulness… right mindedness is moment to moment presence, developed through awareness of the body, feeling and the workings and content of the mind

I don’t need a home in the canyon, I don’t need fire in the hole.

At the risk of falling in step with any other crack pot writer that seeks confession and absolution from your publishing powers— light the validating source of life— convocation with other eyes after many days woring in the dark— I enjoy the darkness, though am fearful about making my return— we ru through the lines – we drink wine and unleash the wounded, manic, nervous creative— we try to harness the inchoate forces pushing the gears along— the winding of the clocks.

Technology— the prospect of studying my way into tech employment job prospects far beyond the gilded deadend alleyway of my luxury 5 and dim existence. This solidifying new foundation has not only given me a renewed hope in the arch of my life, but has also somehow freed me up to write— there has been a torrent of words pouring our of me this past month— ironically my writing has emerged as a kind of arch-procrastination act. Leveraging my necessity to put as much time as possible into programming. Inevitabey- being an inveterate procrastinator this dynamic has really created space to get some concrete words down all in the nae of not doing what I am suppose to be doing. My system has a solid rhythm of return, with any streams humming along all together with the time and space and input to keep on growing as they will. (At the time of input 02/02/2021 I am over 1000 pages behind in the rhythm of return. I am aiming to make February a big turn around month of me though. Really pair down that page count, grow current pieces and perhaps even add a few others). The drill has been get it down and follow it around be it a poem or a lyric, or a letter, or some half dashed off essay or story idea or some more scattered thoughts on my slowly simmering fantasy/sci-fi epic,

For the first time in my life I feel like I am running all of my reading, watching, thinking, doing, hoping, dreaming, wishing, regretting, through my writing. To state it here is anachronistic, but writing, frankly, is yoga. It has been very important to get the idea out and then return to it in a timely fashion.

10/20/2020

Heal Achilles

Clear head

Clear heart

Clear lungs.

Breath deeply

observe the universe shift

Face fear to bring about bedlam revival.

Abstract your way out of anarchy (abstraction arises out of order not chaos).

Joy in the process- Lord, I found you here.

I looked across to her opposite isle.

God takes the minds out of poets and uses them as seers

Entering hunter mode.

Entering the flow.

I’ve come to understand—

That I must know these things through writing—

And can only know these things through writing and in writing.

Sometimes beauty and truth are chisled from stone or wood sliver by sliver

Much stone passeth along the river.

Much material out into the Delta of Being.

But the sea swallows it all, she swallows,

Her hollow belly ever sumblin for another continental divide.

Find mirth in your cracked hearse verse.

Practice write silence.

Practice right silence.

Commit to write silence.

Commit to right silence.

Befriend your obsidian stone.

In a hushed mind, pieces fall into place.

MOTIVATION

INTENTION

ACTION

A deep breath and the entire unverse shifts.

A right breath can shift the entire universe

Creatively healing

Abstractions and emotion

Vamp for one another back and forth in broad vaudevillian communication.

Mean struggle,

But all for the good

Fate never forsakes,

But always attends.

The Ides and 8 are about healing- creative healing. The ides and 8 are about he laughing buddha— the woodman— the wild man— my father, my mother, my wife, my children, myself, guiding up to a mountain which is the center of everything and found everywhere and then across a desert to a river which the source of healing and creative production and balance and greater vocational strength and self-acceptance. The Ides and 8 are an intentional quasip-shamanistc acceptance and entrance ritual. Finding the ground of being. Stripping away to find what remains. Intentionally exploring the stream of your consciousness in an effort to find creative practices that can atune with this stream and promote unity and balance of my thoughts, actions body function, emotions, outlook, enthusiasm, maintenance practices, organization, process obsession. It is at heart about unencumbering myself from that that which in the past I no longer want to travel with me. And accepting that I can healfully and maturely deal with those persistent negative hanger-ons that I have not been able to let go and that have conspired to drag my mood and my self-confidence. By giving myself permission to maturely address these issues, not as a child when they first took root, but as a man in a position of leadership of my own family and upon who the health, safety and prosperity my family it is encumbant. It is about accepting that I really do not have to feel guilty about going my own way from my family. I really do not. I can tip my cap to myself and appreciate my sweet tender heart allowing myself to feel so much guilt over this “betrayal” of my family. The resulting distance was then spun as my doing. A combination of proximity, shitty vacation cache and also, yes, frankly on top of all of that not feeling super motivated to go out of my way to spend my precious few days away from the diamond minds with my big chaotic moddy conservative Catholic American First family. On some level I deeply love my family, but I am finally fully allowing myself to heal the open sore that this cycle of separation and damaged loyalty has looped me through the past few decades.

From the mountain to fountain.

Limping around intemperately, nursing my bum Achilles.

10/21/2020

I’ve been depressed for like 30 years. Managing it with alcohol and weed for the last 20.

Then Buddha’s arrival and Woodman’s departure.

Mother- father- brother, forgive us all.

I have been hurt by these people, but now I shall proceed to love them deeper and fuller and more expressively than ever.

And then the IDES and the BPD self-diagnosis..or whatever retards you from managing your emotions. Admitting that a lot of my emotional issues are due to the fact that I have been working an emotionally and creatively repressive job for the better part of a decade. Just getting out from under that and launching a new path has gone a long way to releasing some oppressive weight from my life— physically and emotionally, certainty.

Halfway through the 4th day in a row without Mary. I miss her and I feel crabby and overcaffeinated. My walk was a good one— the weather outside is lovely. My thoughts are in negative loops— the Razny’s and their arrogant judgements and wanton powerplays. My family and their arrogant judgements and wanton powerplays.

People can be shitty. Tribal— meanspirited— frightened. We make the most of it and we try to make our garden and we are making our garden— let us find our way together— junior web developer –

app developer and such— I have so much to learn, but I can take heart that I still have, conservatively six months to make this work.

That would double the amount of time we have spent thus far and get us through to at least May. And likely could also take on a couple months of job searching I feel like after December I should have a pretty good shot at starting to really build out my portfolio. Perhaps by spring, when I am making strides there will be more meetups and such— I will have my drinking and smoking well in hand and Clockwinders will also be well along.

(01/05/2020) This is true actually, with more ideas on Clockwinders slowly, slowly unwinding. I have taken any time,ine off the project. I do not need another source of stress. Instead I have resolves any stress with relation to that project. That project remains for me. Remains as a chalice to dump disparite knowledge streams in. Something to maturely ground my Chinese study. I initially pursued Chinese linguistically, then commercially, then literarily.

We went off somewhere and were gone.

My sister is such a strong, loving person.

I shall continue to practice meditation and stretching to managermy anger and negative emotions. Move the emotion on through.

Do my emotions align with my values?

Do my values align with my emotions?

Understanding emotions is what knowing yourself is all about.

I have tired to repress instead of express. I need to understand.

I need to digest.

Write the bad thought out into the light, but always retain the right to edit.

Don’t regurgitate. Digest.

Avoid buzz words, especially divisive ones, that are at worst none too inclusive and at worst down right tribal.

Don’t get bogged down in self-referential fluff.

Substance, substance, substance

I can let things go. Release them. I have that ability and intention. I cannot control everything, but I can make moves to keep my head and body clear. Keep the energy flowing through. You’ll figure out what to do.

Razny’s you no longer hold sway over me at all. I received your tax info and that should put this whole thing to bed. I have moved on from you and you can release me and I have released you. If you have some literary insight to bestow upon me, please do, otherwise Razny is a the player piano in the Mariano’s downtown by Millennium Park.

Donald Trump, I am beyond your touch. I will still grapple with the deep bruise you have impressed against the skin and bone of our nation. I can continue to demand a logical explanation of how so many people jumped on to your bandwagon and I am interested to hear more from the Right why he was such the perfect guy.

Is it really just POWER? WHITENESS?

10/22/2020

In the mythic space we may heal

In the mythic space we discover the real.

Sometimes sun shines on brick just so.

Sometimes the ivy grows and grows and grows

Swimming with the enemy my Achilles finally rears up and snaps.

Brandishing my open wound around like a torch

Carrying around my emotional BM

Slung in the sling of my drooping down tighty whities.

Feel like angry young Roger,

Supicious of the whole mean world.

Message from the infinite stream.

Diligent back mountain passes.

Roads less traveled or not at all.

Looked for gold, found out about copper-

Find medieval dinner set- deep my kin in vitals watch the evening news-

There are enemies out there, there are enemies within.

I am now very fucking serious and that has allowed me to feel funny again.

Fuck self-deprication. Be who you are. Be excellent or ackward. Be connected to those around you. Having the wherewithal to balance your internal tumult with the mental space. We project our mental space out into the world. We can easily improve a room. Change a carpet. Change the lighting. Music. A couple of chords can really turn a room around. But how can we project our mental space, our inner space out into a room and keep people’s attention. Playing a room. I have always had more of an oppositional approach to performance, which certainly comes from nervousness and trying to discount my extreme reaction (physical, mental) to being subjected to mass scrutiny, attention. Compliments make me uncomfortable.

No more bullets!

Worlds to suffer for the sake of suffering- drunk and uninspired, stoned and uninspired

Hating self- lost in my own maze.

Psychologically damaged with a poison pill solution- recant!

And, but, yet, still-

I am now confident that I am moving past this.

I am loving past this.

I am creating past this.

Listlessness in my bliss.

Don’t miss me.

You won’t be missed.

Seeking out my sober muse (and I found her).

Faith, hope, love and the greatest of these is love.

Creative process- I am losing my mind, I must be doing it right.

Don’t fucking preach- jot down some notes, discuss, ask questions..

And this is either a heart attack or I am just really stoned. I am going to go with the really stoned theory. Though if it is a heart attack then girls I have loved you so much and I am so very sorry to leave so soon. You have been the best three things about this existence, hands down. Now I just have to cut out this fake heart attack keep getting on with tuning up this new and improved economic engine.

10/23/2020

Sobriety- my piety, my variety of viretuous pagan. You ever read Beowolf? Its Christian, but all biblical references are to theOld Testement.

Rest, stretching, meditating, writing, gifts of the IDES

Enhanced sobriety will improve my concentration, give me better stamina, better health in general, better temperament, more easily regulated emotional landscape, more wherewithal for everything.

When it is hard I will do something indulgent like watch a Chinese drama in the middle of the day of\r something or just read Hemingway or write poetry.

Morning mediation and stretching. Do it!!

Yes, sure, get cardio, but get your body stretching. Release the tension and strain. What are you releasing here. Why does stretching feel so good. Why does Massage and being touched feel so good. How do we keep these sensors open and receptive and lively and life embracing? How do we maintain a sustained sense of well-being and mental-emotional balance.

Morning is many things.

Memory is moany things.

The owl of Minerva flies only at dusk

Memory is many things including a call to resolve in us that which simply will not go away. That which we attempted to release over night, but which has followed us thourhg the dream desert of our sleep and greeted us attentively In the morning. Watching us silently from the dust corners in our apartment that we tend to avoid. .

All the artists that hold our attention have something eating away at them. How do you manage that self-consumption. By pretending that you aren’t consumed. By hiding the process. By getting ahead of the process and feeling in control of your commitment to the process. And incontrol of your other commitments. And having your commitments balance out one against the other like primary colored blocks, made of good light wood, moves easily in the child’s hand. Stack them up, knock them down. Play with them. Juggle. You know their properties well and you have named your games xsecretly and play them out over decades keeping score religiously according to some deep unconscious cabalistic rules.

10/24/2020

Cerebral opacity

Ganja:

Shiva sits high in a mythical Himalayan abode

eating gobs of ganja contemplating the universe.

Religious mendicants

3,000 year-old history in India

Ganja came from India to Jamaica in the 19th century

Hindus & Sufi Muslims: bhang based drink consumed during “high” holidays.

The moderate use of hemp drugs is practically attended by no evil results at all.

“Dum Maro Dum”- 1970s Indian song about weed.

Seeking absolution in the baptismal waters.

Exercise, drink less, smoke less, lose weight, more writing, more reading.

Be not afraid to live in words

Politicians lie even when they are being honest.

Political veracity ain’t a good barometer to sync your mood to.

Obsidian stone: be not afraid to live in words.

Silence the violence in my cloistered heart.

I crow through the afternoon, stoned and out of time.

My unflagging curse is a thirst that won’t slack. Left home—

Not going back.

Home from court

My exploded dream

Perminenent gaps in my mise-en-scene

No more bullets

No more screaming

Obsidian stone

Obsidian mirror

Making my time

Timing my year.

Oh, to be a part of this life:

A dreamer, yearnerm builder, fire tender.

Don’t you know fledging dear,

Gratitude and happiness, they rhyme.

Family, health, marriage, writing, coding, Chinese

10/22/2020

Silver Jews singing about Horseleg Swastikas

Became a programmer today… or at least felt a fleeting proof of my progress. Battery went out on Acer laptop. All files closed on reboot. For the first time ever I instinctively opened a file from command prompt The unconscious aspect of it was the part of it that supplied me with that wave of gratitude. That familiarliry. That sinking and settling into place. That feeling of being invited in rather than being hedged out by my ignorance of basic or more complex commands. Ideas. Know yourself. Know yourpitfalls. Know what you value. What you should be improving on. Also know and accept that sometimes all you will have the wherewitall for is making your plan, checking it twice and then just putting your head down and slog towards your next milestone.

10/28/2020

Weakness intones.

Strength sustains.

Strength writes poems.

Weakness wriggles away.

Anything may be address as a THOU.

Object oriented.

OTHER oriented.

OTHER open.

I may be dying.

I may be preparing to die.

Beyond fear destiny awaits

No ending is ever entirely happy.

There is no happily ever after.

It’s a swirl. An emotional whirl. Experience.

The whole of human emotion ripping through you yearly.

As the sun burns and burns and turns and turns us round.

50-60-70-80 years breathing with our heads extended to the wind.

Until we ultimately drown.

Costochondritis on my Mind

The Cave of Forgotten dreams

Jesus from the cross,

Clean my dead body beside this stream

I died in the water with the light right on me.

I died in the water shivering in my skin.

Silver screen rituals- scattered, shallow, uncontextualized, no tradition, random, no guide, no intention. Entertainment. Amusement.

A ritual is the enactment of a myth.

By participating in the ritual you are participating in the myth.

Eternal now: physical/spiritual

Female menstrations— bodily changes: sit in a hut for a certain number of days until you realize what you are.

Concentrate on seeing my daughters, my wife— illuminations!!!

There is no best.

There is no zero sum.

Autumnal elixir.

Closer to life.

Closer to death

On the train tracks

Clickety-clack,

Long parallel lines

Stretching forward

Stretching back

What can I say?

I left and then I came back.

Yuihiro "Matz" Matsumoto creator; written in C; Object Oriented Design; agile desing philosophy

Levels of abstraction

Agile design philosophy

The DOM

Recursion

Algorithm

Pranayama Yoga- breathing

Pentatonic scales

Sergio Leone

Ennio Morricone

… and into the river you go, go go— “ Swim for it boys!”

Maitreya 弥勒佛 mílèfó : the Bodhisatva that will be the next to come after Shakyamuni; the awakening to the incredible depth of life; faith in reason, I’ve wasted my life playing dumb; some things I just need to do; I must. But Manelich I feel so used. Sold my talents to an angry old cunt. Stripteased my sanity for the rich and quasi-famous. Indentured servitude to a society. Paying rent to keep your place in the capital flow. Taking on loans. Aspirations to own.

Indentured servitude

Didn’t fit so well

With my attitude

But what the hell

Young cunt needed funds

Anonymous Darwinian island

Almost overcome and full on flooded

In the middle of the mighty Mississippi

Russian-made hydrofoil rocketing

Through the gorges towards

The dam, the ocean.

We all got off and took a bus to Wuhan.

Stayed there the night.

Heavy-metal soundtrack on the steam punk poop deck

Still the fastest way down the river by far.

And also the least scenic.

But we didn’t have time. We needed to go!!

I negotiated a small discount on the room as we would only be staying there a few hours

And then gleaving on a flight very early in the morning.

Did we arrange a taxi then? Or just grab one. I remember they were very nice at the hotel and helpful. And we made our plane on time and got back to Beijing to see Susan off to America without any additional drama. Our very long travel day had made our ambitious arching trip possible. Given its later iconic significange in the Covid Era 11 years later. (I believe we were with Susan and Becca in 2009. Yes, that’s right, because that trip lined up with my 30th birthday). Now that is interesting.

1212, 1313, 1333, 1444

Faced fear of facing mother’s wrath, mother’s slap, mother’s damnation.

Ideological warriors.

Foundamentalists

True believers

Lost in their metaphors and mythology

I have never been lost,

But not for want of trying

What is that feeling when you

Want to laugh and cry all at the same time.

Do you feel free from mother’s judgement?

Do you feel free from mother’s pain?

Prepare for life by preparing for death.

Are you ready to die?

If you are prepared to die then what is left?

After the feal is gone, only I remain.

Your sexuality is yours and will be yours forever

Before the eternal context is established

Protect yourself— your heart, your body, your mind.

People are not always good at breathing. So why should they necessarily be good at sex— and not just the physical sex act, that’s relatively easy, just rub until ejaculation. I’m talking about the much more nuanced and subtle psychological and emotional aspects and ramifications.

My blocks are fossils etched with maps

Winding traps to give my life

Some paths towards pathos.

Ever lost, but fucking flush with options.

Magic bean

Mist maze

Marvelous song

In my calm heart

At last.

The ever tension of old usage vs. accommodation to new facts.

Channel surfing in and out of projects, in and out of poems.

10/29/2020

Four year drunk

Interrupted by a plague

Could have sworn there had been

a door just there just then.

Laughing Buddha,

Light wind

Light arriving

With the wind.

Listen to your ancient DNA.

Listen to your liver.

Build from strength …FULL … conscious, aggressive, external

Build from weakness…EMPTY …unconscious, passive, internal

10/30/2020

cd/

Ichabod: Where is the glory? The Glory has departed.

Less phone, more stretching;

less coffee and beer, more water;

less telling, more asking

Humility is a duty in great ones as well as in idiots.

Henry James: **Personal idealism:** placing special emphasis on the authority of the will and the initiative of the self in experience as opposed to the tendency in Absolute idealism to minimize the workings of the individual soul.

**Meditation Hand Formations.**

* Index to thumb: GYAN MUDRA => root chakra, “seal of knowledge”
* Middle to thumb: SHUNI MUDRA => “seal of patience”
* Ring to thumb: PRITHVI MUNDRA => root- primal instincts, “seal of earth”
* Ring under thumb: SURYA MUDRA => “seal of fire”
* Ring, pinky to thumb: PRANA MUDRA => “seal of life”
* Right hand over left\*: DHYANA MUDRA => “seal of meditation”

\*(palms up, right in left, thumbs create triangle)

I am transmitting/ releasing anything that doesn’t serve my highest purpose and my path today.

Chakra: if we block our feelings or do not speak our truth we may be unconsciously impeding our healthy energy flow.

Aware of sacred space

Clear cache

A lot of weight to carry round.

You’ve got to make it right politically.

Are right psychologically.

Politics seeks out the irritants and flushes

Them out into the public sphere.

Sing to America as the sore expands

Bodem friend, bodem mineral earth

First eden of our prayers,

First love of our carbon hearts.

Lulled to sleep by shadow play

We awake eternal once more.

10/31/2020

Today was a warm and sunny and windy day just like the 1st.

I am open now and a cypher and I’m ready to let the light in.

And now again a day of incredible sun and wind. And I find myself out on the porch feeling my root chakra opened and my feet so firmly below me, flattening out my pelvis, protruding my belly. I sing the first song to materialize in my mind. Elvis’s “I Can’t Help Falling in Love with You” is suddenly canonized for me as a hymn. The river sneaks in there as I am awed by the sun and the wind. And God I have found you in this place. And I have the body striking insight that Buddha is life. That following the way of the Buddha is to love this life itself and to be in this life and to let this life flow through you accepting it in all its beauty all of its ugliness; its life, its death. And while this insight is perhaps not super persuasive or moving, the experience of it was. The experience of it truly did feel like an accumulation of a month of moving through this process. More healing ahead, but today the light shown and the wind blew through just as they had whispered on the 1st that they would. The wind and the sun- guides, the wind and the sun, gods. The buddha indistinguishable from this. God indistinguishable from this.

We are all mysteries, ultimately…

I don’t know is the only honest response.

I’ll try and be kind is the only honest response.

All religions are true- understood metaphorically.

Art is a mirror, held up by nature

Nature is your harbor

The poetic images refer to something in you.

Everything under a microscope

Appears kalidescopic.

I really don’t think alcohol was the block. That said, it wasn’t helping the block none.

And was it keeping me from directly dealing with the block? Weed too?

PRACTICE

* Writing
* Meditation
* Yoga
* Digital development (coding, web development, front end, back end, database, server-side, AV)
* Positivity
* Thrive

All annoyances are symptoms of something.

Bias pathology is notorious tricky though, its reputation proceeds it.

I appreciate how the Japanese celebrate the imagination.

He went looking for nothing but experience and would up stumbling upon it all.

He went looking for nothing and to his surprise he didn’t find it.

August 2023 is the next blue moon.

The world, she is a mystery to me ultimately,

Who can really say what’s A, what’s B,

Alpha, Omega, beginning without end?

Elvis came to see to me recently,

Came by with his buddy Buddha

Both beaming and booming such good natured Qi,

They came to me in a waking dream:

Wise men say only fools rush in

But I just can’t help falling

In love with you.

And who sang to whom?

Attempting to move past the compulsion to check the news every five seconds.

Following the race.

Feeling the mayhem .

We all are but what we are within the all.

Ritual time, sacred time, reclaimation

Committing to it as you would commit to life, to your wife, to your daughters.

11/09/2020

Day 40: this has been kind of an incredible experience. All is new. I have not changed substantially, but I believe I have settled myself, settled many of my imbalances, and my process has born fruit! I am not afraid.

I do not have to proceed manically. I can simply be. If my being, my very being is not sufficient to be then there is something tweaked about being— some alignment that has lost its trueness, balance, equilibrium. We lost ourselves along the way. The netherworld separated us from our friends. The netherworld transformed the way we exist. I descend from the mountain and press our on to the plain. Eager to follow the intuitions of Elijah and learn more about Yoga and Pranayama and breathing in general— who was the guy Marcus mentioned Vim Hoff. I feel affirmed that learning the desert I have acquired many gifts a renewed love of music, books and knowledge, a deepend appreciation of my wife and girls, new set of coping mechanisms- yoga, pranayama. Breathing has already created new growth and new framing and shaping for my body and my physical process.

I have sought peach that does not require numbing, inspiration that does not require stimulus. In short, I have attempted to find my heart and open it. I have attempted to find my mind and open it. I have been in a process that has involved exercise, prayer, meditation, diet, abstaining at different points form alcohol, caffeine and THC, fasting, a great deal of writing. I have found new ways to work and I have found ways to integrate disparate aspects of my process.

I can move ahead. Entering my middle-age, my fullfledged adulthood with a deeper sense of myself as a writer and a maker and explorer.

You stomach drops, you fell sick— is this your feeling of disappointment, disgust? Saddened by divisions. You demonize the opposition for wanting to destroy America. What is really more dangerous to our country? A robust opposition or a single party state. Our openness makes life possible. Our settling makes life sustainable.

We have an opportunity to reprogram our days.

11/08/2020

Ides: last recovery day. The gate is closing, no way back- only forward.

Paying attention to body (writing is yoga)

Mitigating the body and mind divide.

Lowering the age of my spine

Study the spine.

Study the mind.

Practical information.

Metaphorical information.

Practical structure.

Metaphorical structure.

Magic => transubstantiation

Alchemy

Logical accident => the SUBSTANCE changes but the ACCIDENTS remain the same.

Images of the ides: the Moon, Laughing Buddha, gold, sun, warmth, stretch, breath, die to live, preparation for death, releasing tensions, embracing flow, communing in the eternal present

11/03/2020

Proof of concept:

Music- my connection to the guitar has never been stronger. The system of the guitar is finally opening up to me- or I am opening up to it. I am excited to learn more and learn with betsy and connect with music through our relationship and learning. Singing is also something I am excited to explore. I am feeling larger in my chest and finding my voice deeper in my diaphragm. I still feel like I need to do some work to further open up my throat Chakra, but I do feel like I am heading in the right direction.

Body- slimming, feeling chest expand and spine stretch and tension release: my waist and legs and neck and shoulders and upper back still; excited about the possibilities of self-massage for getting my legs fully released. (Wow my typing feels really good right now- I feel really open and flowing and relaxed and my typing feels loose and accurate.)

Mind- the meditation and pranayama breathing techniques have been life changing. I mean this in total earnestness. I have a whole new approach to dealing with my greyed out/zoned out state that I can find myself in. I have a unifying goal and process now!

Process- my writing has never flowed better and ideas have now begun to beget ideas. My yoga, meditation, and breathing practices are giving building me a path through my numerous interests and pursuits. Instead of being crushed by the multiplicity of it all, I am endeavoring to lean into my process and practices and release. There is no timeline here, there is only flow consistency to look to for proof of process, and the meandering Yellow River. Checking in with the Obsidian stone. Meditating on the Laughing Buddha, breathing the cosmic breath that is available for us all.

Challenge- having leveled with betsy that I am in a process where I have been intentionally pulling back on coding to focus on getting my workflow and mindset correct, was received by her with openness and compassion and while I do think I did relieve a bit of her frustration and resentment of my relatively demand free work day (she is taking care of the girls, our home, our day to day maintenance, she is mothering the three of us), I was frustrated this morning when she seemed to be feeling out how much she could wedge out of my work day. To what end I want to know. I don’t want to be callous, but come on! Let me work here. I am working and working well and getting to a very new place and plateau, one that I will be able to bring all of us along to. I need time. I am taking the time.

betsy- but this is a truth. I need to bring the practice back to you. I need to make your life easier and feel more supported and give you the chance to explore your own process and find your own flow apart and with the children. I am sure this has always been a struggle when two creatives attempt to forge a new household. I am sure to some extent it is a struggle for all couples.

I rest the next day until the evening. The profound night radiated autumnal energy, cold wind in the trees, fast moving clouds across the fully rounded moon.

On the first after the visit from the laughing Buddha, my plan slowly coalesced. This theme of letting go and releasing. This theme of opening your heart and hear and body to life.

Cosmic energy for lack of a better term. Cosmic energy welling upwithin me and finding expression, release, confession, I have passed through the gate.

11/01/2020

You could encapsulate this last month as my super-hero origin story. Some good montage material in there: piles of crumpled yellow legal pad paper, furtive pot fueled writing sessions while the girls are at the park, returning to find my showered and toothbrushed and visined, hacking at my Taiwanese laptop, furtive scribbling on the aforementioned yellow legal pads, coding, note taking about code, pushups until my pecks complained, running until my Achilles heal gave out, drinking beer after 5 with betsy, sneaking beers after runs, while washing the dishes, here and there, breathing— weed and writing led me to Hatha yoga.

10/27/2020

Buddha- the one who waked up.

I have remained agnostic about a very many things for a long time as a natural act of survival.

Lost to the process

Literal sabbatical.

One year in seven when the ancient Jews would leave land to lie fallow for twelve months.

This law was founded on Exodus xxiii, 10 etc. Lev xxv, 2-7, Deut xv 1-11. In certain American and other universities the custom of allowing professors every seven years are full year during which they are free to study or travel without the obligations of teaching or lecturing.

Yellow Submarine. Yellow River. Yellow Railroad.

I have a coding stream.

I have a writing stream

I have a language stream

I have a music stream

When they combine they are the river.

And I upon my driftwood barge,

Have a last harnessed an oceanbound flow.

Atheist be not proud. I am not a raging god hater. Yes, I have fleed the god of my mileau— my family, my community. I have opened myself to intuition and possibility that the deeply held spirituality belief of other people that I do not know, nor understand are as legitimate a stab at salvation as any I have attempted. I honor these souls. I respect these souls.

My family’s striving for eternity has them rhetorically anticiplating death with exhuberance— eternity awaits. And yet has it not already begun?

I for my part, with my handdog agnosticism, my spiritual commitment to metaphors. My non-denominational meditations. My dedication to this process of getting free— taking the time that has been given to me, embracing it, making it work, joyously pursuing the threads of thought, emotions.

But something has changed. At 41 I am feeling an emotional backstop. A grounding that had been missing. My rabbit hole peregrinatinos, half-assed, chemically infused, my head, heart ego, deeply bruised, then diffused— I’ve lost it all ideologically— nothing left to lose but the guilt of my meandering mind, aborted conscience, returned worldview, srage exchange, abused confusion.

I’ve been visted by the Rat and have fou d him to be a charming fellow.

Obsidian mirro, uhaul truck, old testement battles, retributions, high speed car chases, ploice cruisers ripping through the drivers side door of a Ford Taurus— the perp away, away and on to LSD and a 30 year old world-dead, blown-up, smashed-through at a well-known intersection: Starbucks, Popeyes, looking— violence and highspeed and anger and rage and pursuit straight out of grand theft auto and me drunk and stone on the couch twitching like a raw nerve, everything about the next 12 years bubbling up in my heart and my heart. All of my habits and repressed collapse, my athletic body dragging me downtown with a thermos of coffee and back home with a tallboy of beer. My white skin and suit and purposeful strides making me an unlikely recipient of an open intoxication citation. Or if I am ticketed, I am prepared to pay the ticket as a “drinking down down fee” and I play on getting my goddamn money worth.

I have been massively depressed. Was just thinking about my Potash ritual. I was going pretty much every day no? Getting a beer or two to drink in the park or on the train, maybe a bag of chips. Gaining weight,. Putting oj n that extra 10-15 lbs. Gaining it alone in the park in the dark in the winter in fron of the Newberry library with the tall apartment buildings around and their lights twinkling with lives being led at altitude and the sky a dome of fading light, the horizon straight down Division street consuming the last slurp of egg yolk sun and the n desiccated peach and then dark/ Bewildered in life. I need your guiding hand.

The uncertainly and vision vacuum of middle-age and possibly a case of Borderline Personality Disorder— self-diagnosed, but I think instructive in as much as reading about the disorder has given me some insight into emotional disorders in general- which whether my is correctly labeled or not, it has been fucking my shit up.

From a literary standpoint I am golden. I have a process!!! Thank the MUSE!! I have a process. It is sustainable, organic, yet agile, structured, it is realistic, but more than anything else it is productive. SO productive in fact that I have had to work through woms suspicious towars it. Is this me coming ino my own as a writer? Or is is some form of latent graphomania, or nervous breakdown, or artistic wannabe mania. Nearly too the mark, but just not quite.

My vision for tech underpins all of this. I believe that with programmiunig I have found a marketable sill that plays to my introverted strengths and has klauid out a realistic, economical process that I am no 2.5 years into. I say 2.5 years, but in earnest it has really only bbe five months with one of those months focused almost exclusely on writing- a three month burn out/ flare up / flare out when I began filling up 50 page yellow legal pads just as fast as my cramped hand could scrawl out the words. I have no illusion about the conent of those words— as I work back through the pages I have no illusion that these is a completed work in the waiting to be returned to. I have no illusions that my journey of writing has even reached a destination of any lasting temporal/eternal significance. What I am sure of though. Convinced in my soul of is that I have begun a journey and continued a journey in earnest and will intention and with hunger and focus. I have never given myself so fully over to any process except my marriage or my children. This feels significant. And it is impossible not to follow through on it now. Follow it down now. We have chased the rabbit into the hole and we have begun to fall. And all of the things of this world and of my mind begin to swirl around, around me and I watch then and attempt to coigently catelog them as I fall and fall and fall…

But what it feels like though ius the most well provisioned emotionally and intellectually free savoy into the creative/generative realm. Some of the writing has been super annoying. The old loops that keep tripping me up— the worn vinyl lies lacerated my slashing needles, gnawing crossways over grooves.

My life is inevitable as is my death. Jesus is cruxified and raises again with every breath— we are out of time, we are out of space. We are home. Debt free with the girls. Leveraging a decade plus of desultory effort to finally feel at home: physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritally. My shit feels close, it has bubbled up with the muses occasionally, surprisingly. I take my shit covered gifts to the river and I wash them down— because shit is death— used life, discarded bi-products of inspirations and effort— pressure, heat, stripped away, mined, the river pushes all this detris out and along to that great body of absorption where your deadly toxins become but parts per trillion in the great sea of being. Your buring torch of rage, mother, is but a distant star glowing in the vast black expanse of being. A light so certain of its purity of its illuminating light, wholly unaware that its source has long ago imploded, disappeared through the vortex of time and space, long, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away.

And I am a prodigious waster of time. But aht is all part of the process, no? How much more do you feel like this is your life— even if you had to get hack to a job— any job, it doesn’t matter— I would be in such a different place— so much more settled. My perspective set. My peace mad with my exhile and such. Today October 27th- my eldest daughter’s birthday— feels like another turning point. I cleaned up my smeail situation and brought what what been blocked off and given up on into the process. I can feel my capacity for communication bubbling up and up and up.

Maybe the depression had to run through me like a fever— maybe I just needed some time to settle in and establish myself. Understand my mind— write throuogh the block that resulted from the split and collapse fo my personality during my hustle years. My mind has changed from a year ago- my outlook has changed rom a year ago. I have at last melded my working and private persona to a much greated degree. I am thrilled with this development. And this progress has been made by cutting back on alcohol and marijuana in fact. Finding a vocational path that inspires me. Putting in place a hard break from my paretns and their corrosive idealogoy and smouldering grievances. I tried to stay vulnerable with my mother and my father, but now I have completely reversed my emotive fialial obligations. I need to be free to love them. I can no longer be vulnerable and wounded with them. Our separation is hurtful, but is it not the most necessary thing generation to generation and if I have been unkind or unaccepting, then I apologivze, but you need to realize that your words have consequences and emotive, sometimes ttactking, aggressive import.

The Packer Suck. They haven’t won a superbowl in forever. Their fans are just a bunch of rednecks.

I have put a firewall in between their often uncharitable religious and political overtures. Political vitra and religious condescension usded to get me, but I had to decide to make it stop— my mother as great matriarch- thought police, medical health, literary, musical, geographical, spiritual, religious, financial…

I am now free to love my mother more truly and more personally and more tenderly. And realer and more honest. I don’t have to talk politics with her. If she is being uncharitable I can tell her. Having even the slightest concern about where I stand intellectually in your opinion is the runty lamb in my flock that I had to take right out, separate and shoot. Put down. Remove. Render

10/25/2020

Be careful, lest in casting out the devil you cast out the best thing in you.

I had a vision because I was seeing in the scared manner of the world (Harney Peak, South Dakota)

The central mountain is everywhere.

The mountain. The river.

Movement- time.

Stillness- eternity.

Ground organs in eternity.

Drink less.

I choose the spiritual.

I choose to stab at eternity now

And accept death in good time.

A body anticipating death in life.

Without fear.

Seeing things in the sacred way of the world.

Went where we won’t go. Came back. `

Leaned my ear into my Speedmaster and found a truth I a incessant ticking of the works— a constant, unhindered, a looping rhythm to its good work. A precision. It fed my family for 7 years. This type of object. This conception of need, reward, celebration, classism, craftmanship, luxury, excess, expression of worth and personal value, participation in a pecking order of conspicuous consumption. 2.5 years at Omega, 1.5 years at Rolex, 1 year at Graff, and 2 years at Razny’s. It feels like ancient history— so long ago, so far away. I am fully away of the stakes here. I have zero desire to return to this job, career, culture, career cul-de-sac. I am very clear on what I am afraid of returning to. I have completed several sentences and will do my absolute fucking best to aboid another one. I am so relieved. Relieved to be home with the girls. Relieved to be out of the retail malaise (cycling through GOOD and BAD months depending on how successful my never ending angle playing was panning out, how much heart I could pack into my hustle). I feel so much less anxiety and so much more sense of purpose and contentment. My outlook now compared to a year ago has changed so much!

Think of last October. Running not much— drinking too much, slashing the shit out of that tarp after your daughters birthday party. The cardboard boxes came from the furniture store a few blocks away and it had been a long day and you were durnk and stoned and all jazeed up and working yourself in a frenzy to get the job done. All the while slashing the shit out of the blue tarp with the utility knife that you wielded with a vengeance.

10/28/2020- 10/31/2020

Numerous times have been moved to tears as pain and tightness releases and my body reforms and rejuvenates right before my eyes.

10/31/2020

Plucked up from my happy world in Marquette and it physically manifesting itself in a lock of control of my bowles, or too much clenching control. And then my father’s rage and disgust and my shame and Hans’s teasing and I dn’t remember how it was wholly addressed, or how it all got resolved, but obviously it was a cry for help—

A symptom of a larger imbalance in me. And then I attend a new church and the boys are kind of assholes to me because I am the new kid and I get hit by the ball hard twice in a row at baseball and my vision isn’t great and I am sent off to the weird aesbetos ridden Christian School wich is some sort of bullshit one room school house concept where there is on e teacher for 3,4,5, and 6th grade. What the hell was I doing all day. I remember reading my first 100 page book—

Meg and the missing Diamonds and getting man handled by the teacher for genuinely feeling frustracted trying to understand a math concept. And I hypoerventelated and was taken to the ahll and had that smug old asshole Paul Gerard come aroundto ask me what I’d done to get sent out in the ahll and I remember seething with rage. I had felt at Paul and Mr. Rose and the whole dumb situation of having to commuate all the fucking way to Escanaba to attend this shitty scholl (riding with the Godfreys who were all super yoopers) and I was cut off from meeting the townies who were my age. I became friends with a bunch of them in middle school after paying my dues in 7th grade.

I worked hard and despite not being in the top ten of my class I was voted Studen Council President and most involved and friendliest and best all-around boy. I was on homecoming court,   
There were struggles with my mother and my brother and I didn’t do enough to really, really excel at anything and found myself at college ready for a little oblivion.

I wish I would have been more disciplined in college— I feel like I have wasted many years— but I suppose any epic journey has some wasted space, some down time, some travel from here to there The kind of thing that cinema maskes quick work of with a montage… but where all of us do the majority of our living and loving and working and succedding and failing. The preparation makes the passage. The waste helps to delineate the meatier, more significant episodes— but its all eternity ain’t it.

It has been a month of cathartic tears.

Palsy stabs into the gloom.

Yellow pages trail out and away into the highest of noons

Vigilante Posse coming soon.

A quickening collection of interconnected searches.

Coming together to flush the darkness out into the light.

Won’t you be my bride

We’ll confide as spouses

Exchanging secret signs.

Hell in a basket, riding to town with the Miller’s casket

Puffed up with gusts of pride

An ass, a fool, a Piper of Pied.

Truly I tell you— a cypher.

Sometimes beloved, sometimes despised,

The unreal deal, a regular Jack of all sides.

Take your pick, make you move.

Then it dawned on us that

the sun was setting on that sacred cow.

Principled openness.

Accommodating values

Health, opportunity.

Trick or treated with Dan, Trisha and Owen. Then soup and songs and beer around the fire in the gardn. Esme and Owen ran a bit wild, sneaking candy and leaving candy wrappers all over the place. Told Esme a Naughty Monkey Story- made a recording of it. Did yoga for an hour of so listening to Carrie & Lowell. Went to bed and made exquisite love with my wife. It had been a little while as well. Felt very awake afterwards and decided to stay up and do more yoga. Smoked some herb and continued to stretch and meditate in the darkened apartment with the wind moving the big tree out front and the full blue moon passing over all. Helena woke you mightily early. She nurses and then joins me in the living room. We snuggle in a chair, under a light and read *I Love You Little One*

Experienced an incredible energy release while making love with betsy. So energized. Ended up staying up all night stretching and meditating. Helena woke up early and I was awake and created her warmly and we nuggled in the chair and read a book about the love between a child and a parent, then we went looking for the sunrise and simalteously tracked its way up as the blue moon set on the break of Saints day. The energy of the night was completely unpredictable and yes it was a little alcohol and marijuana driven, but when it drove me was worth. Establishing an ideal that is impossible to replicate. I have been trying to figure out how to work around that experience ever since. It is all about the approach. It is all about leaving behind that which I no longer need to drag with me.

11/01/2020

Pranayama breathing!!!

11/6/2020

A couple of significant ailments in quick succession, the back drop of a pandemic in the midst of the whacky atmosphere of a supremely contentious election, let go from my job and plunging headlong into teaching myself to become a computer programmer while at the same time finding time to give to writing and my Mandarin Tarot project and just Mandarin studying in general. I was excited about a lot of things, but ill at ease, ramped up, sort of if not manic, at the very least running hot, running disjointedly, like my blown achillies heal on my left leg. Traveled to the UP for the 4th of July with a wicked knot in my back and neck and came back with the knot lessoning, but my achillies blown from me turning a running stain into a full on wound with my ill advised late in the 4th of July Day slow burn alcoholic haze, sun-drunk at Amy and I had discussed (Amy not Aimee or Emily nor Emma).

I lost myself in feeling artistically inferior to my wife and less talented linguistically. Did this weird rivalry push me to excel, or at least out pace my ability, my circumstances? Who the fuck cares? I think what we are all looking for, we are all, “into”, if you will, is where are we now and where are we going. Yes, yes, we can dig through the sinkholes of the past, or we can begin to prepare for the next chapters in our lives and the inevitable eventuality of our deaths.

I believe that this Manopause experience I have been going through since September has put me on a new path. A good path, a solid path. I have my tools, I have my gifts, I can move ahead more grounded, physically healthier, my habits more well-attuned to my workflow, my work satisfying and balanced. My family life engaged and nurturing, my sense of well-being shall be nurtured by this deep connection and familial warmth, and my practices shall aid in keeping me in a grounded, open, controlled and unconflicted frame of mind. My goals will be clear and my path to obtaining those goals will also be clear. I have an infinitely deeper understanding of my process now. The Infinite notebook, birthed the Yellow Submarine, which has now become more and more the Yellow River in my conception of it. But Yellow Submarine too, sure, its cute.

My lifelong pursuit of Chinese. Playing guitar. Spending time with my daughters. A fairly fat curriculum, but something still possible, approachable. Spend time with my girls. So I started to try to do things the way my father has always done things. This kind of manic energy, that I think kind of made me a nervous child. But such a good man. A capable man. Good money manager. Came from pretty uneducated family. I think he was one of the first people in his family to get a college degree. He did an undergrad in Biology. He wanted to become a Biologist, a fisheries biologist, cause, you know, why not, and then he met my mom and she got pregnant when they were nineteen and they got married, went to college together, lived in married housing, and then I came along, during their undergrad. Mom was a Chemistry major at this point, had shelved her talent for creative writing for a path to Medical school. She did and killed it and finished at the top of her class while mothering two. Supported by her do anything husband who was putting in marathoner miles all over at elite paces East Lansing at and working part-time driving the big school bus for the church or delivering meals-on-wheels, or maintaining the building or climbing up on the roof to fight hornets, and I your sidekick

Mother, let us live together, if not in the bosom of one another’s spiritual convictions, then at least in the shared warmth and light we have discovered in our personal journeys. Let the gifts of our processes be proof of our depth. Let the grounding of our good places be the end of our rainbows, the destination of our audacious bridges through the void, absurd leaps of love, make in good faith.

These other things…

Dopamine:

* Decreases latent inhibitions
* Can be increased via
  + Diet
  + Exercise
  + Massage
  + Sleep
  + Music

10/25/2020

Through the forest, along the river,

Speak to me lord in your serpentine tongue.

Snake nature bubbling up to impregenate itself.

And what of my nature?

Inconsistent, inconsequential.

The ides-

The obsidian stone

Renewal. This idea of being refreshed and reborn.

Dying each day to be reborn anew in the morning.

But Can’t get caught in the renewal process. The Ides began as the idea of checking in—

Having a self created date of significance— a perspective point to look ahead and behind. A fulcrum from which to move, be moved, move things. There is a door. What does it frame? How do you wrap your mind around all the layers of significance? How do you structure your hour, your day, your life to honor all of this accrued meaning? How can you hold it all in your head? Shades and connotations. Narratives followed through the years and then dropped.

The settling- the silencing

The seeking- the shedding

The watching- the renewal

Confidence comes from your organs.

These organs have been running this deep code since long before you came around.

I am confident here. I am confident here because I have walked through the valley. I am confident here because I have lived in this space and grown wise in the ways of living in this way.

Every bullet you shoot pushed me away. I understand now that you are out of control and ensconced as our matriarch. But I have taken the key, my love, I have taken the key and made my exit. Formalized my exile. Away, away, away.

10/22/2020

Back in the Achor Valley- my greedy heart stoned again.

10/20/2020

Healing

* Achillies
* Clear my head
* Clear my heart
* Breath deeply and observe the universe shift.

The time has come to hunker down and become.

10/13/2020

Attempting to push through to a another way of being. I am a writer and a coder and alinguist and I nejoy this workd and look forward to working in this way for many years. I love conventrating in this way and losing myself in the information flow. Allowing myself the time and the space to make connections, overlap conclusions, collide metaphors. That seemed really profound yesterday when I came across my October journal entry— not only did it have insight concerning my conflicted political and spiritual souls, but now that I have pushed into a new mindset, I need to run with it. Keep working hard. Humble yourself and keep paying attention. Eyes peeled!

10/12/2020

The Laughing Buddha cathartically lays irrational feelings out before you.

10/10/2020

Tunneling Mole

Forward motion is everything

Choral work for my soul

Have been emotionally fragile for a long time— diving down below negative emtions with running or drinking or smoking weed. The cedar swamp of my soul has made my inner life difficult to access.

But somehow in the midst of this mess Trump has liberated me— this repugnate leader made palatable by his coziness with concerns dear to Christian white nationalist, has set me free!

I feel like I can finally fully believe in myself, I feel like I can be condiment in my “paganism” and feel affirmed in my political leanings. A new ear has been entered.

Feeling freed of my spiritual and political blocks. Thank you, Sufjan. Thank you shifting tides.

10/08/2020

Into the worm hole…

The meditation I did last night accompanied by the stretching was fantastic!

The geometric patterns, the scattered and detached scenes flashing through.

Spent a decent amount of time, really dialed in and drifting.

Something to build on.

Language is unnecessary.

Presented. Accepted.

Heal among the autumn proofs

I arrived exhausted, automatic.

9/23- The Idea for the ides and 8 is hatched; 9/29: end of September very emotional, lots of cathartic crying: 10/1- laughing Buddha visit; 10/7- political blow up with family; 9

The IDES- the ceremonial washing away of youth, strength of man sustain me, strength beyond sustain me.

Writing has been fantastic. My fragmented prolixity is coalescing into something decidedly more concrete. My process has progressed. I must confess— I am a practicing poet.

Psychic panic as the girl screams for me.

11/03/2020

The cure to the pain is the pain.

The path of strength broke me— actual sores appeaing on my body, my chest tightening my body clenching, injuring itself, negative vibes radiating through my body— much like when I joined Burberry I was determined to make it work through my drive and energy— I gave myself a hernia. I completely destroyed my one work suit, ripping the pants out through the ass.

11/05/2020

* Growth through weakness- not strength
* Retail challenged introversion/extraversion, but blocked voice, blocked heart
* Used strength of body and activity to make it work
* Computers: weakness became a strength (organization)
* Savoring more, drinking less and less compulsively, smoking less and smoking more intentionally, in combination with yoga mediation and breathing.
* At peace about the election
* At peace about my “stalled projects”
* At peace about my “healing body”
* At peace about my future
* At peace about my past
* At peace about my children
* Feeling grounded in root Chakra
* Feet on the floor, seeking out the earth.
* Right silence- in weakness, not strength.

Stretch: tightness in mid back on right side, left arm extended horizontally and twisting truck to the left.

Returning from beyond the veil. My feet more firmly planted on the ground, my lungs feeling clearner and grander and closer. My mind clamer and less conflicted. Steel cage dropped from my heart. Music reaches my ear more directly— good news is good news and bad news is bad and that is reality. Life and death— preparing to die is a big part preparing to live, especially as an adult charged with the economic support of dependents.

I will come out of this process with a more ordered mind, ordered habits, open heart, honest mind, open throat.

My parents have retreated to the south. The south is energy from its old polemics. Reestablishing the sickly rituals of power transfers. The Occult tribal allegiances.

11/09/2020

Thus begins the journey of Elijah— another gift of the IDES.

It is about the reapproach. The return. You are heading towards the source. Bringing the source to the secular space.

Mountain…desert…river => the sea

[05/25/2021: this was to be a 40 day process… here we are over 6 months later… that would be 180 days later and I feel like I am finally, now getting out. I thought I had exited at the beginning of March and may have exited for a couple of weeks. I need to focus in on that early March period to see if there are insights into where I was at then. Was I out? What did I slip back in?

12/13/2020

The year of Obvious and Overlapping Metaphors:

* The Ides
* Uhaul
* 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
* The desert
* Obsidian stone/Eight ball

01/14/2021-

1. Ideas: embracing scattered mind by taking ideas as they come
2. Organization: established and evolving NETwork of journals, nascent pieces all, to collect ideas.
3. Time: committing to a long arch and giving/taking time for ideas to develop
4. Body: keeping body health and comfortable to do the still work

I have truly given up. After going through periods where I gave myself over to smoking as much weeed as I felt compelled to and drinking as much as I felt compelled to I have fallen back on my intrinsic since of moderation, a good sense place I reach out of exhaustion and boredom and a kind of general melancholy resulting from my alienation from my family’s religious, political, and therefore cultural mileau. I am sudden the great defender of MAINSTREAM American culture which is hilarious. Me the critic, me the individualist. The diversity is freedom to me. The diversity is a chance to escape to the city. Meet an artist and marry her. Live on the quiet northside with a sweetheart rent deal from our Half-Jewish anarchist computer programmer landlord and his Museum curator wife and their child with a heart condition and their lesbian tenants who facilitate Illinois abortions for out-of-state residents.

01/29/2021

**Emerged from the IDES committed to TECH, LANGUAGE and YOGA with the understanding that YOGA was LANGUAGE. LANGUAGE was YOGA and TECH was going to pay the bills and YOGA/LANGUAGE was going to make the stillness sustainable.**

04/01/2021

**15:51**

Finally fully steeped through the stage that the Ides of October launched me into, or perhaps more specifically the visit from the Buddha on the 1st or my ungluing and lowness at the end of the summer, burnt out, fragmented, overstimulated, still pushing myself to be, anxious, fearful, estranged from writing, boozy, the girls going out of town and me melting into the coach to sleep off my beer and pot buzz. Eating bacon. Appetites and needs. Feeling bottled up. No writing. No direction with writing. Feeling buried. Imbalanced. Wanting to find a new way forward. This launched the intensive writing that evolved into the Ides and 8 with the visit from Buddha being the bridge between the two.

And now on this first day of April with my wife away and my girls away I have been making the attempt to make a deep dive into my psyche and rip out all that which has been standing between me and flow in my writing and coding and flow and love and connection with my family. My self-doubt and questioning of ability have been a big stumbling point. You can’t tell me that this anxiousness and the anxiousness of balancing family needs with studying needs that I use to justify my cannabis and alcohol consumption, not to mention my caffeine consumption, daddy’s got to get his head down and work. And he does, but that is why this is such a dangerous trap. Ultimately certain elements which are fun and enjoyable are not good coping mechanisms. They are shit mechanism. They run you down. Lead to weird white growths on your tongue. They have made this transition possible. But just like a caterpillar needs to lose its cocoon or chrysalis or whatever, I feel like weed and drinking especially in social situations has been my chrysalis, something just to float me along, lubricate me through the oozy unpleasantness of my social discomfort. Something that must be connected to my lack of vocational identity. I don’t have access to talk about my writing socially without feeling uncomfortable. I could talk about my reading, but I don’t want to lecture at people. I just need to work harder to get other people talking and ask them real questions. If that’s too personal please don’t answer and I didn’t say that because you seem like such a sensitive person, but because I am and I am always anxious about asking somebody a question that will make them uncomfortable.

11/21/2021

Somehow my music is helping to build up my emotional reserve.

We all struggle. But will you define yourself by you human fear and abhorrence of the obstacle, or your also very human heroic effort to overcome it.

The Journey of Elijah

Aka “[High Noon](#highnoon)”

[**Texts**](#texts)

*Mysticism is popularly known as becoming one with God or the Absolute, but may refer to any kind of ecstasy which is an altered state of consciousness which is given a religious or spiritual meaning. It may also refer to the attainment of insight in ultimate or hidden truth and to human transformation.*

Elijah prophesized severe draught, hid in the desert drinking from a brook and being fed by ravens. Later he defeats 450 Baal prophets. Has them slaughtered in the valley. Inspired by the power of the lord, he runs on foot ahead to the king who is on horseback.

1 Kings 17:2-16

**Elijah Fed by Ravens**

**2**Then the word of the Lord came to Elijah: **3**“Leave here, turn eastward and hide in the Kerith Ravine, east of the Jordan. **4**You will drink from the brook, and I have directed the ravens to supply you with food there.”

**5**So he did what the Lord had told him. He went to the Kerith Ravine, east of the Jordan, and stayed there. **6**The ravens brought him bread and meat in the morning and bread and meat in the evening, and he drank from the brook.

**Elijah and the Widow at Zarephath**

**7**Some time later the brook dried up because there had been no rain in the land. **8**Then the word of the Lord came to him: **9**“Go at once to Zarephath in the region of Sidon and stay there. I have directed a widow there to supply you with food.” **10**So he went to Zarephath. When he came to the town gate, a widow was there gathering sticks. He called to her and asked, “Would you bring me a little water in a jar so I may have a drink?” **11**As she was going to get it, he called, “And bring me, please, a piece of bread.”

**12**“As surely as the Lord your God lives,” she replied, “I don’t have any bread—only a handful of flour in a jar and a little olive oil in a jug. I am gathering a few sticks to take home and make a meal for myself and my son, that we may eat it—and die.”

**13**Elijah said to her, “Don’t be afraid. Go home and do as you have said. But first make a small loaf of bread for me from what you have and bring it to me, and then make something for yourself and your son. **14**For this is what the Lord, the God of Israel, says: ‘The jar of flour will not be used up and the jug of oil will not run dry until the day the Lord sends rain on the land.’”

**15**She went away and did as Elijah had told her. So there was food every day for Elijah and for the woman and her family. **16**For the jar of flour was not used up and the jug of oil did not run dry, in keeping with the word of the Lord spoken by Elijah.

Finding the path is just the back story. You’ve chosen your path, now get your story straight and get to work.

Nature of God vs. Nature of Man

The body, the word, the word, the body, are one.

*We shall not cease this exploration and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time. Through the unknown, remembered gate, when the last of the earth left to discover is that which was the beginning at the source of the longest river. The voice of the hidden waterfall and children in the apple tree not know because not looked for.*

We need to be open to iterative approaches— approaches that clarify our goals as the process is allowed to unfold.

Cypher at the sacred gate

The opened door, the gate released,

Observe the Ides as they pass before, pass behind,

To the mountain to linger between two moons.

Grieve an era, celebrate her passing, her progeny.

Celebration without grief is but kitsch

And grief without celebration ingratitude.

My obsidian stone become a bell of sinew,

Intoning breath, the eddy in my chest

Breathing out from my lung cage.

Radiating through my chimneyskull.

Drink from the gurgling cup,

Fingers stained yellow from my tamer of flame days.

Flea to the desert, in the desert we feel free.

Provided with nothing but our mountain provisions—

40 days to build a new vision.

Nothing to return with in turn,

And returning to attend.

Cross the desert, see.

Wander ever on your spiraling way.

Mermaid voices linger in your dreams.

Singing of the source,

all myths and legends of course.

All myths and legends all.

Journey of Elijah

* The proverbial desert, high pains, tumble weeds, Devil’s Tower in the distance in triplicate. The strains of strings and trumpets and Spanish guitar strings ring through my herd from our last night in Rio and dreams of Sweet Marie asleep in my bed. Curse this nowhere, curse this nonexistent road.

And, behold, the Lord passed by and a great and strong wind sent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake: but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire: but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice (1 Kings 19:11-12).

The past is still the past, a bridge to nowhere.

Baal— golden Calf

Message of hope- ritualistic reclamation of my life vision, reclaiming my body, my mind, my talents. Washing off the old ways and prophecies and habits. Stretching into a new plane, passing through the gate into the next cycle, the promise of the Rat.

Bring with you the gifts of the ides:

Gifts of the Ides:

* Dictations
* Yoga, breathing, chakra focusing/opening
* Tai Qi
* Osteopathy
* Settled on my feet (rooted)
* Heart open: feeling open and emotional and not nearly as conflicted as I had been feeling
* Relationship with alcohol less compulsive (recognizing compulsiveness vowing to work through)
* Relationship with marijuana less compulsive (recognizing compulsiveness vowing to work through).
* Much more at peace with my relationship with family and more open with them.
* More appreciative and connected to my wife
* More appreciative and connected to my daughters.
* Weight has stabilized at under 200
* Body is feeling more toned and functional (picking girls up etc., sitting at desk without prohibitive discomfort, pain, “pain bill” to pay later)
* Feeling much more at peace about the election turmoil… though still quite disturbed…
* Excited to see my books again!
* Eclectic/Symbolist: have a more grounded understanding of my spirituality and a path to pursue it: a spirituality that will center my body and my mind. A practice I feel fulfilled by and confident to pursue, don’t need to share it, but am happy to. Aesthetic Individualism.
* Optimistic, pragmatic left of center progressive, believes in the wise progressive instincts of our country over its history; appreciative of checks, appreciative of balances. But what if your checks are checkered and your balances are imbalanced?
* Writing has taken off. I have hundreds of pages of work to comb through. And I have a PROCESS that is sustainable, and that has had the effect of flattening multiplicity into simplicity, fragmentation into a single stream. Many snaking threads all feeding into the Yellow River. The Yellow River carrying all the projects down the stream towards a second, third, fourth draft, etc. The order of this really excites me. It feels like something that will travel. I am a writer and this is the mode I have chosen and I have been chosen for. My obsidian stone revelation is prophecy that has reoriented me and set me on a trajectory of renewed hope.
* Music!!! Playing the guitar and singing have never felt better!!! Both are feeling more intuitive and natural. I am engaging in both in a much more relaxed way, that feels much less conflicted and much more nourishing.
* Yoga reading, yoga typing, yoga dishwashing- combining mindful breathing and poses, my body can be integrated into any task, even if it is a mental one. Just as the mental processes are an integral part of any physical task.

**Texts: Books, recording et al:**

Cormac McCarthy*—* *Blood Meridian*

Douglas Adams— *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*

Patrick Leigh Fermor— *A Time of Gifts*

W.G. Sebald— *The Rings of Saturn*

**1st Kings**

Dune

The Gun Slinger

Nick Adams (while stretching)

Condor Heroes (射雕英雄传)

1001 Arabian Nights

*Soul Mountain*

*A Year Away*

*Susan Sontag, “Under the Signs of Saturn”*

*W.G. Sebald, “The Rings of Saturn”*

*Journey to the East*

***The Future of Nostalgia***

*The Arcade Project,* Walter Benjamin

*Journey to the West*

*Journey to the East*

*The Pocket Manual OMT*

*Alan Watts- recordings*

*Carrie & Lowell*

*Horse with no name,* Amerika

*Sufeggio vibrations*

*Nick Cave*

*The IDES*

*Stretching*

*Pete Egoscue*

*Bob Dylan*

*Uncle Doug*

*John Fahey*

*Fela Kuti*

*Tarot*

*Walt Witman*

* Nick Cave
* Gabriel Garcia Marquez
* Jorges Luis Borges (Ficciones, 1945; El Aleph, 1949)- he mined paradoxes for pathos, no?
* Cervantes
* Joseph Campbell
* Fred Harvey book: “Appetite for America” 1880s restaurateur/hospitality

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

*Hans Wilsdorf*

*Abraham Lincoln*

*Jesus Christ*

*The Buddha*

*Joseph Campbell*

***Robert Bly***

***John McPhee***

*Linus Torvald*

***Les Paul***

*Octavia Butler*

***Joseph Brodsky***

*Salman Rushdie*

*St. Francis of Assisi*

*My mother*

*My brother*

*Erik Anderson*

*David Brown*

*Alex Park*

*Nathan Nordlund*

*Barbara Nordlund*

*Phil Kuhl*

*Bob Noonan*

*Dave Clauson*

*Stephen Rogers*

*Grandma Dyer*

*Aunt Karen*

*Uncle Danny*

*Betsy*

*Esme*

*Helen*

*Micah*

*Susan*

*Eloquent Javascript*

*The Well-rounded Rubyist*

*Practical Object Oriented Design*

*Rails…*

**07/15/2021 - The IDES of July!**

How do you get control of your own head-space without having to push people so far back.

I have to let my hypothetical fears go. I have to let go of my fears or other people’s fears which is often some sort of excess politeness at best, or at worst a socially accepted form of cowardice. Now mind you I don’t think anya of my content is particularly offense, I just feel the need to apologize for sort of opening and maintaining a new interface. I mean, who really needs another interface these days?

Suddenly my letter work and my writing work is squarely working to confront or at the very least chronicale something aboutn our times—the way we communicate. The way we get each other or do not. The way we connect and make relationships and cultivate these relationships. Tending to our memories (an orderly compost heap?), harvesting the day, dreaming and preparing for the seasons yet to come.)

I must admit that a lot of this writing blitz has been caffeine and THC fueled. This has put me in my own little world a lot of the time which has been necessary for me to jump over the fence and get into the new territory and the new working head space that I sensed I needed to be in to pull together all of these disparate thoughts. I take that back, it is not like I intentionally have pursue marijuana as a key to unlock my creative impulses… or maybe I have.

Today is the IDES of July. I am planning on smoking a joint. Getting quite high. Doing more writing and planning and pulling together and then taking the rest of the month off from smoking. Having a good sober month. Simple and prouctive. I am going to take note of my weight today and my goals for the month—get through the rails book. Get something up on Git hub. Get something hosted by Heroku. Learn Heroku!! Learn Git Learn Git hub! Learn Rails!

Continue to knock out Yellow river note books making the trip to Gladstone feeling calm and confident and deeply engaged in my vocations while at the same time achieving a new plateau of enhanced wherewithal for transitioning back and forth between my professional, creative, constructive sphere and my family sphere were I have possess the knack for approaching family interactions with forethought(pull things together over time, trouble shoot), focus (be present), fun (play! play!play!).

07/14/2021

Suddenly life begins to balance out-- take shape-- the lines that you had imagined out of existence in you rambling anarchic peregrinations reappear in refreshed coats and brandings, freedom from objectives. Enslaved by subjective biases, undone by unlove for the becoming.

Can I run this operation full solar? Save the stronger stull for the more ceremonial moments I occasionally take to maintain my being. Become a living testimonial to the wholistic creative oiwer of writing and stretching.

My hip wants to be stretched always. Spinal movement with hips. Finding more and more ways to slip into significant stretches.

07/12/2021

I had to lose my mind to find my vocation. I had top slay my dragon in an act of self-immolation. Pretty dark, but just imagine the elation in getting free, overcoming-- providing proof of concept-- a concrete state change to facilitate your full becoming.

A life denying compression of work

Compressed. Efficient. Value clocks

**07/11/2021**

Humble yourself into the singularity of things. The singularity of WE.

Meditating on the all without losing your mind or going blind.

Humiliated by the all.

Brought low by the all.

Humbly bing.

Humbly practicing.

Low, settled, known foundation.

Confronting the all and ever without losing it.

Without freaking out and just completely unraveling.

The many and the one.

Perceiving the many as the one and the one as the many.

We the family.

We the people.

We the couple.

We the neighborhood.

We the city.

We the state.

We the country.

We the continent.

We the hemisphere.

We the world.

We the universe and on and on …

What comes after universe--- we rattled off that list like we really know something… but we don’t really know so much…

**07/09/2021**

If I can do all of this—the writing and programming and guitar strumming and stretching and parenting and partnering without edging off with pot and beer so consistently I will truly be set.

The Ides as an easy celebration… a ritualistic, creative act. IDES. Oil pot. The stream. The ravens. Ravens of Sandeo. Uncle Professor of literature at St. Anselm out east. The desert. Entering the desert. Looking for fertile creative soil. A simple, solid way to be. A whirlpirl hard at work, but still keeping its form a cypher. , glory hole of thought and meditation and being and attempted creative acts.

Playing guitar today I realize I have never felt more comfortable just noodling away at the tune and rhythm that popped up in my head.

**07/06/2021**

Wonderful stretching session this morning. Long through hips, long through torso. Long hamstrings, strong legs pushing into the stretch. Arms upraised or pushing against a railing or a post or clinging to a rope. Holding. Writing. Thinking in my mind. Coding break. Mind wandering. Following the silence. Feeling the sun. Thirsting for water. Fasting in the hot morning.

04/21/2021

Music vs. Travel. You play music. You don’t work music. You

Life was a journey or a pilgrimage. A journey. A serious destination.

But it was a musical thing. You were supposed to be singing a dancing along the way. You missed the point

Time binder- an animal peculiarly aware of the time sequence; we can predict. Has survival value. But you you pay for this ability of being able to see ahead, predict ahead

Gained on the roundabout, lost on the swings.

Existence is musical in nature. It is not serious. It is the play of all kinds of patterns. Chess, Checkers, Backgammon, the Grass game, the Dog Game. Existence: 自然: by itself: happens spontaneous. Trying to sleep, trying to breath can make sleeping and breathing harder.

You’ve gotta let go and let it happen, or you are going to be all clutched up.

Today we accept this desert life. We commit to this desert life. We know where the source was. It is the same as the river, same as the sea. We have sought to consolidate. We have sought to settle and calm. We have sought peace and communion with ourselves. We have sought healing and opening to our family and our friends. We have given up and surrendered to our responsibilities and we have given up the need to cultivate a personality, a persona. Kindness shall guide the way. Love shall guide the way. All of our intersecting cultures can’t throw us off from these guideposts. The unknowing is knowing; knowing is unknowing. Accept my blindness and limitations and humble myself before these realities.

I am humbled in love and drawn close. I am calmed in peace and sustained. The radical love of kindness.

I have come to a place that I have been before. And we shall loop around and around ain ever widening ever narrowing arcs.

I was right here a month ago. Crying with relief. And then I stepped back from that place. And continued on my way thinking I might find deeper country, more insightful locales. This was wrong. This was right. My present state speaks to its rightness. My present state speaks to its wrongness.

I no longer have the pulse of anything. I know my responsibilities and I am doing my best to meet them. I have solid plans to knock out all of my lingering administrative tasks over the next 10 days. Begin May with my taxes filed, our savings and investments in organized, accessible arrangement. Will look into life insurance. I will dance. I will sing.

“Well, this is lockdown’s near forbidden secret and terrible truth— that at the heart of grief, and midst mayhem, carnage, and deep sadness, people do beautiful things.” Nick Cave

Wheere I was coming from with my consistency in practicing the subtle arts. The balance and flexibility arts. Practicing stretching. Practicing Yoga. Practicing good health…

04/08/2020: TM and Yoga and 太气 (what about 3 minutes in the morning and 3 in the evening).

04/09/2021

6 months of work. Nearly seven months of work have delivered us to now. We are ready to move forward. We are moving forward. Our heart is bursting forth with new life and ideas and stories and wanting to revise and review and process and finish and push and publish and call and radiate and encourage and strive and thrive and be as I am and not so bogged down by the collective emotionally draining weight of all the details and day to day divisions and challenges, strains, derailments, and derangements. My journey has been about finding a way to be, a way of living that feels more balanced. More sustainable. More open. More hopeful. More flowing and realistic, more intuitive and settled. Less conflicted and more accepting.

Reaching my limits and wondering how can I go farther? How can I reach beyond that which I am. How can I dig deeply into my being and my sense of wellness and place. How can I transition from my child mind a more mature “adult mind”, from my place as son to my place as father. And navigating all the physical— aging, injury, sickness, habits, job, children, etc; mental— intellectual processes and experiences and environments, milieus and generations; spiritual— lived experience, decisions, time in life, relationship with spouse, devotion to cult, community interface (what else do you have the school, the hospital, the funeral home, the bar, the harbor club, the golf course, youth sports, the arts, community development and support, fundraising, the outdoors, home-improvement, landscaping.

**03/26/2021**

Settling by the River—

We have settled beside the river—

We have found a place to be

We are.

We always have been.

We always will be.

Samsara—

Secret words spoken through

The many layers of being—

The public life,

The call to arms

All out war

The armed hearts

The ideological.

Is it my role to heal your pain?

Quell the anger in your womb?

Administer to your eternal hurt?

Would you like be to inspect and dress your wound?

**04/02/2021**

How about this— I am cured when there is no more sneaky stuff… be there for your wife. Be there for your girls. Show up. Be present.

**03/24/2021**

Reading list:

*Surely you can’t Joking, Mr. Fynman.”* Richard Feynman

*三体* 刘慈欣

Joseph Brodsky’s Collected Poems

Patrick Leigh Fermor’s *A Time of Gifts*

Douglas Adams *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*

*Selected Poems* William Butler Yeats

*The Future of Nostalgia* Svetlana Boym

*Under the Sign of Saturn*, Susan Sontag

*The Rings of Saturn*, W.G. Sebald

Alan Watts

*Journey to the West*

*Journey to the East* Hermann Hesse

*Siddhartha ,* Hermann Hesse

*The Power of Myth* Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers

*Blood Meridian ,*  Cormac McCarthy

*The Old Testement*

*Beowolf*

*Shakespeare*

*This is Your life and other stories Ted Tsiang*

*A year off* The Browns

And this is the right silence—buried and unburied by the process. Faith helps me keep pace. Faith sets my pace. Listen to the river. Listen to the river. All the many messages. The lone message. Many and one. One and many. All of the thisness flowing through. Sometimes right through, directly, sometimes lingering, remaining, leaving something behind. An impression. A flavor. A sense. We are tainted, changed, altered. Without necessarily our full consent awareness, reflection, consciousness of what we are echoing back, reflecting, all our unconscious conclusions, our lived in architecture. THIS lashed to THAT, THAT lashed to THIS. Our stories. Our myths.

Our hearts ripped out because our gardens aren’t adjacent.

Can I say arch? How would you describe the Machiavellian mindset without describing it as Machiavellian?

My sober mindset is creeping sneakily.

What has been the role of Tarot Card Readings in this slow build of my now enduring life-ordering faith-focused process—this scaffolding for life is my religion and I must challenge myself to make it a life-affirming and sensitive religion that makes an effort of openness while at the same time being acutely aware of the cloistered sufficiency of my self-cultivated system—my way of being, my way of seeking—my discipline grows up and out of this fertile bed, my dreams and values are fostered in this safe, intentional space. My escapement, my regulator, my locking solution to the ceaselessly careening and ever overflowing contributions of the everything at once. This escapement—not escape—holds back the overwhelming tide of energy and information that I desire more than anything else, but know will drive me to despair and destruction if I don’t control my approach, my process… gotta learn to keep your nose up even as you’re diving down farther than you’d plan to let yourself descend.

Reclaiming place of belonging—which is everywhere—deeper understanding and conviction of economic skills, realignment and calibration of economic skills, wherewithal, temperament, self-actualizing through tech and my acceptance of my writing and music and physical wellness as being integral components / practices that I must be commit to incrementally cultivate over time. Taking this, my small plot, and making a life out of it. Making a life out of this small, simple plot.

Reading and writing makes my life possible. This is my interface. MY interface.

Proceeding with faith in the truism that intention brings improvement, understanding, connection, escapement, regulation, review Rhapsodizing—stitching together.

I saw your future… you died.. I am not really sure how.. but it was you and you were definitely dead. I was dead too. This is certainly my future. Death.

Order, focus, retrieval, articulation, judgement, consideration, a place to foster one’s values, and lick one’s wounds, stock up projects, make a mockery of art, writing, linguistics, programming, songwriting, thought collaging, personal letter writing, essays, discussions, efforts external to return to the mortal sphere, driving the heat and coal of inchoate thoughts and emotions can improve one’s gatekeeping and butlering and hosting all in turn. Our way of being is far from earthy—technological, theorehtical, relational, skills based, talent, concentration, focus, creativity, dedication, devotion.

Craft—understanding CRAFT

Stop working so hard to write correctly—just write in the right silence.

The right silence—that isle out in the water where the pressure and the power and the path all align in just the right flow, the correct escapement, its amplitude humming true, stable, sustainable, accurate.

Burrowed into this process—obscured from much of the outside world, but also deeply connected to it—full of longing and shattered wherewithal for it. desiring its goodness and vitality and affection and kindness and strength—shedding youthful scales of fear of awkwardness and unknowing and apprehension towards the world seen through a glass darkly. All the opportunity cost that bleed the wealth from our youthful heart—starving for apparent direction, in a lang suffiet with promise—oh, lonesome flaneur, oh, aware of status and confident of guo—yes, a Yes-man for 3-5 percentage points of the deal, skimming butler fat from off the crown of others achievements. Hustling to do so squased between a bottleneck product flow an anxious clientel and an over-stretched and mean-spirited first family.

A demanding clientele purchasing with trust in an act of celebration or love or remorse or commemoration and now once again I have the freedom to write.

I think I lost this freedom because I go a bit wise—I realized I absoklutely couldn’t put all of my eggs in the writing basket. I had to learn to support myself with something other than writing or I would ruin myself tyring to write myself into a commercially successful writing career. Which is only important to me in as much as it could help me crack the economic code of living and working and that ever longed for work-life balance ever dangled out just ahead, or around a bend. I didn’t trust my writing to stand up to both being my life ordering practice and my economic engine. And I think I have taken years to reconcile this fact—that I can authentically be a writer—possess that writerly instinct, desire, need, but not do it professionally. I thnk this approach is very good. I learn the discipline and the skills of writing and I make a life out of writing—employ it as a life organizing and cultivating practice and if there indeed are opportunities at some point to engage in this practice commercially, well we’ll just have to see, but the living is first… the exploration is first, the inquiry is first, the warbling is first… all those secondary considerations seem to work themselves out once you get the ball rolling. I suppose writing is just how I roll my ball, or at least how I would like to.

Identifying so strongly with writing sets up a poison pill dichotomy of having your writing dictate your sense of accomplishment and worth and talent. If the writing is going well and you are producing a lot and there seems to be some sort of flow then you are a good and talented person, but if it is not going well and there is a great empty chamber drone in response to your slapped out efforts then you feel isolated and incomplete and ineffectual.

My instinct right in this exact moment is to really try to turn the corner on my writing. Push through more of the *Yellow River* and push a few pieces of correspondence to completion.

I have always wanted to write as a way of life—not as a volumously chatty blogger, but as a ture explored of the mind, the human condition, the existential experience of bing. The reality of it, the unreality. My lack of a harmoniously integrating and paying vocation has extremely limited my ability to develop as a writer.. or at least I have unfortunately allowed it to limit me, caught in a vortex of family demands, selling effort, and attempts to transcend my personal limitations on the linguistic and technological front these past 7 years and especially thse last 3, has really bled my enthusiasm and understanding of where my reading and writing fit in. Books became a source of nasua and failure for me—I struggled to finish them or engage with them- my promiscuous enthusiasm for cross textuality which had always infused my reading with a wide-eyed, fresh-capped naiete—I read to be enlightened, not merely informed, lifted up, concentration improved, my vocabulary expanded, my frame of reference broadened or reinforced. Reading was a hopeful thing and a physically and mentally nourishing thing—and but yet still—there was this grating psychic toil that crept in during the last few years where my lack of wherewithal to engage with books and writing was really drained—robbing my soul of its place of right silence, foundational gathering place, meeting place, point of reference, homebase, perspective, first intention, spart of curiosity, calm of openness, spellbound silence, expectant calm.

This all came to a head in September 2020. My caffeinated let’s do it bro! approach to coding had raged me through the summer and my frenetic dive into web development had washed me up on the autumnal shores with my wick burnt way down on both ends. I had covered a lot of material, but I had no clear idea of where I was and not a clue about the road ahead.

Esme’s school had just started up adding aextra structure and pressure to our routine. There were encouraging Tech sings, but also crazy distractions too. Everyone I talked to had a suggestion of a direction that I should go or a tech related project they wanted me to take a peek at—a Square Space website, Wordpress Development, Micro-processer programming, and old Chinese language learning acquaintance wanting me to get into his Virtual Reality Space developing gig. All of which sounded very interesting and appealing, but would have involved jettisoning my current development trajectory.

In general I was on a path to building “tech” literacy that would provide context and foundation for my future generalist learning. Ruby/Rails, HTML (EMMET), CSS(SASS), React, VueJS, Angular, MongoDB, SQL, mySQL, command line, git, UNIX and Linux.

This new future stretched out infinitely large and offered the aweinspiring and frankly terrifying prospect of being completely overwhelmed—with the positive spin—drowning in a sea of expertise that would ultimately offer me better economic options after I’d been spit out and washed up on the shore again. Hitting perhaps the sweet cross-current crest of self-expanding exploration/expansion and hard-family supporting skill development, and on the other hand—something that would ultimately prove totally beyond me , something that I could just not wrap my mind around, a fool’s errand, a deluded act of arrogance and misplaced self-faith.

Failure at this would prove that everything had been a failure. Without my economic hedge plan developing my reading and writing which I found myself identifyingwith more and more deeply were difficult to justify. How the fuck could I justify just sitting down to enjoy a book if I had absolutely no peace about my family’s economic future and my ability to find balance and stability thereupon that path. Reading and writing become luxuries that are difficult to defend when you are clueless about how you are going to buy the time to burn. Burning money… burning time… habina bonfire… burning time… the government has started paying me for my time. The IDES. And now I am racing the clock. Trying to see if I can get through this mid-life crisis efore the windo closes, emerging on the othert side a more solid and settle dan focused and confident individual. Less scattered. Less conflicted. Setttled into my several skills. Accepting my limitations. Grateful for the abilities that have gathered here to support our family.

Self-indulgences. Immature vestiges of an earlier time , the rambling middle miles of my linguistic journey, approximating nothing, but somehow, quietly, abidingly growing, accumulating, compacting into form.

But somehow that gyre was stepped through in September and my writing was transformed—rebirthed, lit on fire- and I am not talking about quality—to some extent—at least at this calmly exhuberant point I will take quantity over quality—I will tak the life sustaining quality of quantity and consistency over the bugaboo of subjective quality—the life sustaining breath.

That explosive self-flatulence that I mistook as fresh-air and pure oxygenated inspiration.

I want to live. I want to breath. I want to work without having to hide, without having to operate so solidly against my grain that I shred myself all up in the process, take on that man weight of stress and excess alcohol and sugar and fat and grease, all the fluid feuls to squeeeze me through my delirious socio-economic reality.

Make a good sail. Close up shop. Grab a couple of tallboys and a bag of chips form the NYC style grocery with the high shelve and narrow aisle and good beer selection and Chips from Traverse City in little palmable bags for just a dollar. Walking along the Gold coast side streets by the Synagogue and over to the square in front of the stately Newberry Library where I have build up a good chucnk of my own library at their excellent yearly book sale, I am walking and munching and quaffing my beer in striding ape arm athletic fashion. Daring the beat cop to ticket me for my downtown Flanuer style drinking. Ticket my suit and my haircut and my long wool coat why don’t you. Brisk commute clip, post-seeling peregrinations, cozy high floor lamp klight cast cozy homes suspended in the dark above the streets where it is cold and where the park is empty and where I stand in the silence and the cold breathing out steam and sipping cold, bitter beer to chase away the salt and grease and vinegar snap of the chips from the bag in my pocket.

There park passing peregrinations while not curing my mailse, would certainly raise my spirits and give me something of a life, allow me to bring home laughter and hilarity, an alchemic process after trudging through the gilded shit of Oak Street all day.

Something of the implied and associated violence compressed into the tension and stress and strain and drain of the day.

My body striding out my mind’s fraught interconnections, my beer scrubbed mind delighted by the soft sulphur light and off white street , skirts of show and ice shifting in the light, and the essence implied in the air against my ungloved hand, my icy cold tall ball, the refreshing, bitter whip of the sweet and bitter beer flowers flowing from my Indian Pale Ale.

And then my silence was found again, September blowing the *Yellow River* open

03/17/2021

X of Cups : repose, perfection, country house, two girls, town, country, village

The High Piestess II (reversed): attractive, luxurious, disorienting

X of Swords reversed

* Obsidian stone
* Labyrinth of wounds
* Advantage, profit, success, favor

I am 1500 pages behind. Buried in life beyond of being fully dug up ever again.

03/17/2021

It may be that I am a little special in my study habits. It may be that there is a touch a madness to all of this. But in the ocean of existence, in the market of circumstances, this has become my art.

03/15/2021

Zen and the great arts:

* tea ceremony: “the hot water of tea”
* painting
* writing

What we need is fire, flow, rhythm, gaiety, preparedness.

These are games. The kind of roles we play.

Life is in turn prickly and gooey.

Death and being transferred. Loss of control.

Understanding Zen is not about understanding Zen.

Leave words, ideas behind.

Acknowledge the limitations of words, thinking.

Not a doctrine. Not a philosophy (intellectual net to catch the fish of reality)

It’s more like water. The universe is fluid--- always changing. Stand on water and drown.

To swim you relax, you learn how to breath in the water.

There is one great energy and we have given it many names. God the father all mighty. Dao. Buddha. Atman.

Things that sound pious stink of Zen. *Talhata*. That. Suchness. Da, da, da. The 10,000 things, one suchness.

That thou art. Supposing darkness won out, wouldn’t that be terrible.

Drift like cloud, flow like water.

Education, acculturation. Salted meat.

Psycho-analysis to correct the damage inflicted by education.

Benefifial to general mental health, fumbling attempt to cure us of our culture.

Spontanetiy has been killed in us—children are spontaneoius and we need to bleed it out of them.

Dancing—years of practice to achieve the spontaneity of youth.

Observe the rules == unspontaneous

Self-conscious – happy and know were are happy, sad and know we are sad, thinking about thinking.

Consistently rational behavoir is foundational to a successful existence.

Much of this process has been about unencumbering myself.

Education is instruction in self-consciousness.

Words – symbols

Academic—words and numbers

Lost your innocence 🡺 knowledge of good and evil

Advantages and disadvantages

“Control” events, the sorcers apprentice. Broom goes and fetches water for you, but you can’t stop it. You are always dithering anxiety, nostalgia for the age of innocence.

03/11/2021

Where to begin? Death? Cold Sweats? Oral thrush? Sensitive liagemnt and muscle supported key joints flexing in unnatural and inadvisable directions, rib inflammation pressuring one’s sternum from within, harmless inflammation pressuring ones’ sternum, mimicking a heart attack, furtive heat blower sorties to cold back porch to get high, surreptitious edibles at dry family reunions, visits from the laughing Buddha, screaming at your white nationalist mother “It’s your tone!!!”. Am I making a mistake? AM I making a mistake? Tell me I am making a mistake. Tell me I am making a mistake. They, always, they, she talks of they, they built windmills that failed in the ice storm, they want bars open until 4:30 a.m. They legalized marijuana. They abort babies. They don’t want prayer in schools. They want to brainwash our children with sex education and available condoms.

They don’t understand how hard I have worked. They don’t respect my 6 children and 19 grandchildren. Am I angry—absolutely—but am I also full of love—you know I am. Fate is cruel, but god is love.

Do I have alcohol, caffience and THC coursing through my veins? No. And yet up I go dancing like a madman all around my kitchen—am I skanking? Is this aerobics? Bend knees, touch floor, jump, reach for the sky! Is this a mid-life crisis?

All night dreams. Elaborate jame packed tabagon runs through sloped forests, improbable slashing and weaving courses ending in unflinching crashes, bodies scattered everywhere—snapped necks, broken spines, arms, teeth spraying into the air life bursts of fresh powder. All observed with detachment—ravens nervously pecking a carcass of a mountain goat as an eagle looks on. Shifting its weight from talon-claw to talon-claw all in high-definition.

Then some suburban jewelry store. Spend the whole shit trying to get dressed. Buttoning, coifing, as I drop diamonds and emerald line bracelets over a tipsy twenty-somethings wrist. Mardi Gras is in town and its festive and I am out on the street corner, patiently explaining the concept of a security compromise to the redheaded youths whole hale me uncomprehendingly festive.

That bitch, that bitch, echo on the call recording. She falling into Chinglish fluently, me stumbling around technical shit I’d have a hard time speaking convincingly about in English. And but yet still, $8,000,000 in merchandise sold over the following 7 years.

Portage decade. A decade of portage. We can pretend we are all right. But magical thinking only goes so far. What happens when you reach the end of the line? What happens when you fail to convince yourself that you are winning, when you’re clearly not.

Searching for something to hang my hat upon.

Something to make my own.

Release from stress and tension.

No more moss growing over my stones.

Grinning, shaking, shaking, grinning.

Billionaires. Wisemen wise in ways we don’t rightly understand. This one distributes beef. This one’s the cilantro king of the Midwest. This one does bananas, that guy sold his company to Microsoft for like a billion dollars. This guy tracks liscense plates for the FBI and local law inforcement, and assorted domestic and foreign entities. Information is the new age commodity. Harvest how your data, sell it by the spoil.

This guy is old as shit and doesn’t move enough to keep his self-winding watch wound, but he would like a $20K one. She likes to try on watches and pose in the mirror. She is uncomfortably thin. Has a place in the mountains near Salt Lake. Can we ship there. He is pleasant enough, but seems kind of rough, like he lives in a motel, drinks cheap whisky with John Fahey on the weekends. His girl is a lawyer—very polite. Thai? Vietnamese perhaps? Between the two of them we try 4 to 5 different credit and debit cards before we can get the $10,000 payment for the watch to go through. Aspirational. A woman and her son, tipsy as shit, he then goes full drunkm zippy down with his glass outstretched for a refill. We get him into a $6K piece and a $40K piece for his mom. I make sure the watches are sized and the NO RETURNS paperwork is all signed within clear view of the cameras. My ass feels very tired when they gingerly, then aggressively broach the topic of return the next day when they get word that thei local dealer with give them a big fat discount. Fuck them. The sale stands and my numbers get a big burly boost. Padding liberally an already solid start to the quarter. I am selling what we have. Steel and gold. Preowned. Whatever. A repeat client, he’s a football player, calls me up to inquire about a couple of pieces. I steel him towards what we have. Provide him with the total including taxes. He’s going to bring me a cashiers check. We’ll get the watches sized up right away. I get an extra spiff for the Cashiers checks.

The money rolls in and though the money isn’t funny its beginning to accrue, we have been able to save these last few years. When you are selling ROLEX you start saving money. A whole bunch of people can feed around that crown.

We have been getting by on a single income. I feel good that my wife does not have to work. That she can be a fulltime mom. Keep our home—and she does, she is much handier than me—she builds things. She has a building mentality. Shew fixes thing. Fixes rooms right up. Freshens them. She’s a wonderful cook. This is a good life. The watches feed the flow. Keep the going sustainable. For how long though? This 10 years of portage is dragging on.

And how to you include and some of unnaturally compress together all of the disparate highs and lows without coming off as some sort of manic depressive.

“We live unconsciously measuring the inverse distances of our proximity.”

03/10/2021

Feeling kind of awful at the moment. Tinnitus initially good, seemed to spike with stress reaction to dealing with Esme this morning. Really threw me off. Woke feeling hopeful, stretched, then the resistance and contingency of waking Esme up, overcoming her inertia, bickering with her about where her assignment was in her bag—her pointed resistance—“*Dad! It’s not in there!”* Though it was in there, it was in that folder that she had accused me of being completely unreasonable for ,ooking in, because it couldn’t possibly be that folder because that’s not the folder that the assignment is suppose to be in. But of course it was in there. Somehow…And then I am broken and immature, losing my cool… throwing up my hands—you deal with this ungrateful little shit, betsy, I can’t do it. I can’t push through her inertia to get to my own—9 o’clock and still not working yet, then fainlly at my desk, but not coding, writing, feeling a compulsion to write, an honest to god need to write, some inchoate current bubbling up, up, up, my weakness, my inarticulateness, my dithering.

Been off caffeine, alcohol and THC for a week now. I cried yesterday morning—total catharsis—feeling a glow of possibility with the sun returning—60 degree weather casts the whole neighborhood in a new more hopeful hue. My meandering path of progress, proving largely effective. By tacking back and forth between writing and coding I have between consistently building up m Web Development skills and while engaging in the most intensive period of writing in my life. I am currently 1000 pages and 4 months behind on my first draft writing. A freeing practice, giving me the liberty to write absolutely anything the first go round. A free supported by a second sweep through the material—a process of diverting and editing and existing; adding to projects and spawning new ones. The process is less than a year old and most of the projects are still in the accumulation, aggregation phase. 1000 pages behind on my first drafting makes me hesitant to cap anything off and call it first drafted. The fatal flaw of this whole affair might be its interminability. I withhold judgement as I am not ready for anything to demand completion or even my full attention. Coding is still my main focus and best placed bet to build out my families economic prospects which at the same time engaging me intellectually and creating space and wherewithal and job/interest synergy with my personal passions—namely writing and stretching and language.

My reading which was pulling me up.

My continued annoyance with my parents.

My depressed sense of self-worth,

My whining, displaced guilt about social media, my alienation from my family, my critical writing of my family, our inability to be close, my rejection of my brother who rejected me, my focus, my descent, where is the floor? My weightlessness, unclear if it is 100% healthy. My buried thoughts. My burning curdled cream tongue, my low going without substances, I feel low and frustrated that it has to bee such a fight to get through to my dual vocations. I feel emptied out. I feel like I have zero wherewithal for selling my story.

I am greedy and self-focused. I have been trying to do the right things—eat the right food. Drink a lot of water—not consume alcohol or caffeine or THC, but I do not feel exhalted today. I did yesterday, but then 15 minutes of solo parenting and I am feeling overwhelmed with recriminations of bad parenting, uncommitment parenting, unnecessarily conflicted parenting, why can’t I get it structured right, set up right, aligned right, where is the balance, the order, the flow?

I’ve been burping with way less frequency.

I should see a doctor. I should do my taxes. I should figure out where my money is.

How do I overcome this rut? Trust in God like it is Fate? But God is separate than fate, right? Fate is cruel, God is Love? Can you appeal to God to give you a better fate—or is it really about resigning yourself to your fate, trusting that God will lead you to a good outcome, or not, but either way its acceptable, even though you have zero control over any of it. Mountain goats killed in an avalanche are picked apart by ravens and eagles—did God plan all of that? Did God have a plan for that goat. The woman’s car ripped through and whipped around by the police cruiser, killed on her way home from work, all set in motion by a car-jacking kid, suspected of homicide, Grand Theft Auto around Chicagoland as caught from the air and our back porch live and simultaneous. June air crackling, hyper-charged after George Floyd.

Feeling the need to just keep pushing—going deep into my chrysalis to transform my ability to provide for my family in a sustainable and balanced and abundant way.

This infection, this blood parasite has humbled me, brought me low. I am feeling closer to the ground—the ideas helped get me to this place—I had to confront the eye twtich—the scorn of my wife—the distance from my children—I am getting there… I have made some progress. Many of these constraints can be soared over. I don’t have to attack. I can recognize and avoid. Insulate. Brace. Decoy. Love. Coddle. Defer. Be kind. I can comfort. I can love. I can forgive. I can detach. I can distance. I can write it out. I can read it out and love it out. I do not need to be exhalted—I do not need to be praised. But I want to feel grounded—I want to feel proud of my place—I want to nurture- have the wherewithal to be generous, magnanimous.

Learn. Grow, Nurture

Agile mindset. Iterative learner.

Sales

* Process
* Numbers game
* Build repeat clients

Remember your commitments to the **LEAGUE**

03/08/2021

Just finished *The Journey to the East* by Herman Hesse. Saturn, Under the Sign of Saturn, the Rings of Saturn. The self as text. The work replacing the self. The work and faith in the work being that which redeems and develops the self, putting the work ahead as some sort of idealized self that you are perpetually drawing towards. The framed game of full engagement. The deep love and acceptance. The taking the time to pray and be reverant towards that which you believe is important. Savoring. Rejoicing. Seeking to assistance. Getting over yourself. Pushing through the despair gate, that dark door we are led to by experience and knowledge and habit, disappointment and fear, the light dulling routines of habit and stress and responsibility. Falling into work that runs counter to your nature, that distances you from your work, yourself, your creative self. And Vidar Mo appears— a Leo figure. My Leo figure. Undiminished understanding that I have forgotten, because somewhere along the way in my uncertainty, self-recrimination, disappointment, bad habits, crutches I have turned away. Lost faith. The ineffable (to great to be described with words) came through to me in *The Journey to the East*. My faith in reading and learning and exploring has been restored. My limitations, while limiting, are not the end. They are not a death sentence. They are not a reason to cease exploration. Our limitations are exactly why we keep exploring. Our own narrowness is exactly why we need to keep stretching, expanding. To live and be alive is to continue to keep the faith, the belief that we can push past our limitations and narrowness and despair, that the multiplicity and grandness and awesomeness of the world, that which we are not worthy of understanding or containing or approaching, can be at least in part understood, contained, approached.

Why did I cry with joy this morning? Relief. Feeling in a good place with my computer study and eager to get back to it. Feeling in a good place with my writing and my reading— feeling unconflicted about it. Feeling good about not having an external substance amplifying my anxiety. Feeling a kinship and fellow feeling with Hesse. Even the wild manuscript letter that he writes to attempt to explain his journey to the east. He found that it was everywhere and all times, but then he lost it. And he threw it away because he lost the faith, the truths, the attention to the beyond. He stopped reaching out and accepted the limitations of his adult mind, circumstance, outlook, conception. The times are closing in. he was no longer able to transcend himself. I cried because I felt so much hope. Whether it is the aesthetic individualism of Brodsky, or the transcendence of self that Hesse speaks to, the imploding self that emerges from his prison metaphor into one of transcendence. Transcendence- moving beyond fear

**03/01/2021**

Music is the sound of the soul, the direct voice of the subjective world.

Accepting uselessness and death.

Accepting wasting time and failure.

Accepting being wrong

Freedom to make mistakes

Freedom to participate

Freedom to sing

Freedom to call

A call to her dragon.

A call to her beyond the red dust

Pull your drugs back clean out of my skin.

Forgive and forgive again.

How can one so poor be so magnanimous.

**02/26/2021**

Visualizations can lead to intuitive solutions.

Creative thinking can lead to unexpected solutions.

I am making a good faith effort to transcend myself and my understanding of myself and the world without bankrupting and ripping my family to shreds.

And what does it mean to be on? Children training me to be kind and supportive even when I am fragmented and immersed.

All of the words, all of the words.

What is this losing interest in sports and film? I am not saying these things are uninteresting. I am just saying that I am uninteresting in them. I am in a knowledge acquisition and writing cycle. We have been here before haven’t we? You decided to write and so you began to write and the writing at last began your life organizing goal. And your body began to break down, perhaps as your body broke down, and you built back your body with diet and strain, you’re your writing followed duly in time.

And we dig to the depths to ascertain there’s nothing there.

Just the space that contains everything.

Chakras Vedas: 1500 b.c. – 1000 b.c

Unblock via yoga, posture, breathing practices, meditation

Crown: awareness (violet/white)

3rd eye: intuition (indigo)

Throat: communication (blue)

Heart: love (green)

Solar plexus: power, self-esteem, self-confidence (yellow)

Sacral: Sexuality (orange)

Root: grounding, identity, stability (red) (tree pose, mountain)

A strong mind supports one’s values

I have repressed, repressed, repressed and now I am seeking a more mature Emotional Bowel Movement routine.

I am forming an intention that will promote the growth and development of this process.

This is about learning to take care of one’s self.

New information brings changes. How to tolerate the change all around you?

What I went through this fall and am continuing to settle into is a more mature understanding of life and my body and my community and my family. I cannot be absolutely right—mortal men only grasp ever so much internal truth. Contemporary, local politics looks a little different to a tree that’s been around 500 years.

Cecil Baker

Madine English

Patricia Steger

Melvin Whitmer

Gardener Whitmer

Gardener’s Wife

Great Grandma Steger

Great Grandpa Steger

Great Grandpa Baker (name?)

Great Grandma Baker (name?)

John English

Great Grandma English?

Something about this whole cluster fuck is just that, hey--- its okay to be subjective—objectively is a myth, an impossibility, a MacGuffian. You have to draw you own conclusions. You have to commit to your own version of events, find your peace with that, your sanity, and proceed in faith and hope and love cause that’s the best advice we’ve received thus far.

Brilliantly subjective—, bare chested, an ego, a persona, a voice, that old fallacy that a fixed perspective could ever constitute an honest totality.

Dickens, Emerson, Witman, Boym, Watts…

Getting some distance from habitual marijuana use is a personal goal of mine.

Feeling irritable and annoyed, not great concentration. Tongue is not bothering me that much, but its annoying. The tinnitus is a weird phenomenon and the neck bruise is ugly. Likely from Esme hanging on to my neck, but still ugly and unsettling, especially when I triangulate it with my heartburn and tinnitus and weird mouth sores. It’s likely that I have chest congestion rom smoking. Sternum tension from stress.

Feeling relatively good and hopefully a few days sans beer, coffee, and weed will lead to some improvement with my tongue.

I should have stopped earlier, but I have stopped now—and ahead we go. Always ahead.

Feeling melodramatic:

* no weed today
* neck bruise is still creeping me out
* body feels so-so, need a good session tonight.
* Tongue is also weirding me out.

In one week, let’s be in better health, in a better mind set.

Had a solid study day today despite betsy and I have a midday spat.

What an extraordinarie time to be alive and unemployed and stay at home learning about computing and writing more than you have ever written in your life.

**02/25/2021**

Writing finally feels good again! Much less conflicted about the basic questions of WHY—everyone has to answer that for themselves—I mean, honestly, why do anything? In my case, continually answering this question seems at times to be a pretty major plank in my nascent writing platform, at other times it feels like a completely superfluous and distracting non-issue. Like wasting breath on explaining why you need to breath.

That said, taking as your main theme- “Why I write” strikes me as a tad bit too intensely self-reflective process.

Relfective Nostalgia—Svetlana Boym. *The Future of Nostalgia* is a wonderfully weird and rambling and insightful book that I have been readinglike a Tarot primer for the last 10 years. The last 10 years have been about getting old. Settling. Finding in middle age what I had been longing for since my 20s—a good desk, a handle on my digital dislocation, time to gid into topics that tickle both my pragmatic streak for employability and my unabashed lotus eater soul.

The light feels right this morning, like the oversoul finally killed the dimmer setting on the set up and is at last letting every last possible lumen in.

It has been a bear of a month, but then again February always is. Not a grand James Cameron in 3D sort of BEAR, but a closer, quieter, Kafka sort of fever-spirit dream sort of bear. So much snow! Quiet nights, street dead and buried all in white, sulphur street lights highlight the incessant dusting. We left our car snowed in for nearly a week. Walking out for supplies or not. Keeping it close. Going to bed early. Not even keeping a cinematic vigil through the barbarous pitch.

Instead getting to sleep by 10ish, flopping into bed in my long johns with my socks still on—slipping into unconsciousness in a lugubrious act of pulling myself slowly, surely, hand over hand, mummified night after mummified night.

Know thyself

* know your body
* know your mind
* your weakness / Achilles Heal
* you strength

And then in all of your knowing. Choose a path and GO!

This is happening becomes I have found surrender. The jester. The servant. I am surrendering to the universe, my family, my extended family, my friends, my community, my city, my state, my country, my world, my earth, my milieu, the weather, the winds of change, the yellow river, the mountain which is the center and found everywhere. The silence that envelops all.

**02/24/2021**

I got lost. Had to find my way back. Left a trail of crumbs throughout my books while I was sleeping. My personal algorithm began offering me psychological and spiritual guidance. Who is leading here? Studying Web Development and journaling all day. Something of the good rhythms of the earth have melded inside of me. I am wrong. I know I am wrong. I am wrong and I am expanding. I wanted to change and I am changing. Weed and Solfeggio frequencies to put me a world away. No one to tell my secrets too but the universe itself.

The good sun, bearded with clouds at the end of the day. Kamikazee passion. Desicated peach. Reaching to the Rockies. Curving earth. Death valley. Red sequoia. My soul is so small it doesn’t feel real. That was when I was kid-hearted and cool, in need of but a ticket and a bit of kit and off we go bumbling, stumbling, beat down to a knee eventually, caught in a job that runs hard back against his grain, creative flow frozen, suspended, still spinning

Where is my floor—or am I just muck water. Can I walk upon this brackish surface? Can I skirt the hungry waves—trudging leagues across the sea to my isle of grounded being? Well away and distant—a place of exist or not. It is all the same. The amoral child looks placidly on. She smiles and silently decides to sing. And then she does—uninhibited, a bird, not seeking approval, attention, just existing, stirred in her soul to sing, moved by a wind as a leaf on a branch is moved by the wind and responds in turn with inimitable articulation.

Cotton clumps blushed and clustered at dawn, before dissipating to the low side sweeping corners of the sky.

Like marriage, this is something that works only with complete commitment and without. Doubt, lack of faith, desire to explore different paths. All of these indiscretions are pills of poison all.

Having the courage to do the things that you need to do, but are afraid to do, and you are afraid to do them because you are not completely sure that you need to do them. You have decided that you need to do these things. And so you try to do them and not let the obstacles and pressures cause you to break up and fall apart. If you are doing it right you will be completely consumed by your life. I feel completely consumed by my life.

You seek to do the thing that you are afraid to do, but have decided that you need to do in a balanced and focused way. You are afraid. But still you proceed to pursue the subjectively necessary and that is all contains something about bravery I think.

Let your Chinese serve your web development and your web development serve your writing and your writing serve your stretching and your stretching serve your Chinese and all these vocational disciplines and practices working in conjunction together to serve your family. At last accepting work and settling into work and feeling the good flow of chosen work passing through the effort of your hands.

Your work will not be perfect, but you will be doing the work that interests you and that feels good and relevant to you and that will develop in you that which you have longed to develop, allowing you to tap into that ground source of intuitive intelligence that is the birthright of us all. And I will raise beautiful, strong, kind, intelligent children and I will live in mutually supporting love and life with my best friend, embarking on the greatest, most epic (and most mundane!) journey that any of us can embark on and that we have all set out on long ago whether we have named it as such or not. I will grow old, a hard reality wrapped in the soft promise of my best friend. My companion curiously, passionately, intelligently, begrudgingly, draggingly accompanying me on this journey.

Your good love beside me will be my suit of light. And I will absorb other’s pain not as pain which only they themselves can bearm but instead of quickening insight and compassion, an offer an engagement, your pain enters my heart as love for you, life quickening love, that makes me want to help you and help your loved ones as much as I possibly can.

Laughing like the Buddha, belly in the sun, in the soft win, warmed from the southern warmth, melt the snow in the obscenely large piles in the bank employee parking lot behind the cocktail bar run by the brothers who are all lawyers and one of the lawyers got his degree from Ave Maria in Florida.

My grizzly confidence that I can long game my brain into some sort of digital literacy was a vision forged first in the dusty corners of my Xi’an apartment and our wood-trimmed rented room in East Berlin and the Beijing windowless study which consisted of a folding table and a chair and a blinding collection of half-consciously dashed off characters—I couldn’t be prescriptive. I just couldn’t. Had absolutely no idea what the hell I was doing.

What my narrative needs

* recommit and reconnect with wife, perpetually working to understand and support her. We are in this together. Mutually supporting each other.
* Take a hiatus from weed. High 8 US
* Double down on stretching
* Double down on writing and editing
* Double down on leisure reading / research reading—all languages

**02/23/2021**

Stretching is writing. Writing is stretching. My world rebuilds itself each day from the new reasons I find to write.

Eagerness, intention, find self in stretch, hold it…

Calm, dry, warm, well-lit, safe, bills, dishes done, everything is in its right place.

and limitations, selfishness, status, pride, egotism, the potential for the very simple to be exquisite.

维达默—Vidar Mo, maintain achieved silence, right silence. Sustained joy = bring joy to others, generosity, practice joy.

Open – closed

Energy – tiredness

Echo chamber of self-doubt. Who needs you? What are you doing to feed us?

You have a clear path to a vocation here with coding— why would you muddy the waters with so much time spent on writing. Dropping my anchor down. It’ll drag a bit, but the ballast will be worth it. I am building a life. Rome was not built in a day now mind you.

This has been a plush heritage. Vegetarian cuisine created fresh each meal by our resident chef with a little help from Cookie and Kate and their *Love Real Food* cookbook. Going much more pure veg and cutting back on stress drinking, I am cutting a slim jibe at 25 lbs. below my pre-Covid weight. ]

I no longer hate the books upon my shelf—instead they are my allies once more. They have seen me through this winter hermitage in fine reference and diversion. A theme of travel books suddenly coalesced this fall, mostly around *Blood Meridian*, *Soul Mountain*, *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*, and *A Time of Gifts* (I have also been toying with the idea of connecting it to *A Year Off*, but flip it around to being about being off a year, but not going any where physically.

Priesthood of the flame.

Keeper of the faith

Slaving in the service of the written word.

Doing the possessed work of the logos. Transforming trees into ancestral wisdom, laying each circle of ink, year, by year, edition by edition. ISBN digit by ISBN digit.

I read Hilda myself.

Pre-reading, pretending to read. Knowing what a book is.

Forming some assumptions about the story, the text.  
Getting Glued to print.

Eventually bringing more to the text than there is there.

Not a prescriptive font of wisdom, but a cypher that has been set a certain way due to exposure to information and experiences etcetera. Uniquely qualifying all of us to bear witness to everything.

**Tense but stretching—**

**strengthening,**

**expanding,**

**breathing into,**

**breathing with strength—**

**rooted and calm.**

I am entering a new phase.

Everyday a new phase.

Every moment a new phase.

Protean self moored to my base being, stripped away the ruminant earth—healthy in my good conceptions of being. Simplicity at its heart. A compacted understanding.

**02/21/2021**

* **The subtle body**
* **The subtle mind**
* **4th Draft (learning to draft, iterate, build, abstraction arises out of order, not chaos.**
* **Apollo and Dionysus, in conversation, in balance.**
* **Completely changing mentality, dealing with consequences, accepting rewards**
* **New attitude towards mistakes/missteps**
* **Practical—loves animals and children**
* **Find the right silence to work in**
* **Overcome digital dislocation**
* **Find vocational grounding**
* **Acclimate my body to its 4th decade**
* **Resolve my Obsidian stone—passing the block like a kidney stone**

Up all night posing like a Yogi

Baby wakes early and I am grounded in the real.

Yoga and writing, writing and yoga, two paths through a wood.

Paths across the plain. Dry arroyo out and running on forever.

Thirst and silver linings in the wind.

Buddha child before me weightless, in my arms.

Gulp of air, breath of life, flexing hips to heaven.

My shell—porcelain spiders creeping towards the Ides.

Europe just out the side door—stabilized absurdity.

Habit, chemicals, practices, values.

1933-1937—utter changed by travels.

Melancholy is exorcised, chaos chased away and well being, alacrity of spirit and a thoughtful calm take their place.

“Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag”

Consequence test—will you remember this conversation/activity in a week? Two weeks?

Guilt and Gold … Job vs. Vocation (job you do for money, vocation you do for the work)

When money becomes the goal you increasingly confuse it with happiness or pleasure. You start salivating on the wrong bell. Feeling guilty, which is a destructive emotion: symbolic methods of expiation; see an analyst.

Feeling inertia with tech, but feeling very excited and inspired by my creative production. Here I am almost 4 months later trying to catch up. I have really dug myself into a very deep hole with my writing. Digging my way out is what is going to make my life.

I’ve arrived at the bottom of the well. Out of the normal flow of my life. Skating away from the previously received narratives.

I’ve achieved an isolated sort of freedom.

The next step of this process is learning to socialize sober. And working sober.

Taking a break from CAFFIENE, ALCOHOL, and THC

**02/19/2021**

John Fahey, *Carrie & Lowell* Sufjan Stevens, *Harvest*, *Sea Change*, Petty, Bowie, Dylan, Cohen, Drake, Gainsbourg, the Blues.

**02/15/2021**

I AM FREE.

You got free. Good. Hopefully it will be a little easier for you tomorrow.

From 9/15/2020 to 02/15/2021, these 5 months changed my life.

* Discovered / developed writing process that has launched the most productive period of writing in my life.
* Wrote at least 1500 pages. Bins and bins of paper of yellow, crumpled up scraps.
* Have taken big steps forward with programming and computers
* Have taken big steps forward with guitar technique and “ear”
* Yoga practice developed and coalesced (stopped pursuing running)
* Made new peace with substances
* Have take big steps to overcome my digital dislocation.

Crossover between feeling focused and feeling depressed.

* Focus / depressed
  + Limited wherewithal for extra responsibilities or extra communication
  + Constant feeling of “stress” whether it is a sense of purpose / urgency or just unproductive anxiousness.
  + Smallness of world. Movements limited. Dynamics of life inhibited.
  + Lose of interest in many things (or a desire to do these things exists, but you feel too conflicted about taking the time to engage in them or give them the requisite headspace. It has been a kind of judgement day of wherewithal.)
    - Beer
    - Sports
    - Movies
    - Television shows
    - Sporadically reading

I felt locked out of my favored peregrinations. No time. No space.

Now… how to be dialed in and focused without having to whip yourself into some sort of self induced pin-holing of the universe frenzy where the urgency and attention grabbing ability of other subjects, events, people begins to fade. Trading a distant real for a close real. Trading an abstract real for a concrete real. Impersonal real for personal real.

Do we all just exist in our own realities? Individuorld (Individual World) vs. Shared Environment

What does it mean this love at last sight…When you finally fix your opinion of a place. Or gatgher your last impression of a place.

The condition of exile opens up new vistas onto the world for which there is no yardstick except oneself (341).

Perhaps our greater value and greater function are to be unwitting embodiments of the disheartening idea that a freed man is not a free man, that liberation is just the means of attaining freedom and is not synonymous with it… However, if we want to play a bigger role, the tole of a free man, then we should be capable of accepting—or at least imitating- the manner in which a free man fails. A free man, when he fails, blames nobody.”

Flee place, not towards.

Freedom from oppression not necessarily synonymous with freedom to explore new reality.

“Free man” is someone who succeeds in developing inner freedom independent from external politics (Boym)

Privacy = clandestine aesthetic and erotic practices.

Russians are better at this due to totalitarianism (have to take it underground)

Creative exploration of inner freedom

* Writing
* Meditating
* Reading
* Film
* Stretching
* Substances

In this case “free man” is someone who learned his lesson of inner freedom, but who also confronts the challenges of a democratic society in which political freedoms are guaranteed, but often taken for granted, or worse, conflated with consumer choices.

Convoluted syntax, excess imagination.

The free exile stope being a victim perpetually in search of a scapegoat, eschewing the culture of blame and identity politics.

“Reflective nostalgia doesn’t lead back to the lost homeland but to that sense of anarchic responsibility toward others as well as to the rendezvous with oneself.”

Gaoxing Jian: *One Man’s Bible*, *Soul Mountain*

I have learned to dedicate myself.

I have learned to iteratively develop a process.

* Creatively reflect
* Consolidate
* Organize
* Flush out
* Awaken within
* Put in touch with own divinity, worth, kindness

These are super important ideas: less phone, more engagement with surroundings.

02/13/2021

Finding a perch, a foundation, the bottom of my well.

Rooting down into the silty sediment

Down to the granite floor of my existence.

Friends and relationships develop naturally over time.

Misconnections and inabilities to connect are extremely common.

What’s our scene? Good? Bad? What can we do to improve it? Do we have the wherewithal to improve it? If not, why? Work on improving wherewithal to improve scene. Improve scene.

Identify challenges. Find strategies for overcoming challenges. Apply strategies.

Create persona. Enter into emotion state (high or low, positive or negative).

Social persona

* Logic, rhetoric => [how we think, form thoughts, impressions individualistically and collectively] => framing jurisdiction
  + Legal
  + Political
  + Social
  + Familial
  + Moral
* Levels of attention have gotten out of whack
  + Extreme: Korean couple allowing real baby to starve as they tend to their digital creature.
  + Learned responses: not a gamer, but could be, not a ball room dancer, but could be.

What different states of being—listening to music through headphones, gaming, ballroom dancing…

Reactive, twitch, instantaneous speed

Invoke with taste, paint with grace

Considered palette, collected palette

Abstraction should accentuate first purpose (pin-pointed / crafted intention / purpose)

This is about finding your place, your passion, what you want to pursue.

I have settled into myself.

02/15/2022

I am a long gamer. And I am now in a new state of distance. My abilities feel like they have sharpened and I am excited to follow thir guidance-- I have gathered thew tools for my journey and now I need to leave the isle of denial and simply get on with my life-- make things feel balanced. Be well-- do the good grounded work of trying to instill good values to my daughters. Helping to prepare them to live healthy, happy, lives.

Promoting wellness and wherewithal.

02/12/2021

*My process does not penalize spontaneity and free association; in fact it rewards and amplifies it; makes sense of it; abstractions arise out of order not chaos*

Writing is yoga; yoga supports tech; tech supports yoga; writing supports tech; tech supports writing; yoga is writing; yoga is tech; tech is yoga; writing is tech; tech is writing.

Perhaps this is the peace that patheth understanding

Maybe I ought to just let it ride.

Honestly, I am just trying to construct a solid constellation of a couple of metaphors before calling it a day.

Community will come. This organic existence has always been kind to us with regards to community.

But the guiding metaphors.

The old ones—let’s call them the new gods—

Let’s call them thought experiments-

Sorties to Faerie—something out of the realm—

Something to draw from the abundance of the lived domain—

Something unconstrained—

All meaning blossoming forth—

Artifacts offered up into the stream.

Driftwood. Instances offered up. Clippings of eternity. Framed slides. Snapshots of an ever evolving process. Lifeforce. Seeker. Questioner. Practitioner. Considerer. Obsessive. Student. Learner. Teacher. Educator. Parent. Sibling. Family archivist. Photographer. Writer. Programmer. Yoga practitioner. lowercase vegetarian.

Typical meat eating experience: pleasurable umami burst accompanied by some sort of gastrointestinal reminder that it is generally pretty all right to be very much mostly meat free.

Not eating much meat is one of those things that is just so deeply ingrained in our lives that it isn’t really an issue. It is something we do not need to negotiate or discuss. It is simply understood. The more of these understandings you have with someone the closer you feel with them. The fewer you have, the more negotiation and feeling out you need to do. This block, this inability to reach across and sense where someone is coming from, what they know, this is very distancing. How do you move past it? What is the script? So you write “And just so you know the Holy Spirit offers guidance by invitation” emoji. Emoji. What is the message here and how should I receive it and how do you expect me to receive it? You are the pitcher, I am the catcher. We are flashing signs back and forth to one another and then slinging pitches. Trying to overcome all of our control issues and fatigue and you are not my normal catcher, I do not understand all of your signs. And so we throw wilder and wilder. Further and further off one another’s marks.

When we talked you seemed to want to get into the theology of it and took offense with the fact that I would take offense to your offering up of spiritual guidance. The tone of it did not make me feel good and it had nothing to do with the Holy Spirit. It was the insinuation of failure. Which was there. And when we talked on the phone, unprompted you broke down your thought process and seemed to frame coding as just my latest study fads in a long line of failed study fads. “What about water, Aaron.”? Mother, I am water.

And when we talked on the phone, unprompted you broke down your thought process and seemed to frame coding as just my latest study fads in a long line of failed study fads. “What about water, Aaron?” Mother, I am water. What about when you wanted to do something with water?

I am kind of speechless that all of this was there, but I sensed it. And there it was bursting forth. The swiping engagement. *Just so you know*.

Arrogant. Selfish. Isolating. Ignorant. Willful. Lacking a spirit of inquiry. And do we let it go at that. We certainly need to find a new interface. And I believe it could be letters. Or emails. I would prefer letters, but emails, or even phone calls that were guided by the letters. Just keeping them in the loop. Could be a good way for me to get organized. We could send a birthday message to whoever has a birthday that month. Could make it digital.

Losing myself in the process. Beyond hope. To act must have some certainty or have driven all options through narrow approach, specific approach. What do you do with familial pressure and discord? How do you keep family close when there is this looping pattern of pain and argument and miscommunication and willful miscommunication and ideological bludgeoning, attacking, you are not raising this eternal wisdom to instruct or nourish, you are bring it up to point out difference, test my knowledge, emphasize the conversations that we cannot have. There are many conversations that we cannot have. There are many topics that just naturally do not come up or topics that come up but don’t gain traction because we lack a shared interest or synergistic interest in the topic. Caleb and I can ramble on about books and friends and have a very easy time going back and force. It does not devolve into a spiritual crisis each time we speak. I sense that tension and unease and I suppose I wanted to put my finger on it. It is perhaps a different thing for us. You are wrapping it around this idea that you are evangelizing to me. Piously offering up eternal wisdom. Why the backhanded approach? Why the “just so you know”? This making light of this rift. This simplifying it. Pushing it to a specific point. All I have to do to answer my vocation whoas (“Remember Water?” is to invite the Holy Spirit into my heart). And this feels unfair. This feels unkind. This doesn’t feel like a mother nourishing to a son going through the hardest year of his life. It feels like an overly pious self-satisfied, out-of-touch woman more concerned with insecurely proclaiming the rightness and absoluteness of her esoteric knowledge than allowing her supposed fruiting virtures to really share and shine her love on her hurting son in a meaning way. Instead he receives condemnation. And when he tries to speak to this condemnation. When he tries, failingly to have an adult to adult conversation along the lines of you said this and it made me feel like this. And he had felt like that because he sensed her doubt, her sense her allusion to well if this doesn’t work out then… the implication being like other things in the past if this doesn’t work out then there is always the Holy Spirit. The Impication being that my past “failures” and my failure to launch a career has been a direct result of my willful disregard and openness to the Holy Spirit. Once again condemning my spiritual practices out of hand, imposing the assumption that I do not have an inquiring heart and I am in fact hostile to religion. I do not know how to approach the religion question because I feel I will come off as defensive or I will in fact be attacked and inundated with negative messages.

Family messaging is powerful. What your father thinks of you should matter. And your mother. From young we learn to read our parents. Understand their signs. Their implied meanings. Their value systems. I know I am on the outside of yours. I have not regularly attended church in over two decades. I do not speak Catholicese. I do not say that disparagingly. Any specialized knowledge base or system is going to have language that is going to enhance the concepts and the experience of the tradition. The depth of meaning to be found in the interplay between language and practice is fathomless.

You lament that I cannot understand you. You lament that we cannot have certain conversations. You lament that without a relationship built around our shared faith we can only have a shallow relationship.

We are caught in a loop. This is a black cloud in my life. It is a failure by me. It is not untrue that it is a result of my willfullness to leave the church. The repeated implication that this decision was not simply a matter of personal choice but one that represents my WILLFULNESS, IGNORANCE, HATE, ARROGANCE, SINFULNESS.

This is all well understood. It is painful to continue to tread this path 24 years after leaving the church. I would like to connect with you more through your faith. I think it is very beautiful and I do feel like I am very lucky to have grown up in a loving and Christian home that truly had love and forgiveness at the heart of its value system. Though I never loved going to church, I was ultimately grateful for the network of relationships that it created, but from early on I felt a definite aversion to belonging and being a member of a church. Betsy and I both feel much more comfortable outside of the church and now see Christianity as a reasonable religious option among other religious options. It is not exceptional.

Is this the battle we are having? My mother believes she is exceptional. Her values. Her religion. Her way of life. And my position is basically that she is not exceptional and that my decision to not follower her on her hard right manuevor is instead of beig a reasonable adult decision, instead a calculated act of rebellion and willful matricide.

Family- secure, thriving, time—work, life balance, financial, intellectual puruits: tech and writing and Chinese answer all of these questions for me.

Perceive need to change and conceive of how to make it happen

* flawed judgement
* impoverished imagination

And I do realize, I do that this is all bullshit unless I really follow through and full and wholeheartedly chase my practices on through the Labrynthian corridor before me,

How do you fully and intimately and completely engage with life without becoming completely overwhelmed and consumed by it.

Consumer or consumed.

Consume or produce.

Realizing my focused mode and my depressed mode have some unfortunate overlap.

* Loss of interest in things that normally interest me
* Restricted movement pattern
* More concerned about the future than the present
* Anxious, tense
* “slow”… “distracted”… trailing sentences.

Ask not what your psyche can do for you,

But what you can do for your psyche.

Less phone, more stretching

Less coffee and beer, more water

Focus on goal, focus on process—consistently write/stretch (拉紧 lā jǐn)

Mine the fault lines of becoming.

Feeling like something bad is coming and of course it is…

A sinking towards sublime.

Nervousness in belly and chest. Lethargy. Reticence.

Smash it… piece it back together.

The uneasiness goes away as I write. As I read. As I think, teasing like taffy every longer thoughts as I write and read and seek the silence of my mind. My neutral state is one of cypher, one of emptiness, silence.

Learner’s mind.

Reboot, adapt, reform, collaborate with… harmonize, amplify, inspire, uplift.

02/10/2021

Seasons of openness, seasons of release, seasons of the cypher… what must we give to the land?

If you are unhappy with where you are right now its likely there is a part of your identity that you are fighting fiercely to protect.

We push irritation, fear, sadness, discomfort out of our awareness.

Bottle up emotions, feelings of frustration, failure, lack of understanding, lack of appreciation, respect, camaraderie, leaves you feeling like your emotions are all bottled up.

Repression is necessary when you are overwhelmed or experience trauma.

Some repression is healthy, but overdependence on repression fuels psychosomatic symptoms and self-destructive patterns.

You need new responses to FEAR.

Avoid repeating old behaviors.

Anger into assertion.

Learning to harness the power of anger and turn it into a creative force is key to living a dynamic and rewarding life. Strive to convert anger into positive assertion, express it constructively, not destructively, you’ll be rewarded with a surge of confidence, energy, and healthier relatinoships.

My Dad turned his rage into a very successful running career.

Hey! Just focus on overcoming anxiousness and pushing ahead with vocational transforming study and skills acquisition effort. Also, hey! Be healthy!

And I am just holding on.

Hoping to grow some more

Wherewithal from where now?

Your being you keeps me anchored at sea.

Hit the road

Be it the high road

Or just the highway that I’m on.

We’ll do what we’re told

The blue night sings of carnival

Don’t be so bold, babe.

Now’s still now quite your cue.

Haven’t we been over this?

You get paid when I do.

How did we come to this?

Haven’t I been real good to you?

Don’t over do it

But sure, put some real feeling into it.

I’m not blind, I know sometime

The line between whole and no-hearted

Is razor thin.

Sometimes losing all night in the end

Is the only way to win.

What’s that song that they sing for the dead?

Cormac McCarthy*—* *Blood Meridian*

Douglas Adams— *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*

Patrick Leigh Fermor— *A Time of Gifts*

W.G. Sebald— *The Rings of Saturn*

Meditations. Free floating wonders.

Symbolists. Esoteric.

It tasted like sweat and kid vomit.

02/08/2021

I should be reading Chinese. I should be listening to podcasts. I should be watching films and movies. I shouldn’t be wallowing in my self-reflexive journalistic prose.

She refers to herself in the same relaxed self-assured that she declares her favorite color as being purple and so on. My mother just turned 65 and seemed older more into herself—less inquisitive or vocally expressive, less evanescent. And I am burned down and somber—but rumbling in my belly: new career trajectory, new practices, a chance to balance things out. Find my mature stride. Reach my generous, nurturing stage. Love freely those around me. Transcend my digital dislocation.

I am working in this very windy and recursive way and that is okay. (finally transcribed from the *yellow river* and into this file on 06/03/2021; nearly 4 months… things are picking up now though).

02/07/2021

***Underpinning all you are is a vast ground of silence.***

02/06/2021

Seeking state of not feeling conflicted.

Seeking state of not feeling hurried.

Seeking state of not feeling worried.

Time spent should be time spent well.

Maintain infrastructure of support: financial, emotional…

How to prioritize needs?

How to prioritize wants?

Balancing the ideological position (approach) I am concocting with the potentially explosive / combustible mundane necessities of wrangling and raising and enjoying and celebrating a 1 year old and a 5 year old and a 40 year old in close quarters with much uncertainty ahead.

In order to get a better grip on his spindle he decided he would need to unravel almost completely. It would take some time. It might be messy, but it would be worth it wouldn’t it, wouldn’t it be worth it. Ultimately, he decided that it might be worth it and went ahead with the unwinding. He had some help along the way. Tarot cards. The Ides of March. A pandemic. A U-Haul truck driven through his workplace. The Tarot cards telling him repeatedly to stop drinking. A self-inflicted injury to his Achillies Heel contributed majorly to by his drinking. The IDES (Illinois Department of Employment Servies).

02/05/2021

Stop Leaning on Alcohol and Weed to Socialize

Keep your messaging straight and your intentions out front

Knocking out notebooks and keeping in good health is the name of the game.

My practices are my path to fully, healthier and more sustainable living and working, deeper creative expression and engagement, greater balance and abundance.

**Strength in stillness.**

**Strength in silence.**

Laughing Buddha; Ides and 8; weigh loss; poetry; coding; stretching;

02/04/2021

Guanyin

02/01/2021

Entering a process

Entering a poem

Entering a project

Entering a process

Not feeling super fun. I am the fun eliminator.

Seek out efficiencies and eliminate them.

Takes me almost two hours to get going this morning—

Get the girls going, breakfast, clean up kitchen, pay bills, health insurance, reflect on phone conversation with parents. I am striving for a peace here. An adult peace that I can develop into a mutually nourishing adult relationship.

More unconflicted family time

More unconflicted coding time

More unconflicted writing time

STRETCH-WRITE-CODE-MAKE MUSIC-SPEND TIME w/ GIRLS

It is difficult to sit. But I am learning to sit. I am learning to be.

In a haze, passively passing through the process.

11:11:11 Illumination

Amorphous but forlorn

Gathering of the storm

2:21 2/1/2021

01/30/2021

2020 recalibrated our trajectory. Reset our key relationships. Reaffirmed our sense of health and well-being. Found a more grounded place to move from. I’d been floating and fliting and searching for a new foundation and now I’d found one. More solid and optimistic than the last one. More life affirming. Better equipped to navigate the toxic messaging that floats on the wind all around.

Performance is ego.

Life continues to unfold—my body continue to yield limberness.

01/29/2021

I am falling, but it is a controlled fall and there is a plan and landing is healing and I have landed and I have healed on this very day listening to Bill Calahan’s *Invocation to Ratiocination*.

I will momentarily go into the kitchen to drink the healing cup and have a relaxed celebratory attitude for the rest of the day and week and month and year and the rest of my life quite frankly.

01/28/2021

**YOGA**: to join, to unite

01/22/2021

Triggers of poor mental health

* Self-esteem: not good enough, smart enough, disciplined enough, no vision, irreligious(pejorative), liberal (perjorative).
* Judged from my family’s perspective I am not a good person. That is the message that I have received. My career has not born abundant fruit, though I have hustled and scraped and made moves to keep my family in good stead. We have humbly accepted help from friends, family, the government. I have a lot to be very proud of and I will be proud of these things. Not to the point of hubris, like this is the only way to travel over through this inhospitable plane, but it is a route that I envisioned and have been working to execute for about 6 months. Only six months. And, yes, this has been about skill building, but it has also been about consolidating my sense of self and my vision for the future. These things are coalescing. And, of course, we don’t know exactly how this will all play out, but against a backdrop of uncertainty, division, economic challenge and a time/space configuration that is stretched and tight and at times grinding. I am learning how to work in this way though. This gives me hope. I have so deeply committed to this project (tech and writing) that have become open to subjugating all other interests and efforts in its service. My family is ultimate, my vocation is penultimate because it provides the context in which my family can live. Stretch, code, stretch. (Stretch == write)

Gestalt is out, baby!

Writing supports tech, tech support writing. This is a celebration.

Man is the sum total of some irreconcilable tension.

We meet in the common good. We meet in the common God. Imitating the good allows us to embody it.

The poet shot like a madman in the pitch black dark

His arrows nearly all hit hay

Scattershot and wild

All except a solitary bullseye.

Once he had it, he ceased his frantic plucking

And causally stopped time

We onlookers slept

As he approached the target

Feeling his way in the dark,

Pulling all the arrows from the hay

Leaving only the lone bullseye behind.

He then shuffled back to his mark

And we awoke and the lights when on

And there stood the archer with his quiver

Nearly full of well plumed darts

Beaming on at his effortless accuracy and precision.

Every arrow so artfully placed,

Even while shooting in the dark.

01/21/2021

***“We Have Enterer A New Era!”***

Arthritis degenerates the cartilage in the joints. “Sacropenia”- Sacro: flesh, penia: loss.

Desk work is a bitch… but leisure sitting is the real killer they say.

Get up and move around every ten minutes or so.

“Try again, fail again, fail better.”

Today is such an unbelieveably beautiful day just sunny and blue skies, clear without a single cloud. And I feel in some ways that I have returned. I have exited the sacred space. I have laid bare. I have laid to rest. Attempting as it were to weave the disparate strands of my humanity into some sort of art expression. A soulful engagement with myself. A YIELDING (which can be both a giving way and an act of production). Escaping the rage of parents while retaining their love, forgiving, letting go, moving on, ahead, ahead into the wildly uncharted unadulterated adultness of my future and ever live. Exceleration sounds, moving pavements. Sheisse, scheisse, ever onward, Mr. Priestly. Shakie it up, Shake it up. Sprite in you eye. Out your nose. That guy standing there like shit on a stick. Burst. Squirt. Burn.

NEW ERA:

Computing

* + Heading into looking at servers and databases.

Writing

* + Ready to dig through and distill the 1,100 pages that I have behind me. All that I have written over the last 5 months.

Chinese

* + Strong base, ready to learn more,.

Guitar

* + Strong base, ready to learn more

Family

* + Exiting Sacred Space and entering Family space.

I am so much deeper than the damage.

Are you practicing gratitude?

I feel completely eletate that this process is proving to be successful.

01/19/2021

My heart prays to balance sacred space with this red dust dwelling.

Be joyful. You have need to celebrate. You have found your process. Write, knave, write!

01/17/2021

Stretch kids, stretch.

For god’s sake stay connected to your form.

The Chair:

* Imagine that you are comfortably sitting in a chair or stretching or otherwise at ease and rest and peace. Compassionately compliment this person. Love them. Forgive them. Revel in their goodness and possibility. Make plans with them. Encourage the best iterations of themselves. As you would a good friend. Somehow who you’ve seem excel as well as crash and burn. Encourage them on. Share with them your deep trust and hope in the road ahead.

PRACTICES

1. YOGA
2. TECH
3. CHINESE
4. MUSIC
5. WRITING

Shall we embrace the subjectivity of truth (that old marketing game). Next you’ll be wanting evidence to support your presuppositions.

Not prescriptive. Discovering.

01/15/2021

Where is the healing? Where is the rejuvenation?

Day 2 of morning stretching: greet the morning right.

Acknowledge that in order to catch up on my backlog of writing I need to dry up awhile- conserve energy, exit sacred space in order to reenter it.

Stretch to work, work to stretch. **Center to work, work to center**.

Breathing throughout.

Rootedness, strength, solidness, focus, calm, vividness, grip, expansion, connection, return, adventure.

Practice.

Cut down on THC, alcohol, and caffeine.

Ruled by riddles I wind up playing second fiddle in my own damn band.

Through to the ides anew.

Until the ides. Renew— reflect on loved ones.

Practices: Writing, Chinese, Yoga, Breathing, Music and Guitar, Tech, Home/Hospitality

Practices: LANGUAGE, MOVEMENT, PEOPLE

All crumped up today… should be stretching.

Self-compassion is more important than self-esteem

The rock was a rock and also not a rock.

The rock was a god and also not a god.

The god was everything and also not.

The rock was everything and also not.

Do not forget the dark pine night of blue wind

Some people want to change the world, some people hope upon hope that it will remain the same.

I am the source. I am the I am. We are nothing. We are nothing but God.

4 months into this process the IDES continues to unfold. Currently have about a 6 months reserve of savings. Would like to start applying for jobs in 3 months. I am learning to work whole-heartedly without stressing myself out to the point of disintegration and yes, I have been a bit distant, but not just with you mother—are you concerned, then offer help—not condemnation. We are still robust—high on what we are high on—galvanized, morally bolstered by the sterling return of our investment. I love you. You hurt me. I love you, but you are an angry person. Is your politics making you angry or making you an angry person? How to be engaged without being enraged?

My grand movement forward today has been the acknowledgement that I am 4 months into the rest of my life and that I have realized (come to understand) that my stretching is an integral part of my writing and my living. I don’t want to be a stiff intellectual— I want to be lively, vibrant, thinking of the body and the mind. I want to dwell in the subtle body and the subtle mind and approach living through my subtle body, my subtle mind.

How much control do we have over our unconscious operations?

We are the manager… or at the very least the assistant to the manager… possible just its gofer.

It has been a year to surf the silver linings.

May get another $5,000 from the government. We have been ridiculously fortunate this year. The gift of the IDES keeps showing up in timely lump sums.

So grateful to the support we have received from our families, unemployment insurance, the government stimulus. This unexpected cushion has made it possible for me to pursue this new career path, identify and consolidate my practices (writing/yoga: mind, being maintenance, language/programming/writing/music: mind production)

Being; production; maintenance

Full settling into myself will allow us to flourish as a family.

Music will heal.

Yoga will heal.

Language will heal.

The ridiculousness of all of this is not lost on me—I am out of sync with the world at large, but am working on trying to reassess some things. Gain a new perspective. Finding a more agile way to be—finding a the deep quiet, sustained right silence I have desire for such a long time.

The epiphany today that my writing is inextricable from my stretching struck me as profound. This will fuel the way forward—insure a flow of thought and emotion, insure maintenance of production means and reflection on motivations and values. Perhaps all there ramblings, spiraling thoughts will be a blog one day, or a book, or work their way into letters and emails—works of connection, nourishing words of encouragement and goodwill. Or perhaps this is just groundwork for other work, even non-writing work, like I have asserted elsewhere, my writing practice grounds my technology practice, my bodywork grounds my writing. All three of these practices aim to protect my family (my good health, mental, emotional, physical is their good health). I am committed to staying in good health for my family, endeavoring to live in an abundance of good health, allowing me to share and support my loved ones and family. I am striving towards the fullness of my generosity.

Or perhaps I am just a drone writer bee. Scribbling down our anxieties in a taxonomy of why its difficult to be or why its difficult to write or why specifically it has taken me so long to get to a place where I can simply write from a clear and eager and unconflicted place (unconflicted about engaging in the process—though I am beginning to understand that the conflictedness, the fraughtness is perhaps a very important part of the process. A ever narrowing of approach. Compress. Focus. Clausterphoibically close to the material, lost in it. Is this how you find the new? You get lost. How do you approach the new? Do you regard it systematically and incrementally from afar, or do you simply get lost in it? What am I doing? Creative writing? Sure. But also constructive writing. I am building my mind. I am settling and setting up my electric brain. I am nurturing my inner net. I am doing language. Facing off with it. Approaching it. Playing with it. Wrestling with it. Celebrating it. The LOGOS!!!

Oh, this process of settling into my 40-year-old body.

Let all of this settle through you. Your good body holding your sound mind. Morning finds me soft and calm. Noon and high sun will be along soon. And then the night. Darkness to encase the rightness of our lives. Dark bookends to demark our way.

Lost in a season of renewal

Kindness is blindness, your highness.

His highness regarded kindness as a sort of blindness.

If I may be so bold, I shall not be doing what I am told/ believing what I am told, just because somebody told it.

Tired of BELIEF.

Ready to BE ALIVE

You focus on what you believe.

I am focusing on being alive.

We have the luxury of not having to allow a single ideology dominate our thinking. This puts us in the uncomfortably fraught position of having to navigate our ignorance in response to the unknown. But I believe you navigate the unknown with a certainly that borders on lunacy and blindness. I have accepted the incompleteness of my faith, its blindness, and pray that my other senses will find somewhere to make up for this lack.

Navigating what we do not know gracefully and kindly without allowing our insecurity about our unknowing to impede us from openly engaging with other people.

Learning to navigate our unknowing optimisitically and gracefully and openly. Not allowing our unkowning to shut us down or push us into unconstructive patterns, overly defensive/tetchy ways of being. Be water.

And, but, yet, still how do we call out people’s ungrounded and unkind assumptions, assertions.

Its less about the image and more about the frame. As an artist I prefer the image, even if it is ambiguous, perhaps, especially if it is ambiguous and yet still emotive, engaging, intriguing, vivid, coursing, seething, roiling… the critics and the audience can knock themselves out debating the proper way to frame the damn thing.

Cause even the framing of the thing is an act of creation. The reader is intimately involved in this framing. The writer must have a sense of where the reader could be, or provide the reader with points of entry into the text. Approaches. They can decide if it is all in earnest or satirical. How does it make them feel? What does it make them think about? Does the text reach beyond itself? Point beyond itself. Transcend itself. Allow the reader to transcend themselves. Allow the writer to transcend themselves. The writer becomes the reader. The reader becomes the writer. They engage in a deep “virtual” but also very real conversation via the “Inner net”. Writing is a medium through which one can transmit something of their “Inner net” to another individual’s “Inner Net”.

The “INNER NET” : physical, emotional, mental… no part can be extracted from the others.

I am somehow out of the mainstream ADULT mind and am dwelling in the CHILD realm. I am not attempting to compete with my peers. I am not trying to climb the corporate ladder or have the most desirable getup—I am living—following my interests and attractions—balancing responsibilities and stabs at work. Attempting to free my mind to flow—attempting to frequently enter into cycles of long thoughts.

01/12/2021

Biggest blessings of 2020

1. Time with girls: reading, walks, chats, chasing, hiding, watching movies…
2. Time to code: Ruby, HTML/CSS, Javascript
3. Time to write: Poetry, Letters, building a bunch of other pieces
4. Time to get body right: change diet, less alcohol, more stretching
5. Time to read: I like my books again

Pursuing peace with the unknown.

Pursuing nourishment in my practices

Must allow practices to process and compost the nebulous anxiety of my preemptive stress.

How can you stay focused on your goals, empowered to pursue your plan, and in control of your execution of the plan.

Cut back on alcohol and marijuana, cause, you know, why not?

In the mythic space we discover the real.

In the mythic space we heal.

01/11/2021

After pulling back a little bit during trip to Nashville— partially resting, partially feeling out of sorts out of routine. Home again and have found difficultly directly back into coding. My peace has not been completely shaken though.

Just as my yoga practice has increased my awareness of the subtle body, my writing and meditation is increasing my awareness of the subtle mind.

My awareness of myself as an artist has motivated me to carve out time for art which is life. I am carving out time for life.

Concrete signs of change:

1. Have written more letters/postcards in last month than in years previous.
2. Body weight tone, toning, strengthening, limbering
3. Guitar playing and signing is at the most creative, most technically sophisticated level I have even reached. Still not complaisant with my level, but feel I have the right attitude
4. Increased emotional distance from family, RAZNYs, though this feels like it needs more work.
5. Better relationship to Alcohol.
6. Better relationship with Marijuana (this is debatable, but I believe it to be true. I would like to see what this whole process looks and feels like without Marijuana in the equation, I had initially thought that the Journey of Elijah was going to be about giving up weed, but it turned out to be more about giving up alcohol and journeying to the river, getting to the river and getting comfortable with river. Meditation and yoga as stretching. Going to the River. The Yellow River is something I can return to again and again.

Committing to throwing off structure and seeking a personal throughway is bold. But it is something that literally everyone does intentionally or unintentionally. Attempting to do consciously what you have already be doing unconsciously does not make you a hypocrite or an idiot.

Do you have this feeling that they are out to get you? Criticize you? Emphasize your lack of Christianness. You separation from the family. These are all things that happen to the dead. The separation the break in continuity of relationship.

The relationships have been damaged. Left untended. We have not invested in them. We have invested in our families As we should. If there is something left to our relationship later, when the pressure and responsibility of raising kids is gone, perhaps we can reboot then, for now though our relationship should be built on mutual support and encouragement.

I have grieved not having a father I can look to for strength and stability. I do have a father who has sbeen a great example of effort though. AI believe he has tried his best to provide for his family and he has done many things and he has done them his way. He has lacked the wherewithal to keep our relationship growing and that has felt painful at times. When I express something of my reality now I feel like I receive coldness and uninterest or distraction.

I am getting my feet under me and all I have to do to prove that is scompare where my writing was a year ago and where it is now. It has undeniably progressed. My ability and wherewithal to express myself and begin untangling the manifold factors that went in to blocking me up or hamstringing me from opening up are finally being addressed and looked upon.

You write one thing that brings your mother and all mothers into your literary canon and you publish that piece, but that piece will inevitably be the tip of the iceberg. That is what a lot of this writing is all about. It is the training to get my stamina up for the long thoughts, the long expressions. Getting my wherewithal up so I can enter into the piece, the story, the poem. Getting my stick-to-it-ness up so I can stay with the process, allowing pieces to establish their critical mass. Just the practical necessity of becoming a faster, more efficient typist has been an important part of this process. I wonder what the average typing speed is for most people. I have to be in a fairly high percentile of typing speed. And this is not a talent thing. Remember typing class in middle school – that was not super easy. You were not immediately GIFTED with typing. But through the years you have built up the habit and it has quietly become one of your greatest survival skills. It was a lynch pin in bringing together your CRM system. My coding career began when I “hacked” my works OUTLOOK setup to leverage its abilities to create a customized CRM system. Low development effort, used existing technology, wonderful FLOW creation.

Now left to my own devices, with a chance to pursue my interested with the only fetter being me. Attempting to find a balanced , creative sense of vocation. Laying the next plank in my protean career.

Don’t want to be prescriptive. Want to be experiential. Want to change life. Am changing life. Changing body, changing mind, changing spirit.

Finding peace in the journey. Not conflict. There is conflict and you will necessarily feel conflicted about it. You would be an idiot or inhuman if you did not. Feel the conflict, but know that the conflict is not all. There is the actual existential crisis and there is the FRAMED crisis where the battle is less about right and wrong and more about the framing of the issue for political advantage. Usually there is an agreed upon standard. Without and agreed upon standard there is only jockeying and reframing and spinning to position one’s perspective as the most just, the most relevant, the most human, the most compassionate. But these projections for truth do not begin from truth, but begin from a desire to have the public world conform to your personal values. Or at least seeking to ensure that the public world does not overrun your values.

01/07/2020

Your MIND is a practice (reading, mediation, conversation, film, sex, sleep, music)

Your BODY is a practice (breathing, meditation, sex, touch, moment, yoga, sleep)

Your SPIRIT is a practice (meditation, prayer, music…)

Getting very little written work accomplished today, but my BODYWORK feels very much like progress!

Feel like I could write a letter start to finish straight through…

The necessity of reaching out with your mind, but then cutting it off. Snipping off the material at a correct place, a reasonable place, a place dictated by the data.

Thinking back to where I was a year ago, writing mad letters to loved ones, so uninspired, to creative structure or framework or concrete project or even process, just sort of flaying around trying to find a new source of inspiration— my camera? Running? Selling? Tarot? Coding? Had zero flow, except for my running.

Manossance

Manopause

01/04/2020

Practicing strength.

Practicing breath control.

Calming to breath.

Calming to work through what you need to get to the work that you need to do.

Making small changes where need be.

Chasing the dragon with improving practices.

My life, a sort of Nordic hope ode.

Big, bold, loving of the day.

Strong, expanding.

Letting the glow flow straight through you.

01/03/2020

Lower back feeling good. Working on hip to low back connection.

Making progress with sternum and directly behind back tightness.

**OPEN – SETTLE -- STAND**

12/28/2020

Chest tightening anxiety. Anxiety can keep me working.

Anxiety: worry or fear response to perceived threat.

Anger: threat response, strong sense of annoyance.

Heightened stress and tension. Conflicts in personal life amplified by events in the wider world. The pandemic. Racial justice. Ridiculously contentious Presidential election.

***Anger lies at the heart of anxiety.***

*Anger is elevated in anxiety disorders and depression disorders.*

*We need the natural to be normal.*

*Sense and feel current moment without judging, challenging, or interrupting your thoughts.*

*You express anger in verbally or physically aggressive ways.*

*Express rational rather than irrational thoughts.*

*Have you spent some time breathing?*

*I have been breathing.*

*Anger—raging anger, calling out, calling out, calling up, put me on notice of the apocalypse to come. We can’t get there from here, but we shall try and try dying, dying dead before the green stream of me reaches that sea of being, disappearing into sunbeams.*

*The glimmer in the matador’s eye womb with a view*

*Acknowledge the vitality of depravity*

*That which breaks from your imperceptible bonds.*

Freedom is not what I seek.

Peace – being—beyond understanding…

12/26/2020

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

12/23/2020

We can’t eat time—we have no land for time to grow on.

My career hustle has brought us to a certain point in our lives—I am glad about this point. I am thrilled about this point—I can live from this point—I can get clear from this point. I can express myself from this point.

Feeling the rage well in me—is it rage or just energy? A deep conviction that between me and my future is time and effort alone.

Sneakily pursuing back door ambitions—

Some way through to a successful life,

While avoiding some trappings of a successful life.

We are all experiments in living, no?

Desiring a deeper understanding of BODY and HABITS that emanates from that understanding.

Desiring a wise peace about politics. People over politics.

This is not a zero sum game. This is not a battle of truths, this is a sunset of sunrise and I am but a shade upon a spectrum, the sum total interplay of shadow and light in my vicinity.

Rejected family values, sought own was ostracized for this. Why bring those thoughts to the family feed. What was your intent?

What is the larger intent of the space? I think you have to hold a lot in your head to communicate effectively.

What are you trying to communicate?

What did you actually communicate? How were you received?

You feel like you can say whatever you want—is that freedom—okay—you are well within your rights, but words have consequences, words create atmosphere, words have subtext, words intended and unintended effects—words are not interface independent, certain words fit with certain interfaces and do not fit with other interfaces.

维达默

“Maintain the achieved Silence”

Stitch, live accomplish, brother God, seeking revenge of father, silence, tacit, write, write from memory, ink, black mighty

Vidar is feeling good.

* Bodywork trending well
* Coding trending well
* Health and diet trending well

12/22/2020

Keep following the process. You are at the source. You are the source. Quiet. Settle. Follow the river. Head towards the sun. Head towards the sea.

12/21/2020

Feeling a wonderful new plateau and quickly climbing with guitar. Getting deeper into the Penatonic scale.

Pos: 1 - 3 – 4 – 5 – 7 - 8:

Interval: 1.5 - .5 – 1 -1.5 – 1

At 41 my metaphors had worn themselves out. New blooded was needed. So we hopped in the car and headed for Key Biscayne Bay.

12/20/2020

Other people seemed crazy. Some narrow focused and self-involved.

That’s it isn’t it, it is not always about being narrowed minded, it is about being narrow focused. And through our rationale makes this narrowness seem sufficient, seem necessary, it will inevitably at times be embarrassing limited, incomplete. This is our humanity. Some people revel in it, some people construct their life around attempting to obscure its existence or keep it at bay.

The alienation and isolation I feel is real. It is very solid and tangible, as opposed to some sort of general, ambiguously emanating alienation— the parameders of my alienation are very clear, very real, very understandable. And while I don’t know that the psychol/emotional trauma of the rift is lessened by this acknowledgement, this perspective plays well with my sometimes devastatingly direct and solid pragmatic streak which says— regardless, you are on the right side. You did not actively will this. You have tried to not fan the partisan flames

12/19/2020

Outside of time

Smoking a joing at 11:00 a.m.

On a Wednesday

Relatively stone sober

And studying coding at 11:00 P.M.

On a Sunday.

12/17/2020

I am a peace with my values, I am at peace with my path.

The Myth of the Hero’s journey within the context of the capitalist system.

* Vocation or other generative reward for the troubles and effort of his journey.
* Security. A Castle made of insurance and retirement and savings and technology and record and community.
* You need to pick you line and go. And don’t get trip up by your habits. It you suspect any of your habits as being a drag on your development as a writer, as a erpson, then squash it the fuck out. Do not tolerate loose fucking process!
* Challenges: Motivation, family needs, expenses, physical needs, physchological/spiritual/emotional needs.

95% vegetarian diet

195 lbs. (down from 125 lbs.)

Ultimate truth is ultimately just software.

I went to the mountain and then to the desert to get really clear on my personal plan.

Learned my practices heart deep, like clockwork, like sunset,

12/16/2020

After the ides—

You have to work your ass off to stay loose and keep getting stronger. That shit does not just happen. Crossing a desert does not just happen. It entails planning, commitment, expertise, sound judgement, daring, suffering, courage in the face of suffering, optimism, joy in the journey.

You need to seek the good. You need to open up the source.

My heart Chakra needs to open:

* I welcome love with an open heart.
* My heart is free from all the wounds of the past.
* I forgive others, and I forgive myself.
* I am open to love and receive more of it every day.
* I naturally attract love everywhere I go.
* I create supportive, loving relationships that are good for me.

There is only love. A loving attitude.

Why are you so angry?

There is only LOVE.

The church’s love is too circumscribed.

The mind is a grinding analytic beast,

Keep it fed on new material and it will serve you well.

Our hustle has delivered us up to this shore.

Settle, constolidate: shedding stress, shedding weight, shedding distractions, finding some doors within me closed, a window will do just fine now. And the closing of that door leads to the opening of 10,000 more.

My experience with learning Mandarin taught me the power of incremental growth over time. Building up a base. Making engaging with the material a practice, a habit, a part of your everyday life, getting comfortably with the process of the unfamiliar becoming familiar, increasing your tolerance for ambiguity, stretching to understand, failing, trying again, failing again, failing better.

My morning pages are so much more settled and cohesive than they use to be. I’ll take this as a very good sign. They fell abundant and my pen feels generous—one can do much with a generous pen. I sued to try so hard to write, not I just let the pen do the work.

Get easy and stay easy about alcohol.

Keeping your metaphors ordered.

Don’t get discouraged.

Try to keep the big fear at bay.

People believe a lot of different things. People have very personal experiences of God and religion. How cdan you mandate how someone experiences God. This idea that you know so much better about how to experience God is truly an inhumane (though very human sentiment).

12/15/2020

The Vale of Great Surpises

A myth of reverence:

Descending from the mountain,

descending to the sea

Throw the bastards out.

Our diabetic organs

Have but a cloudy connection to our vast sea of grounding.

Correct this.

Cross the desert to the sea.

The IDES upon us.

No fear today.

Today at the center—

Out of time in the time that is temporal and ternal. I the time that is unredeemable, but infinitely repeatable.

Something has changed in me.

Something has renewed

Something has followed a cycle to completion and ascended, aged, sought wisdom, lost baby fat, bent to the flow of river, traveled to the source.

The desert has not been what I had expected.

I have been traveling towards the source.

We are type “A” Bohemians.

Creatives don’t have to try to be creative.

Living is an act of creation.

Grace is an act of creation.

Loving is an act of creation.

Don’t know what the problem is.

We cannot possibly know for sure.

But we know for sure.

We cannot rationally know,

But we know.

We cannot think our way there,

But we have somehow thought our way there.

What is the truth.

Is the truth that you found the truth or did the truth find you,

Because if it is a heresy to say that you can find truth through reason,

Then it seems unreasonable to think that I would have found God on my timeline, or your timeline.

And you are telling me that we were all made for a purpose and that I might not even know what that purpose was until after I am dead. That is fantastic. I get to be a part of God’s plan without having to do all the observation and such. This is some very conservative stuff here.

Does not personality play a big role in how one lives his or her life?

These are accidents.

I am talking about attitudes.

Either you are daft and tone deaf or I don’t know.

Why are you writing these political things on this family chat?

When you write political messages on this family chatboard in

Support of a president that I find abhorrent, I feel very isolated,

Not even that I may be in the minority here of withholding support

For Mr. Trump, but more in that you would not have the wherewithal to

Take into account that A. this is not the venue to discuss politics especially in a highly charged partisan way.

My position in the family as the liberal non-Catholic puts me in a tricky relationship to my extended family.

This is what I am trying to unravel here. What is that relationship and how to manage it. That is the whole gig. To find a healthy conception and system of engagement. We love our family. We truly do, but I am over feeling conflicted about the fraught relationship. It is not completely my fault that these relationship has thinned and stretched. A bit factor here has been my personal growth, living abroad, living in another state, working jobs that afforded me very little vacation for nearly a decade and then before that being out of the country or in grad school.

Wow, that is a pretty clear crisp, explanation of the last decade— I had either ben living abroad, in grad school or working jobs with paltry vacation policies in an era of pregnancies and small child rearing. I feel like a lot of parents probably go through so sort of transformation that at some point in parenthood that have the wherewithal to step back and acknowledge or appreciate or reassess, or whatever the perspective happens to be when clarity descends.

The source- source of health

骨气即正气，我们的身体最需要的是陪护正气，固本扶原

正气：正直刚强的气概— healthy atmosphere; 反义词： 邪气：evil influence, unhealthy trend, a person’s evil air, aura of wickedness, pathogenic energy

护理：护士的护，管理的理

陪护： 培养护理

固本：巩固根基 (to consolidate, consolidate, strengthen)

The desert was a depression. A stripping down. A chance to feel the gains of the mountain lipping away in a safe environment. Stripped of connection to other people or external responsibility I fully turned inward and outward to confront this question of vocation and have arrived this IDES at the source.

* Source Code (day dreaming about Code design. Starting from desired result and designing backwards leveraging interlocking functionality. Mechanizing Synergy. Searching for epiphany in creativity . Opening in order to follow your road. No road is an easy ro ad and every road has the potentiality to break a body.

It’s been a kind of managed, semi-managed mania, a controlled, semi-controlled losing of the mind and ritualistic passage into middleage—finally, wholly subsumed by parenthood, partnering, vocation

Wholesale creating from all of the material that I have been exposed to.

We have to absorb and radiate. Consumption is very important.

ROOTEDNESS is so key.

Costocondritis/heart chakra very tight the last short week or so. Last two days pain/discomfort motivated me to get stretching again. Feeling rewarded. Need to keep it up!

Ultimately stretching and breathing will replace my dependency on THC to find a daily flow.

12/14/2020

My writing is flowing like it has not in a very long time. Today is wonderfully sunny and my mission feels abundantly clear.

Spending hours and hours stitching traditions together deep within the dank and incense intense underbelly of my own personal mythosphere. Consciousness and communication of that consciousness requires a sender and a receiving a conceived/expresser and a receiver/processor; we must understand one another’s interfaces. We must implicity or explicity have a shared culture or common collect of texts, we have wherewithal for one another. I have a wherewithal for written communication and reading that I do not always possess with spoken, instantaneous communication. I enjoy the editorial process. I have enjoyed the editorial process so much more since I have fallen into a process which makes editing and returning to work and collecting and developing work unconscious and automatic. The pieces are writing themselves. I did not intentionally set out to write any of these pieces and that is what I find so exhilarating. I am truly engaging in an act of exploration in literary style and content as well as self-exploration as I assimilate my disparate experiences and memories and sensory perceptions and imaginations and dreams and acquired knowledge or overhead conversation or partially digested idea or peach or side of beef. What is this amalgamation that we are? And how are we not completely bewildered by the complexity and the enormity and multiplicity of it. Thankfully our curiosity escapement holds these questions back. We keep our blind spots and interest deserts in place. Doesn’t mean anything to me… But you seem really passionate about it…

We are on a mission. Our mission binds us to others.

Today is Shalom. It is the mid-month day just before the Ides. A day to try and wrap up and draw complete any and all possible tasks as well as prepare for the Ides and for the rest of the month, the rest of the moon.

The right silence cannot be achieved merely by leveraging lower states. It requires a deliberate refining of attention. It is truly a settling of states. A patient and brave act of consolidation, commitment and optimism— music, writing, meditation, stretching, prayer, movement, closeness to loved ones all awaken the right silence. Is this the peace that passeth understanding? Is this a moment when the wholeness of the brain and therefore the being is able to be brought to bear?

We conceptualize concentration as a drawing in and a stretching out—when isn’t thinking – truly creative, exploratory thought, not wild and open and panoramic in scope— terrible or full of glee all depending on the particular weather system of our lonely cypher.

17 year locust…

I slipped out of the Protestant church with zero drama. The rest of my family converted to Catholicism, most of them quickly cozying into to its fold on the far right.

They are rural.

I am urban

They are conservative.

I am progressive.

Try as I might to not antagonize—

Somehow my mere existence

Seems to cause offense

Or remind them of every goddamn liberal thing

That always sets them off.

And the one who claimed to be keeping me from going crazy

Was slowly, but surely ensuring that I was on the path to losing my god-loving mind.

I am deep down dirty in a process of self-transcendence and I lack my normal wherewithal for socializing.

Feeling vulnerable, fighting depression, struggling with balance, stress and negative coping mechanisms.

Vocationally locked out.

Politically alienated from my family

Religiously alienated from my family

12/13/2020

Some things have become a bit more refined in my mind.

12/12/2020

Tying to get back, back up just enough

To see you clearly without getting oh so far away.

Trying to see you clearly

Trying to see me clearly

Saturday and gray on twelve twelve twenty twenty.

12/10/2020

And the writing comes out surplisingly— spurting out between session of Characters, sessions of code.

12/07/2020

Wrote a letter to Papa. Wrote it relatively quickly and enjoyed the process! After a decade of increasingly conflicted personal communication, writing this letter was another important step in my finally and fully becoming a writer.

12/06/2020

“Could this be the You River? And does if flow down from Lingshan.”

12/05/2020

*Maybe I’ve gone over to the other side.*

*Shrunk my own head to watch atoms collide.*

*Well, it’s been real, it’s really been fun.*

*This one’s for Floyd, we had a helluva run*

*Broken toy, man boy, exit through back,*

*Go on now, get free*

*Follow the river, wind your way to the sea.*

Explorers. On a nowhere nonexistent road. Fantasy. Thought. Ability. Imagination. Expression. Mental cohesion. Memory. Managing. Priorities. Focus. Desire.

I am not a guru.

I am no a way of life

I am an individual, a citizen.

A resident of North Center,

Chicago Proper, Cook County,

The State of Illinois, the abomination

Of the United States of America.

Now I am whole. More in control. Or at least more conscious of what I can influence and more conscious about putting my energy and effort into those things and attempting to release concerns, or at least buffer concerns that are decidedly out of my control. Ready to work. Heading towards the source.

Trying to find the stride that can keep the fire alive…

Work your way out of the valley. Forgive your father. Forgive your thirst. Forgive your aging body. Forgive your musical block. Forgive your family for everything. Blanket amnesty. We can be honest. We can build wherewithal by consolidating our activities around our values. Forgive yourself for your still as yet uncoalesced vocation. Forgive your writing— you have a good, kind, reasonable process now. This process, which gives me so much more of a chance to return to what I have written, even if it takes me 5 months, is an investment. The value of my writing has increased tremendously— much more accessible and organized and ready for development. This is a huge change from the endless stream of new and never returned to text that marked the arc and output of my previous process/non-process…

My Yellow River gives me so much more flexibility and ease of flow for engaging in my practices: body, language, tech

12/04/2020

Waking up with a good, solid feeling about me. Have not stretched and will need to do so, but slept well, second day in a row without having a beer. Went to bed on the earlier side last night feeling weary and a bit stony.

Today is sunny and I am feeling solid. Up for listening to popular music. I have to be in a sort of extra confident open, but pushing out, not open and being inundated, but open and filled to the brim, welcoming the world to mix with my mix of experience and thought and intention.

I am an artist. Won’t put a valuation on that and won’t strip artist right down to humanity. Though that is not entirely untrue. I want to get over this insecurity about being an artist and a writer. I don’t have to be insecure. I can be tired and put upon and curse Nature for giving me this inefficient, self-defeating nature, but at some point I also just have to accept it and effectively neutralize this messaging from getting in the way of production.

The wisdom of books and loving language is a good assuage to the counter narrative that I am not wise and that I am dumb and irresponsible and impotent at career forging (or at least finding a vocation that supports my family rather than alienating me from it) or just a way of being to put me back in more control over how I spend my time.

This mirror of F => I => V; V=> I => F

Our love of language and books and reading has at times felt like a burden, an inefficiency in our peripatetic lifestyle China (2008-2010), books out of storage— up three flights to Huron, down three up two to Damen, down two up three to Schubert, down three up three to Cuyler. Stacked books, each packed box back breaking, though the hired moves moved 3 + at a time. Rigging them up in stacks and slinging them over their backs like the old man did for us when he carried our refrigerator up 7 flights to our no elevator apartment building in Xian and the delivery men who would schlep the 43 lbs. water cooller jugs up the stairs. The tap water was full of heavy metal. Our bathroom trash was full of discretely shit smeared tissue, couldn’t flush paper down the toilet, rats in the wall running across the weird wooden bedroom set. A built-out overhang extending above the bed that wrapped around to the built-out wardrobe chest of draws unit against the wall. The rats used this build out as a super highway and I had to sleep in the living room on the blue vinyl loveseat because I couldn’t relax enough to fall asleep with the rats darting back and forth above me with nothing between them and the ceiling. If rats were jumpers they could’ve have nose-dived right over the side of the overhang on to my anxiety gripped chest.

I told a few people that the rats kept me up lat night and that I had had a horrible night sleeping. I began to wonder why I was bringing this topic up. There was not much that was going to be done. And hopefully when it wasn’t quite so cold they would descend down a few floors again.

So blessed by the sun.

I’ve looked forward to the winter sky all fall.

The sky is clear tonight. A helicopter flies over head. A siren wales. Betsy and I both remember Beijing and Xian as being weirdly free of siren sounds. Which in a modern. Densely populated metropolis is kind of a chilling silence, no? I should read something about the ambulatory services in China.

The last few evenings have featured Blue Malibu Sunsets with crystalline azure above a setting sun as the light fades and blue transitions towards the horizon into green and yellow and orange and oozy, bubbling red as the colors muddle in dusky bruising in the palate of a desiccated peach as night comes on cool and calm and clear.

12/03/2020

Second day of no alcohol after having good light alcohol consumption over the past week. Sweet, yes, its actually been over a week since my spastic, explosive drunkenness brought me to my lowest point in months. The spontaneity of it was frightening. And how casual and how callous— even with betsy all laid out on the couch feeling incapacitated with back pain. Not unlike years ago when I skipped out on staying with her when she was sick to go take Shrooms with my Roasting Plant buddies. What? My psychedelic Uncle had just died, I was tripping for him in lieux of attending his funeral. Somewhere during the trip his spirit fused in with a three foot tall effigy of a dia de los Muertos skeleton, creeping me out and poking fun at me and giving me shit like some good natured, interesting uncle like he almost was. He inspired me to write my first song. I remember trying to write it, or the words coming to me in the eving on a cool Spring day by Anderson’s round, corn cob shaped dormitory near the steel fences over the river, before all the landscaping and North Side river improvement.

Down to the river to wash, we went down to the river to wash ourselves down, in the river we wash ourselves down, we went down to the river to wash ourselves down, down to the river we go. Again and again to the river. Again and again we go down. We go down to the river again, down to the river to wash ourselves down. Time has given us all of this. Time to breath. Time to sit. To run through the build of brick in the low afternoon nearly at year’s end. Glorious day shouting with airplane turbines and Metra train’s sudden road and cessation. Sirens calling through the calm. The hush of the through traffic passing on through.

For 23 years I have been unable to shake the non-negotiability of writing. In many ways this is a ridiculous thing. An inconvenient thing. Something cutting against the grain of my generally pretty pragmatic nature. Perhaps that is the point. A penchant for collage to balance all my chart making. But for 23 years it has always been writing. For a plethora of reasons I have never taken a project passed much of a first draft since college. Which is ridiculous and obvious to me now why I stalled out in my development as a writer for so long. Writers write. But to write effectively and to accrue finished pieces over time requires a next level sophistication and organization that completely eluded me. I had focused for so long on some kind of spontaneous voice. Some kind of spontaneous style that could carry me on through a compelling plot. I would be along for th ride. The voice would lead the way. I just had to get the right idea and then roll with it. Unfortunately the right idea never really came along, or at leas no single idea that struck me as worth betting the farm on as far as time and energy goes. The big tipping point in my production seems to have come when I gave up going for that single big idea and simply turned to the writing that I already had and set about organizing it in an accessible editable over time set up, essentially establishing a cohesive, repeatable, file system pattern. Setting this up and then just freeing myself to write on any old thing that pops into my head has spawned a snowballing collection of ideas and projects. The expansion of the project and ideas is based on the data. Based on the writing. If there is some category of writing that I havne’t accounted for, then I can just create a new file and suddenly we have expanded our little writing garden a plot larger. Then over time as I wade through the 1000 + pages of the yellow river and dip back into my old notebooks and my old journals and as I continue to write I can continue to develop the ideas and projects over time. Allowing them to mature organically, merge, split, or simply be, existing as repositories for thoughts on certain topics, issues, reflections, impressions, etc.

One thing you must honestly admit— you are a much better reader at 41 than you were at 18 and a better typist!

All right— off we go! Off to find a creative balance of writing, reading, and coding! This path shall lead me to my flow— off to the source!

To get to the river you have to get in the river.

11/30/2020

Feeling resolved today. Self-knowledge deepening… Know thyself.

Right relationships, right classes.

Books

*Rings of Saturn,* W.G. Sebald

*Soul Mountain*, Gaoxing Jian

*Blood Meridian*, Cormac McCarthy

No up all night Yoga and meditation, no Belle Belle waking up early and watching the full moon set and the 6:30 sun rise.

11/29/2020

Full Moon—total cloud cover over night

I don’t want to be prescriptive.

Transformative process.

I will heal through this rift. I am healing through this rift.

I will heal by writing. I will heal by loving my family.

I will heal by keeping rooted and balanced, composed, not superficially, but pragmatically, literally, ordered, focused, collected, clear.

No zero sum game.

Throw your arms wide and let the whole mess settle.

Where are you now that you are where you are?

It is okay that you have different beliefs than your family.

It is perfectly acceptable that you have different beliefs than your family.

Focused on getting 30 slashes over the next few days (a method for trying to get more consistent yoga/stretching going); also, focused on creating new head space with “weed free” days.

Yoga really does seem like the right writing exercise.

Such a massive failure,

But I stayed on target,

Kept an eagle eye on my spreadsheets

We pushed though the pain of fall

The grind of winter

Escaped to China for 2 memorable weeks

And then found Ruby and made moves

To get away from Graff.

Then in May betsy got pregnant.

Hard Summer. Worked a lot. Put in a lot of time

On my days off to knock out the training.

Then went out west—

Cruel little reminders of what my life is not—

Longing, grown, writing into the pain.

11/28/2020

Orion south and east and his bow aiming directly at the nearly full moon.

11/27/2020

Main utility— keep girls safe, nurtured, loved, grow my garden in my plot.

Clear head, clear heart, breath deeply, observe the universe shift.

The LOGOS. Doing language.

Joy in the process. Lord I found you here.

Faith conviction is a gift from god.

All is an interminable chain of longing.

Life your life. Grow. Know thyself.

Trying to hustle a career dragging along my rolling ball of interests.

Success or failure wonderfully and fairly placed squarely on my shoulders.

The word sculptures are beginning to collect on my desk.

11/26/2020

Desert moment… sudden drunkness..very drunk… what the fuck set this off…

Sudden bender

Sick at bed time.

Threw up water in the morning.

Killer of inspiration, slower of form, crawler of skin, no seat for your rest.

My drunkass poisoned by the beer just as betsy’s back goes out and Helena has insomnia and I am unresponsive, drunk and passed out to the world. This is a low point in my life as a parent and a partner.

Hung over now, but wise. Feeling very wise and hungover.

Recently discovered that the continuum is a much more plausible and instructional metaphor for me. We grow, we wither, we are replaced on and on…

Being. Working Living. Learning. Stretching. Living. Savoring. Renewing

Manic season, long road, discipline.

Integrity in action; unity of body and mind

Sustained unfolding vision vs. perpetual existential crisis

I awake today a different man: appetite, gusto, energy, direction

Peace with smallness. Peace with enormity.

11/24/2020

Your religion is exactly how you live. The way you practice your religion is exactly how you live.

Your life is the practice of your religion. The application of your religion. I suppose I have culled this idea from my Judeo-Christian roots with its emphasis on personal responsibility and American Consumer culture with its emphasis on personal preference and conspicuous consumption. Never settle. We want the best. We are always selling. Worked with what you had. Rejected the name-brand mindset. Apartment and city living have relatively limited our possessions (limiting our possession/obsession management responsibilities.)

Life is the point.

The nice thing about writing today is that more people can read. The potential audience is more sprawling, riddled with niches.

Playing at self— intensive study, reading, yoga, meditation, practices, getting my feet under me.

There is some serious anxiety attached to the idea of bringing this process to light.

Still very far from sea,

So to speak.

Kwame Alexander (*Psalms and Balms*, *Light for the World to See*)

There’s no time for despair. No place for self-pity. No need for silence. No room for fear. We speak, we write, we DO language, that is how civilizations heal.

Literature of healing— after revolt, civil war, upheaval, how do we return from the brink or even beyond the brink. How do we leave and yet still return (Be (am) -leave (learn)- return(create)).

We create for one another. Intensely, anonymously.

Freeing myself to be…

I need to get my dictations going— I really think it is a very fresh and new and potentially expansive and timesaving way to compose.

A siren in the distance. The US flag, the Chicago city flag, the North Center flag all waving in the wind blowing due south. People are walking around. It’s the evening. 9:17. It feels strangely late for 9:17. It’s an overcast night. It’s obscured, but somewhere out there there is the sliver of a waxing cresent. Yesterday was the new moon. Today, on this first day of not smoking or drinking, I completely fell apart and I haven’t been stretching. I refuse to let my drug use overshadow the transformative experience I had.

“Gotta get used to the old you not being round here.”

Everything has gotten so intense and politicized and I feel like you have to work to shelter your kids from that at this point? I mean, what, when I was 8-9, do you think it was important to me to be up on Ronald Reagon’s tweets about the Iran-Contra affair? No, of course not. That shit was distant. That was government shit, it had its place. I was a kid. It was a million miles away from me. And besides old Ollie was the most honesty liar I’d ever seen in uniform.

Now we have a ratings obsessed president working in cahoots with wildly partisan media machine. Modern and traditional media.

Of course everything is left of Fox, and thank God! And yes, we will always have Fox there to anchor us.

A car acerates into the night.

But I don’t want to write political shit… but I should have my nice little file, so that it can be a subject that I don’t avoid, but I am also not completely obsessed with. I am trying to flush out the emotion with regards to it. The emotions are complicated and nuance and compacted. It would be so much easier to approach with my siblings if it was not so emotional. I have also arrived at a place where I do not have to convince them and I think it is wonderful that we think differently about these things. It is good. Our systems depends on it. Our system also depends on accepting that the opposition is working in good faith to improve the country and not just destroy the opposition party. Opposing the opposition is very democratic. Attempting to obliterate the legitimacy of the opposition is traitorous and completely hateful to our cherished political system. Do we have the greatest system in the world? Then what is the problem? Do we not have the greatest political parties in the world?

Just chat. Have a beer. Who fucking knows? Can’t we just be brothers? Give each other shit.

A plane drones in its descent… it is coming down. I am coming down. We are down now. We have landed.

Hopefully, these notes will not be annoying to return to. Hopefully, there will be something salvageable about them. There seems to be a lot I could learn about dications by doing dictations.

我觉得这样复习中文也有好处，可是觉得有一点儿难。口袋。

Mask.

Fueled by a driving desire to transcend these conflicted feelings.

A powerful vibrational effort.

A simple act of imagination.

By performing this act I was temporarily released from the ritual world, a merciless place that gave me no peace, and had given access to an impossible realm where I could from an increasingly resolute relationship with the spiritual idea of my last child.

A restorative force of imagining

My catastrophic heart, the convulsion of my grief.

I am seeking a more mythic understanding of things.

I am seeking a more mystical understanding of things.

Giving self time to descend.

Ascending as we go.

Ascending as we flow.

Showered, cozily clad, outside so drab and darkening, snapped on my happy lamp, will enjoy it another 15 minutes— happy reading time could be a good way to break the day up. I need to keep up my stretching!! I feel really good today, no?

The Laughing Buddha lays out our irrational feelings cathartically before you.

Write it out.

Stretch it out.

Flush it out.

Address it. Lick it.

Send it out the door.

11/23/2020

It’s all just dessert out here in the desert.

**Be (practice)**

Sitting, yoga, self-care, savoring flavors, breaths, sunshine, sounds, sensations, poetry, music, listening, conversing, reading, watching, computer programming (digital organization), cooking, photography

**Learn (practice)**

Reading, listening, conversing, watching, music, sitting, yoga, self-care, savoring flavors, savoring breaths, the sun, the moon, computer programming, cooking, photography

**Create (practice)**

Writing, programming, yoga, sitting, conversing, cooking, photography

Am I a self-actualizing creative or just a meglomanical drug-addict.

Total hack, just seeking satisfaction in his razor-cutting act.

And weed is cheaper than smack and easier too hide when you are all fucking

Mushing and squishy inside. You have truly become Frankenstein’s Bride.

Brain fried, burnout coinciding with your first attempt to turn the obscenely large wheel of the process and you are feeling the resistance. But this is not really fair. The main issue has been that we have not been getting in our coding, and thus not paving the way for guilt free writing time and you require the guilt free writing time to get on top of your notes and your recordings. And that is really important, because as much as it is good to be in a flow where I am producing a lot of words, I konow that to get to where I want to be with any given project is to just give it a few more turns around the carousel. I really like this concept. This freedom of not being tied down to any one concept. Any one slog. You have put the time in to ground yourself in a variety of projects which allows you to weave in and out of them as inspiration and available time wax and wane. Each new entry is another foothold that can bje leveraged somewhere. Even if the lines are just a purge, or just a warm-up, and I use just with reverence here. I am beginning to understand that the chatting that I can achieve in this medium is my voice. It is something that I can shape and impersonate. I can stretch and shrink. Poetry is a word sculpture. Poetry as word sculpture is a very exciting medium. So versatile. So tied up tight with language. It is language itself and language evolving and language looking back. Language folding in upon itself. Poetry is language in motion, animated, given to flight, poetry is a bush full of birds beaten by a stick, poetry is a muddy udder and a rusty bit. Poetry is in everything and the practice of it is the only way I ever really ever have a full, firm grip on life. Poetry helps me live. Poetry gives me paths. Poetry warms my evenings. Poetry makes me laugh. Poetry travels lightly, or heavy like the night. Poetry come sprightly, lover, let us two alight. Poetry owes you nothing, yet poetry still forgives. Death may approach and dusk arrive, but fragrant poetry like the spring, through all helps keep us alive.

Unprecedented vocation and artistic explosion

or

delusional isolation and weed and mid-life crisis fantasy.

The razor thin difference between delusion and inspiration: the way other people interpret it (Madness in civizilation.

Lest we forget the therapeutic benefits of laughing.

I have not been laughing very much lately.

Feeling that old, slow growth momentum, learning letter by letter what I need to know.

My mouth is full of myth

As are my head and heart.

Boldly building something to control

Some state to dwell among the redwoods

A shake to sleep beside the sea.

Imagination— breath, oh greatest organ of my faith

Rage, I run from you—

Humbly stumbling on my winter weakened legs

My quickening flame before me.

Power without grace, you say.

For the whole human race, you say.

Pick you lock.

Live, laugh, cry

Chicken chested, wild-eyed

Ideas, ideals, passion, zeal,

Ways to be, ways to heal.

Fences mending still.

Fences still to mend.

A great concaphony of consensus,

making up in volume what it lacked in clarity.

Roll the plain up like a carpet and tumble towards the coast

Roll farmhouse, highway, school and court and church

Roll up the county survey chief’s good work.

Bring it all together, bring it back home again.

Writing, programming, paving the way ahead.

There is time for all of these things in eternity.

Black out— sensory deprivation chamber for creative focusing…

11/22/2020

All I have ever wanted to do was write, and so despite everything I have been writing.

Acknowledge your practices, for this set of practices is your personal religion, put another way: your life.

I practice poetry.

I practice writing

I practice English

I practice Chinese

I practice Spanish

I practice Ruby

I practice Computer Science

I practice Web Development

I practice organization

I practice intimacy.

I practice humor.

I practice conversation.

I practice health- I practice wind, water, earth, and fire.

Life is practice.

Focus. Effort. Acceptance.

Emotionally resolving difficultiesa.

Confronting trauma

Letting guard down.

Unbottling rage.

Lyrical heroes of interfaith interfaces

Blindingly sublime eternal minds, but in time.

Have been pooping with increased frequency of late. Small, more frequent. Pooping like crazy!

Reading my journal from 1999 I once again confirmed that I am a writer. I have been doing the same thing— processing, or attempting to process the world through writing since even before then. It felt grounding to read my words and feel a kinship with that same searching spirit. This feeling of being very blocked by my mother in not an illusion. I really need distance for her. Even now (5/6/2021) as I type this up I feel a sense of anxiety thinking of how to charactierize and explain my writing to my mother and I falter and I feel shut down. I feel this sensethat she does not want to try and understand me, or in as much as my way of life is incomprehensible to her is how much I am failing and disappointing her, and breaking her mother’s heart, and keeping her from being in full Christian joy knowing that all of her family has been corralled within the same parameters of living. This seems like such a fatuus request. What about the relationships, the uniqueness. She gives lip service to this yes, I guess. But there is that never ending pressure. That we have had energy and hope and enthusiasm to overcome. And those commodities are difficult to maintain over time, but this is life, no? The resistances. The troubles. The negotiating. What are you talking yourself into? How do you process it?

I have been extremely isolated this year. I cannot look to other people to unlock me or affirm me. I cannot look to other people to affirm my normalcy or my rightness. I can look at other people, I can ask for their input, but I do not have to hang my wellbeing on what other people think of me.

I had lost my damned mind and had began to hate the shit out of my books— mocking “all hundred names” all around my living room in piles. an amalgamation of free creative thought and spontanetity and disciplined process and routine.

It is such a wonderful development to have these poems memorized (*Entropy, Cold*, *Nutcracker*)

Write to sisters, write to mother, write to wife, write to mother-in-law, write to daughters, write to brother and sister-in-law.

Consuming is a huge part of our job as demo-capitalizens and as hunters and gatherers.

But do we really want to be dominated by our consumption habits?

The dry desert and the high sky

My body expands, I’m a bird in flight.

A big first step is to just get here without feeling conflicted, or without feeling overwhelmed by my conflicted feelings. Being back to find the pulling line between the contradictory forces. Pressure and resistance setting the current. Pressure and resistance establishing the flow.

Without feeling failed even before the first stroke of the pen.

11/21/2020

There are practical things that will make you feel solid. There are practical things that will make you feel good. There are practical things that will make the world beautiful. There are practical things that will make the world good. There are practical things that will make the world better. There are practical things that we are excited about. There are practical things that will bring us together. There are practical things that will draw us apart. There are practical things that will help us to stand. There are practical things that will bring out the sun. There are practical things in this practical land.

A creature of horror. From an addled mind. Discarded without development. Unformed. Globular. It s formlessness its most horrid feature. Oozing.

We’ve explored the right silence and we are beginning to internalize it, befriend it, find it with great frequency, less effort.

Now, what does right confidence look like, feel like? How can it be sustained.

Creatively greet the day.

11/20/2020

STILL: eternal, settling

PRACTICING: intention, grounding, health

FORGIVENESS: the past is gone, how do you embrace the future?

I was super fucking wounded and have spent the fall healing.

Learning to be that being beyond attachment,

beyond responsibility, beyond interaction.

You are a being branching infinitely away

A mercury stream forthcoming

Infinite intricately cut channels to fill.

My radio confidently cranks out contradictions,

A.M. or P.M., A.M. or F.M.

That source, to that source where intention and order form.

Philosophy and computer science, simplicity and abstraction, components and definitions, systems and interfaces, symbols, themes, author, innovations.

Abstraction can clarify. And it rises out of order, not chaos.

On my jog last night I asked Jesus to come back into my life.

9/11/2020: felt like I was on the precipice of a vocational and intellectual breakthrough if I stuck with the process. And I have. And I was right. I was also wondering what the country would say in November.

This is serious business and should be approached with care. Settle! Sure up your foundation. Write, study language, study computers, don’t feel conflicted! Listen to music! Have fun! Stretch! Are you stretching? On 4/29/2021 I can happily say I am stretching. I have been stretching. Everyday. Stretching has become a foundation upon which I build my days and upon which my days are built.

Atman => the true self of an individual, beyond identification with phenomenon, the essence of an individual.

Compete at a high level even when the ball isn’t going in.

And I want to live and love and grow and have a flat stomach and a hungry heart.

Some people just don’t want to engage, can’t engage, just can’t.

The Chinese are just like the Americans only moreso.

1/19/2021

My wife is tried.

The nigh has conspired against us.

Have you transcribed… or even at least listened to the many recordings you made through the fall and the winter

Coding grants makes space for my language and writing exploits and to some extent is itself a language and writing exploit. Lost of synergy with language and coding and writing and content creation and all the typing that goes into coding. My coding and writing and typing in general have really improved over this last year to my great delight!

My path to programmer and poet (a doer of language, a cypher of sound and semantics, a collager and arranger and rhapsodizer of impressions)

I need to cultivate arcades

Seek the language of unity.

Monday Morning, feeling good beside the open window, a soft wind and a helicopter hum incessant in the sky, baby girl begins mewing from the bedroom— she’s just awake. Once again the morning hour.

This year has been about coming into my own as an adult and an artist, finding a firm ground of understanding of my familial and vocational responsibilities, and mastering the modes I need to adopt to maintain the necessary balance between them.

Writing/Stretching

Lynch pin of my mental and spiritual health; shaper and maintainer of my form and figure and general set sense of my self from when I, once collected, consolidated, prepared, simply … am.

Dreaming of reading Wendell Berry and living in the city and working in web and app development. Continuing on with my Chinese study, but not with the sweaty unsettled feeling that my vocational best bet had run its course and was up for reassessment, it was time to cut our losses or collect our gains, or whatever necessary sequence of moves needed to be made to get clear, get free, get on and into the next thing, immediately.

11/18/2020

You love you family, coding, writing reading,yoga.

That’s it. You have your intentions, you have your tools.

You have completed the arch.

Now, get through the desert as you desire to!

I have a deep, settled conviction that this is the way forward.

Nick Cave, Pink Floyd, Radiohead, Savvopoulous (“The Greatest Greek Ever”)

Moby Dick, The Odyssey

“A thousand galleon ships sailing ‘ghostly around the sun’”

Gestalt: feeling it well up inside of me.

11/17/2020

The Peak of Stupidity

The Valley of Despair

The Slope to Enlightenment

The Plateau of Sustainability

Identifying as a Chinese expert when I was not an expert was stressful

Identifying as a jewelry expert when I was not an expert was stressful.

Song of the Open Road

Wisdom is of the soul

It is not susceptible to proof,

it is its own proof.

Here is realization.

Here is a man tallied— he realizes

Here what he has in himself.

The past, the future, majesty, love, if

They are vacant of you, you are vacant of them.

11/16/2021

But was this just another cycle. Another turning of the screw, churning of the surf? Dalliance in Faerie, killing time till our seaborne pyre has been prepared. The conspiracy of the spheres, shadows and fears, tangible realities, gambles and necessary negligence. Sentimental ramblings. Ingratiating anglings, wranglings. Salient changes. Deranged arrangements. Triumphant confessions. The desert is a prohibition country. Sneaking hooch with the preacher. I caught the thirst in the army. We had too modes— baked in and bubbly

Indulging myself— but beginning to see how we can reign in our time and truly support my intention’s deep dive with an honesty effort to develop my coding skill set and knowledge base. Whispers of momentum in the wind again.

Go then Elijah— I will send you provisions via a raven.

Are you still an artist if your artistic vision has never quite seen the light of day. If your heart of art is byt a creature of the night. A succubus seeking sustenance from an incubus ?

Stuck in a room with the discarded corpses of outmoded, outmodelled thoughts.

A stereoscopic take on all I’ve forgotten.

This unhinging from a truth, the truth, the important, the appropriate, the apropos

Obligations fulfilled by the work of my hands.

Face sober reality, keep writing through it, plowing through it, vetting it, finding rhythms right where you left them off.

11/13/2020

The is our underlying relational truth.

My commitment to know my mind and settle my mind has been a powerful force. Late August 2020, feeling tired, burnt out, despairing, alienated, overcaffeinated, stretched, uncertain, anxious, unsettled about the political and religious schism in my family, in the country.

I accept that we are the world’s most prolific weapons manufacturer. I accept that we allow people to end unwanted pregnancies when the child is unwanted and they are unwilling to carry the child. I accept that we are a country that executes prisoners, assassinates enemies.

If a one way ticket to hell is the only way I can get out of fundamentalist land then I suppose that is how I get out.

Confronting my life as an art worked— a writer, a processor of language, an explorer of the logos, one who hungers for “doing language” and who has endeavored to find my bottom, my foundation so that I may process without the dray of feeling conflicted or emotionally emptied out by the disappointments of other people.

I am a different person no— I have crossed over to a new way of being and learning and creating. I believe the change will be profound.

Octorber 2020 and the weeks afterward and the who of 200 has been a transformational year. I now feel so much more settled in my mission to achieve vocational gratification and stability. I feel so much more settled in my understanding of what my body and mind require to be healthy and balanced and I am inspired by the unfolding depths that this understanding is leading me into. (Your needs explain your depths).

Everyone is deep. Everyone has depths and layers and are affected indirectly and directly by many things, factors, phenomena.

I am inspired to take a deeper dive into the world view differences between east and west, conservative and progressive, man and woman, one and many, child and adult.

Persia keeps coming up as this pivot point. The place where the world divides. The house of eternal return versus the house of the temporal resolution of time withing the larger sweep of history. As a mythological basis for building up your life, the eternal return is beginning to make a lot more sense to me and the apocalyptic mindset with its earthbound perfection seeking is beginning to seem like madness. But it also raises my wary feelings towards Buddhism and other eastern thought traditions that seem at some level to capitulate the individual’s role in the moral fabric of society— I need to read more about Buddhism at this point. Obviously, many Buddhists are also temporally political— they have demonstracted that they have launched movements, they have acted as dissenters, so I think my larger ideological consclusions doen’t hold up I the pale cool light of how things shake out in reality.

What I desire more than anything is an unencumbered and engaged body, heart, and mind that is agile and warm and loving enough to read past the symptoms represented in the statement and instead feel out the underlying relational truth that is being tested. How can you affirm— how can you encourage? Compliment— have a magnanimous heart. A heart bursting forth with love and communal goodwill. A mind firing with the love and empathy that I bring to TEXTS. A body radiating love allowing me to nurture myself and others.

I masturbated today for the first time in at least several weeks. I didn’t even masturbate because I felt like I needed to, I did it because I was a little curious about if I could, or how long it would take. The main change I have experienced is that I have neighter had the urge to, nor have I sought to use mast4urbating or looking at sexualized images of woman as a stress coping mechanism, as I have occasionally done in the past when I am feeling bored, or lonely or restless or unsettled in some strange manifestation of physical and mental unease. Cause, you know, in the moment its not a bad thing. It’s very comforting to look at breasts and the sexy expressions on women’s faces and to touch myself and imagine that I am being touched by a sexy woman with amazing breasts and an engaged, aroused, inviting expression on her face. I mean, come on, I am a grown man whose sex life has been usurped by my 6 and 2 year-old daughters. My wife and I are exhausted by the time we have time to have a little sexy time. Which is fine. It’s the wayw of the parent— I understand the “get away” now— out of all the ruts that make copulating a Five Act art. Four movements of four play are necessary to get to the climactic last act.

I am actually pretty pleased by this fact. Not masturbating or looking at porn even once in a while. Its another concrete example of how my mind and body have transformed in the past few months.

* Not masturbating, few erections, but god performance when the call comes
* Lost weight
* Toning body
* Costochondritis and back pain has resolved.
* Neck much less tight
* Writing has exploded in quantity and variety.
* Generally feeling more patient.
* Less conflicted about what I should be doing at any given moment (peace)
* Much more in tune to the sun and the moon. Greeting them in the morning and the evening. Seeking them out for reflective breaks, for stretching, for a sign of the weather, my mood.
* Much more conscious of when and where the sunlight is and what phase of the moon it is.
* Setting goals by the sun and the moon
* Chasing the light
* Music has become much more open to me or I have become much more open to it.
* I love books again. They have been transformed from a mocking peanut gallery of neglected children— proof of my lack of follow through, curiosity, wherewithal for extended periods of concentration, long thoughts. Sheltering in place, doom scrolling my way through the multidimensional crisis of 2020

Nearly lost my soul, time, talent to Swiss Watches

A strategic swap, tacking hard against the slinging resistance of the hard calendar.

And when a U-Haul smashed through the heart of the gyre, opening up a gapping hole in the glassed in foyer of my imprisonment, I walked through it, and out, and away and into a new era. Six months out and I am finally revived enough to write you a letter. I needed some time to heal and I have been given that time and I have taken that time and this has been an incredible compacted, heavy, heard year, but ultimately one that has blessed us and provided for us in surprising and unexpected ways.

I feel like in the past betsy has not always gotten my processes—

Which I actually can’t blame her for at all, since even I haven’t always gotten my process either, they sure keep moving me shore to shore though. And finally, at last, seem to be finding some sort of traction. Solid ground. Firm foundation from where to build from.

Being polite is an easy way to be kind.

I am finally ready to code.

Do we really have something over our ancestors?

We have technologies which allow us to build economies that don’t rely on as much physical labor.

People in North American generally have more abundance of resources and leisure time than past generations. At the same time though, modern day people are being taxed with different challenges. We find problems with things. Its one of our talents as rational, crafty creatures. Our character and creative spirit determines how we respond to these problems. Our character and spirit determines which problems we respond to and to what degree.

One of the problems that I have wanted to resolve is my lack of 21st century computer literacy which has placed a lot of inertia and undesired stress around dealing with all this wonderful information.

11/14/2020

And we are burrowing deeper into this process. Drifting further off away from shore.

Out to sea. Seeking the right silence.

And now was I in the right silence or was I simply riding the mania of being high— work has to continue when I come down— writing has to continue, cause let’s be honest, I was not that high, but I want to be sober when I review it— I can draft high, but I need to read sober. The whole point of all of this is to get deep into the process— we are building the factory— the means of production. Finding our style in the miles of text we have handwritten or typed— found our voice in the night— our voices perhaps: a fast voice to get it down, and another to add some color, our research voice, our fact checker voice, our narrator, the accountant, the lawyer the addict the obsessive, the father the sun, the depressive, the fledgling artist at 41, the believer in secular scriptures.

As post-modern as his mother had feared, but at least he wasn’t queer— be near me, hear me.

We weave through the desert

Disgusted at dust

Finding little solace in another wasted day.

But here we confront our diseased dichotomy—

Our diet of moldy hay.

The mania streams free from our being,

In this right silence.

As we milk the system for its mysteries

Before ceasing to be just before Christmas

When she calls us out on the blood of Christ

Whose substance is but wine to our mind.

I am far from shore, I am far from shore.

I’m in mythic land now—

I need to come back—

The ides shall bring me back—

Under the sky of the new moon— rebirth

Moon cycle of scarcity and self-care and thankfulness.

11/12/2020

Feeling in the desert now. Uncommercial. Personal. Too drugged and scattered to be a poet of any note. The desert feels stultifying today. I do not feel well.

Do not feel good today. Struggling a bit. Feel like I did back in the summer, though with slightly improved coping mechanisms and much more work already underway.

Has weed killed your conscience? Does weed keep me drugged up and dedicated to the craft. What if I approached the craft without it.

Coming to grips with how much time I have to “waste” just to simply be.

Ripping through my family fairly certain of my worthlessness.

Wow—this is certainly the desert now.

This ancient effort—

Dissolving in the dream—

Straining to conceive of how much to reveal—

Losing my place on the real and the unreal.

Supping on malformed infants being raised for veal.

They are of another kind and not our own—

You are far our and fragmented—

Distanced and far from home.

You have to work your way back, my dear—

You have to track back along the way that you have wandered.

You are plundering your good future store.

You have chosen the way of blood—boiling in your belly,

doubling down on you’re your depressive confessions—

I’d rather hear the rattle of the snake incessant, but at a distance

Than have the slither of its certainty pressed upon me.

When will you stop trying to save your soul

And finally let your soul save you.

It’s the 12th of November. Just a couple days into the desert. Some palm flowers were found blooming near a spring on a sunny day. We bathed and sat in the sun and shared some flower between us and thought about what we were doing and why I was here. And I was inspired to give it all up to God. And in that moment my heart was unencumbered by any theology or cultural ties or historical labyrinths justifying all sorts of human things. The God I had know came attached with many puppet strings. A shadow of a God. A God depicted. A God marshaled forth. A God indignant. A God in me. A God in you. An obsidian mirror between the two. And I thought— open body, open, open heart chakra, open thraoat chakra, open third eye, open valve to the sky and reach. Shrug your shoulders forward and level out your arms extended before you. Spread your feet shoulder with apart. Keep your arms horizontal. Stretch them out side to side. Feel the pull. Don’t draw and quarter yourself, but feel that good tension, like you’re soaring. Ahhhhh… You could be a plane. Rock your hips back and forth. Do you feel any tightness in your thighs and hamstrings? If you do, just lean into it. Find a stretch that just says, “Hello, I see you there, I’m here with you.” And if you find a good stretch, don’t be aggress, don’t attack it, just knead it, maybe move it around a little bit. Wake it up. Roll your hips. Ohhhh… good pops today. Where I am at right now with my body work (said quickly, practiced, casual) is my legs (grunt strain with effort), my hips, my thighs, in this whole meridian, I don’t know what to call it, but this whole kind of nerve down my leg, which I feel has gotten progressively less sore and the pain less acute when I push on it, just within in the last… I’ll have to check my notes, but about five days of working on that, just having that be a quick routine before I sit and, you know, with the one thought too being that any sort of massage to my legs is not a bad idea given potentially the amount of sitting I will do and potentially the circulation issues that I had earlier in the summer (sores appearing on my feet and shin, likely from elevated blood pressure? Too lower pressure? The legs having problems returning to blood back up to my heart.) Just following the ligaments and tendons up and down the leg. Trying to get them to release. And paying special attention to my achilles and ankle which I have oft injured and potentially in the past overstretched. I think in the past my approach to stretching has been a little too aggressive and I think potentially I may have overstretched to get my initial Achilles injury in June and then exacerbated it by not stretching it enough and running on it and then stupidly kicking on it when it was already injured and springing it and that hurt like hell and then compounding that by having an injured left achilles, but then being very, having it be pretty swollen, but manageable walking around the grassy yard barefoot with a low ABV beer in my hand just, you know, kind of drinking the day away, just kind of getting a little sun drunk and then at dusk, just as the fireworks are starting and there’s a little fire going and everyone is gathering in the Buckman’s yard, at the edge of the yard, by the breakwall, the “seawall”, under the willow tree. Beneath the diminishing willow for the fireworks I decided to take a quick jump into the lake, with a quick wave to Dan Lansfeld as I passed by and then I pushed off gleefully, knowing it was going to feel so good to splash in these waters and thinking back to all those years growing up when the bay was so shallow you could never think about jumping off the dock and you had to wade out almost a half mile for the water to get over your head and I think it too some of our enthusiasm out of playing in the bay, it was kind of embarrassingly shallow, but now it was back with a vengeance, it was back to 30 year highs, and so it was so blissful to jump right off the dock cannonball style, just like a juicyfruit commercial or just like a mountain dew commercial my dad had strung up a rope from the diminishing willow and the grandkids all took turns swinging Tarzan and Jane style out into the deepening waters, but before I splashed into the cold water, I remember my injured achilles, my achilles heal and it hurt like hell. And then water and ice and stillness and anointing and redirection and rebuilding and symbols and picking points in space and leverging one’s destiny around them, making a fable of your foible with a moral, that’s been mutually agreed upon. A consensus. A conviction. A limp flag flutters open on the flagpole by the Starbucks blocking the mien of Lincoln on the now defunct Lincoln Restaurant’s iconic parking sign.

There will be challenges between here and the source.

The Ides clarified my practices. My way forward.

Thinking is not math. Thinking is aftermath.

If I can control my urge to masturbate with yoga and meditation and diet, then I can probably control my weed smoking as well. Intention? Do I have the proper intention? The mature intention?

Why don’t you think about what you like about being stoned and the things that you do and then replicating those things when you are not stoned.

1. Turning everything else out and concentrating in on the task at hand
   1. Writing
   2. Stretching
   3. Watching something
   4. Reading something
   5. Walking
   6. Looking at the infinitely interesting sky
   7. Playing music
2. Free Blocks of time for free flowing projects
3. Generous body work
4. Cooking projects- I experiment more when I am stoned. I experiment more when I am not hung over.
5. Drink projects- making drinks, combining ingredients, thinking about flavor
6. No real need for external input, or rather having the ability to tune into most frequencies or being attuned enough to know when you are in need of a realignment and excusing yourself.
7. Shower with candles. Wake up with candles. Wind down with candles.
8. Breath deeply.
9. Hang out outside
10. Go for walks, runs, bike rides

Thesis: body more open

* More emotionally open and balanced
* More mentally open, dexterous, curious, productive, agile, healthful, vibrant, energetic, nurturing, clear.

**BEING (BE)**

**LEARNING (LEARN)**

**CREATING (CREATE)**

Each practice or facet informs the others, they are all interconnected.

How do we lessen or mitigate the exhaustion that comes from feeling conflicted and pulled in many different directions all at the same time.

Clarify values and goals: Be, Learn, Create

Establish a realistic value centered schedule with trackable metrics.

Don’t be afraid to reassess

My three practices: **BODY, LANGUAGE, TECHNOLOGY (the word… the LOGOS)**

Trying to figure out a coding/writing schedule that creates momentum for me and gives some breaks to betsy.

Scheduling: making time, making it a habit/routine, clear on motivation and intention.

Body—Mind—Spirit:

Open, balanced, healthful, vibrant, nurturing, clear, energetic, dexterous, curious, productive, learning, growing, agile…

Indica afternoon after sativa late morning. My desert stay has been pleasant so far, but there are tougher times ahead. Not really afraid of overdoing the weed. Have been on a good tenor—a workaday sort of approach, but would like to explore these new found ways without weed as well. Acknowledging that desire and acknowledge the creative benefits that could be grained from two or three days of deprivation—instant perspective change? No more magical thinking? No more poetic rambling? You have attempted over the years to teach yourself to do some sort of autowriting, some sort of mechanism, independent of my mind, somehow freer and more creative… but that is the thing. My hands have wisdom, my organs have wisdom. They were born with ancient wisdom, womb wisdom and then they grew and adapted based on the stimulus and training they received

Lamentations, 1st Kings, Song of Songs, Psalms.

Gotta get back to Coding!

11/11/2020

No regrets, feeling like this journey has been the right move, despite its uncertainty, despite its lack of efficiency. Etc. You are entering a time of healing and growth and you must be patient with yourself and compassionate with yourself. You do not know your destination, but you are certain that you are heading in the right direction.

Expand your maintained space for myth and ritual (spiritual/emotional/physical melding)

Maintain sacred space- ritual and upkeep of live. Don’t obsess over it, but ackonledge its dignity and importance and give it the attention it deserves. Give yourself, your life the attention it deserves.

NOT ENOUGH STRETCHING THIS MORNING AND TOO MUCH CAFFIENE

My desert deep dive continues…

Helio’s Embrace blesses me, share this new stretch with betsy. Difficult to communicate the spiritual, cathartic component of the experience. The experience of the SACRED is INEFFABLE

Pressure points:

* Massaging of feet, legs, hips
* Stretching sides—hip to back, feeling progress.
* Costochondritis and accompanying localized spinal tightness feels best it has yet!!

Gorgeous sunset tonight. Last color bled out at 5:20. Color spectrum creeping up over the horizon then slinking away into the night… violet… indigo…blue… green… yellow… orange… red

11/10/2020

High: 74

Low: 35

Sunrise: 635

Sunset: 434

Potentially the warmest day until next spring.

Smoked 3 x yesterday and 1 x today thus far…

The winds are strong from the south.

49-61 km/h

We’ve seen strong winds this year.

Thousands of trees knocked down in a single night.

Trump apocalypse.

I am in denial about being in the desert

We have left the comforts of the mountain.

The certainty. The God embrace. We move forward

Equipped wit the gift of the Ides.

How do you regulate the pressure within against the pressure without?

June, my approach was aggressive, desperate, dedicated, barnstorming. My back Got so tight. My chest felt pulled. Couldn’t even do a push up. Blew my Achilles.

Now I enter the desert after descending from the mountain. More settled in myself. My manifold goals and projects sweeping out ahead of me.

Questing for appropriate, agile confidence. Journeying towards the source in a time of scarcity.

Journeying with the understanding that my weakness is somehow my source.

Willow tree and five red hens

Right silence and obsidian stone

When you are in the right silence the stone moves with you. You can wield the stone like a scepter, shake it like a magic eight ball. Just big and rubber seeming.

The world defines us by what we know. I define myself by what I don’t.

The only rational was to educate is by example.

Beauty, value, responsibility

In history, in mystery, consider the other’s joy. Encourage it.

Manchild morning

Clumsy and withdrawn

**Process**: intention, preparedness, structure

**Execution**: agile, planned, scheduled

**Endurance**: sustainable, habitual, renewal

Feeling the need for some sort

Of metaphysical ballast

To keep me low and stable

Point to point

Swell to auspicious swell.

And its true this place is rough and I think its true that no one gets out of here alive.

Wood of suicides

Vale of Heretics

There are so many messages floating around out there. I have realized that the first message that comes to mind is not necessarily the first message I want to share. It is a starting point, but just because it was thought does not mean it needs to be shared. What is my intention? Releasing some need in my to get these words out? Am I seeking to inform or educate? Am I enlisting help? Asking in earnest for a new perspective? Truly, what is my intention?

*Sunday Morning,* Wallace Stevens

Symbolist

Healist… healing: Osteopathy, yoga, breathing, chakra model, egoscue, Tai qi, Qi gong.

14:14:14

Costochondritis and back spinal manifestation are feeling much improved today. Two good sessions before 2. Identified good stretch for thighs: hurdler stretch. As my back loosens up and my neck is feeling increasingly loose, my thighs and ankles would be the next main points to focus on. They certainly have been the workhorses these last 7 years. Standing my way to victory—existence is my reward.

Finally, feeling my way back into the Silicon sea.

Escape routines of inertia.

Psychological plane.

Psychedelic plane

Understand humanity deeper

Our capacity to heal

Our capacity to adapt (be like water)

Learning how to create from a healthy place.

Finding a STATE / ROUTINE / PROCESS / COLLECTION of HABITS that will allow you to create in a healthy sustainable way

PROCESS: intention, preparedness, structure

EXECUTION: agile, iterative, predictive, scheduled

ENDURANCE: maintainable/sustainable, habitual.

Prospecting the goldminer’s mind.

Panning this stream-of-consciousness for some glinting indication of a deeper vein. Catching that glint…now how to get to the vein?

*We shall not cease from exploration and the end of all our exploration will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time. Through the unknown, remembered gate, when the last of the earth left to discover is that which was the beginning at the source of the longest river. The voice of the hidden waterfall and the children in the apple-tree, not know because not looked for.*

11/09/2020

How does one apply mystical understanding?

Rooted. Best foot ahead.

Meet the magic of satisfaction back there.

Run with the river

My star here in my hand

My Feeling- feeling for the stones.

Nurture your root.

Nurture your truth.

Work at it. Get rooted. Settled.

Know- see- speak-love- do-feel-am

How came we desire union with God if we already have it.

How many different races do you think there are in space?

In the desert:

* We shall apply what we have learned
* We will forgive self and others
* We will be kind to ourselves and others
* We will be nurturing to ourselves and others
* We will be patient
* We will be productive
* We will be cabalistic
* We we will be dramatic and engaged

I went out walking

Went out to find a clue

Yeah, I went out walking

And I found it all in you.

Now, I’m gonna sit right down

Till you tell me what to do.

Yes, indeed, I’ll sit right down

Until you tell me what to do.

1st day back/ last day back. Today is the 40th day of this process, my 40 days and 40 nights have drawn to an end.

Faery has had me and held me. A Phantasmagoria of imagination. Felt truth. Transformational truth. Health. Settled mind.

Your body is your mind; your mind is your body.

I have pooped 4 times today => soft, purging sort of poop, small, soft cylinders.

Body feeling really good! Just had fun putzing on guitar (had fun! Did not feel conflicted).

Overcoming bad patterns, posture says a lot.

At noon today I entered the desert. From now until the ides of December I am in a period of scarcity and traversing. I shall bring with me all of its treasures, but I need a clean break from marijuana to fully process this transformation. After 40 days we can reassess. Also, cut way back on beer. A beer with betsy is a bonding, thing, we chat, we relax together. This is different than he popping back tallboys in the alley so I can have a little bit more of a buoyant pop when I go in to see the girls. So, yes, fine drink with betsy, just not alone. Drink more tea. Lots of tea! More turmeric. Lots of yoga and meditation. (5/25/21- marijuana for all of its benefits has kept me from going further with meditation.). Your body is healing! The desert is the perfect place to practice Yoga. And if you feel like sobbing sometimes, just fucking sob— but know this— you will emerge from this process a more fully formed, complete and stable person if you complete the JOURNEY OF ELIJAH

11/08/2020

Dictations were a gift the IDES.

Rebirthed today, the 39th day. Child’s pose, bathed in sunshine. Golden embrace, preparing way for child’s pose.

In the evening felt low— tired, dragged down, Walked, but did not feel a spark. Too much SPIRIT?

UNDERSTANDING— know thyself

11/07/2020

Am I chasing the dragon too far? Lord touch me with your lightening.

Manopause? No one is to blame. Not my daughters growing through their manifold needs. Our incompleteness creates space for us to be filled by the world— should we say universe— should we say emptiness— silence.

My perspective has changed. I have a patentedly new perspective. I understand what must be done. I understand how I must work and that in my weakness are the seeds of my new growth, continued growth. I must attend my weakness lovingly, openly, honestly in the same way that I would attend the weakness and need of a wound of my child, my wife, my mother, my father, my sister, my brother, other all.

My old categories had begun to lose their utility.

Our minds, all made up for us, got lost at the last minute.

Layers and layers of color combinations made perfect by time and decay.

Cemeteries are zone for the burial of dead bodies and typically have walls all the way around them.

When guns and auto manufactures and the sugar lobby have so much power, you have to wonder when a bunch of pre-pubescent boys took over.

A half hour of yoga made all the difference— connecting with my pain has helped me begin to grow past it and prepare to confront it in the future. I am unafraid— I have entered the eternal.

I have begun, intentionally, to prepare for death.

I have begun to prepare my body for aging and decay.

I am following my weakness and pain to the grave.

I am seeking the light—

Sun and warmth, heat of my qi, cool of realse.

Stretching— pulling, pitching, pushing beyond our closed conceptions of ourselves— our failures, our achievements— ease of entry, ease of exit, design and communion with the muse.

Throat feeling much more open, hit some very interesting falsetto notes with minimal effort.

11/06/2020

Access stream of well-being, thoughts, feelings.

And the *Logos*?

In this process? Yes!

In this circling and syntaxing?

In this basking in meaning:

exact or blurred,

all graspingly truthy?

Yes! I bare my chest

to the neighborhood birds

like an old man

skinny and free.

The process of writing. The right write silence. Breath into it. Feel the thoughts and the calm that comes with the long thoughts when you engage and hold and look ahead and do not look away. The sacred space I set aside to enter the temple.

Conform: lose self; self can meet self, gods can meet other gods without fear of falling under sway.

His clothes always smelled of woodsmoke and his skin lavender.

Blame has become a way to process painful things that happen. Blame forces us to look at the pain.

Rigid body, rigid mind. Release!

Rigid thinking makes us feel like we are constantly messing up because we are not conforming to the ideas in our mind. We feel guilty, frenetic, anxious, run ragged with useless overthinking. Are you really going to drag me into your overthinking loop.

Rigid thinking example: a woman creates a utopian ideal for her pregnancy and birthing experience and motherhood and then when reality and challenges expose her idealized experience as unrealistic or naïve, not nuanced enough, but her ideal keeps her from acception other “ideas”, narratives which are important for establishing a healthy perspective.

1. Punishes herself for not feeling what she should feel.

Waking up feeling good. Still have tightness in mid-back up into shoulders. Realized yesterday that I haven’t had the old “have to get out for a run” feeling lately. My yoga seems to be burning through my pent up energy. What is “pent up” energy? How do we understand potential energy in the human body? Belly to chest breathing and single nostril breathing have both been really good! What are these body shimmers of energy.

* Throat opening, relaxing techniques
* Guitar playing feeling much more intuitive, not admonishing self for allowing myself to orientate, review theory, build context, confidence, unconscious engagement.

11/05/2020

How does the mind cloud and the body constrict?

How does the object of love become the object of hate.

Multiplicity, overwhelming force.

You are a system of messages.

You are a messenger.

Acknowledging that I can’t go to my mother or father for psychological guidance without it becoming a pitch for Catholicism.

You know when you are just being accepted and embraced and when you are just being sold. People don’t like to just be sold. They don’t mind being influenced, inticed, engaged. But pitched get stiches. Or a the very least micro-aggressions.

Honor the sacred ritual of sharing a beer with your wife by not drinking like a fucking lush. Even if its just sporadically with an incessant drum of end of the day beers. All thos extra calories, extra weight, caffeine comingling, THC enhancing, tired mind, lacking stamina

Spiritualsim: direct contact with god and angels possible, good God, will not condemn unbaptized infants.

Andrew Still MD, DO 1828-1917

* Attended baker university
* Company F of Cass County
* Home Guard of the Mission calvary (Union)- defacto surgeon
* After civil war, wife and 3 children and an a adopted child died of spinal meninghitis (1864)
* Concludes orthodox medical practices were frequently ineffectual and sometimes harmful. i.e. arsenic, castor oil, whisky, opium.
* Came to believe that disease caused by disordered musculoskeletal system.
  + The Philosophy and Mechanical Principles of Osteopathy
    - 1) a person is a unit of body, spirit, emotion
    - 2) the body is capable of self-regulatory, health maintenance
    - 3) structure and function are interrelated
    - 4) Rational treatment is built upon body unit, self-regulation and structure/function relationship.
  + Muscle Energy
  + Counterstrain
  + Myofascial or neuromuscular release
  + Ligamentories articular release
  + Osteoarticular adjustments
* Discoverable organic laws of the body
  + Mechanical principles
  + Molecular activities
  + Metabolic processes
* Body can recover from displacements, disorganizations, derangements and the consequent diseases.
* Equilibrium of flow.

He desecrated graves of Native Americans by removing remains and dissecting them.

Ideas of spiritualism(1867)

“Burned over district” in upstate New York(1840s)

Millerism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Swedenborg 1688-1772

* Great American Standard session
* Silhouette stance, facing one’s self
  + Puppeteer
  + Puppet
  + Da Vinci’s man
  + Oscar
  + Christ— suffering in the breathing and breath holding while stretching
  + Sacred heart of Mary with sun direct on my heart chakra
  + Pocket door leg stretch—lay on back, do each leg in turn, perpendicular up the trim of the pocket doors,
* Had thought that I need to relax about progress— it will come.

11/04/2020

Set out to solidify my new habits and work through a few others;

Maybe even learn a trick or two.

* Back feeling looser
* Sternum fire has come and gone all day
* Did a breathing technique that sent a rush of heat to my head and ears.
* Breath work with heart chakra.

11/03/2020

Body regions to focus on:

* Waist
* Spine/back
* Heart chakra
* Neck
* Shoulders

Sides stretching out, back behind heart chakra feeling much better, moving a lot of air singing, guitar feeling really good. Not creating much or moving through river, but feeling incredible and ready to do some solid work in Nashville after the election which is today.

Stretching is writing.

Writing is meditation.

Meditation is prayer.

And so I came up with a plan— get back to a watch shop. Code and write and study Chinese as much as possible to keep my other fronts progressing as I made some scratch for my family. Keep us in insurance. Earn us a holiday or two. These last 7 years have been a portage— now mind you, there has been a bit of flow at times. A portage to polish my obsidian mirror. Pass through the gate, pass through the gyre, the fall, the fall, where will it lead. Laughing Buddha, mad with releases. There have been times of contentment, excitement flow. The leather bladder of wine and the Woodman bounty has lifted my mind from my mule existence as times, my good girls growing and blowing my mind daily, impressing upon me the need to give to them, provide for them— but all in all it has been mostly portage, my main effort, my spent sinews have all gone to slogging through the muck and mire, up stairs, through dense thickets without room to manuever, feeling old and dumb with my Duluth packs too foolishly full. Endure, endure, you have a plan, you have a plan, a vision, a possibility, a dream. And then the rat came back.

11/02/2020

What happens when you truly leave your child mind behind? Metaphor as question. Question as metaphor.

What happens if you truly become open to new metaphors?

Guitar playing has been feeling both more intuitive and more logical than it has ever felt.

Don’t share too much unless the inquirer is in earnest. Let you light speak for your divine. Your dogbreath in the dark can’t articulate shit. You can blab about your practice, but your experience will necessarilyl remain shrouded in a haze of mystery even to yourself to some extent… as it should be.

There is no reason for me to persuade.

“If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.”

“Let him step to the music he hears however measured or far away.” H.D.T

Chakra walk: focusing on each Chakra for a time in turn, colors and affirmations could be helpful in visualizing connections.

Writing: crossed legged pillow sit; cobra pose.

Pranayama: full breath, complete Chakra breath.

09/02/2020

My ego is imploding… and yet at one in the same time I am this arrogant bastard. What the fuck is that. Ranting about wanting to stop drinking. Smoking too much. Feeling like shit.

05/05/2020

* Renewed relationship to exercise (holistic/habitual vs. performance)
* Vegetarian, lower carbs, lower sugar, drink fewer calories, more greens and cruciferous.
* Falling out of interest in social drinking.
* Reconciled with writing. Fated. Perhaps to fail. At least we are sure of the way.
* Enamored with books again.
* Further than I ever imagined I would be with computer programming and Chinese (keep going!)

07/01/2019

I ran to the desert to be near the end of the world.

I ran to the desert to be in the know.

I ran to the desert to learn from the sun.

I ran to the desert to know your dry naked skin.

I ran to the desert to forget my arctic existence.

I ran to the desert to pun my way free.

I ran to the desert to force my mind open.

I ran to the desert to simply be.

I ran to the desert to eat milk and honey.

I ran to the desert penance to seek.

I ran to the desert my boldest ambitions before me.

I ran to the desert to escape being weak.

I ran to the desert my mother to forgive.

I ran to the desert my heart to heal

**06/13/2016**

My plan for the day balloons and I feel a bit overwhelmed. I see my output and I am underwhelmed. I work and I try to get things done and I try and I fail. And when I have alcohol in my blood I feel happy and hopeful, but I have a difficult time balancing out all my different desires.

I haven’t been stretching and I feel tense and turned in on myself. The ideal is to be loose and centered and open to receive the universe with a solid base. Expect that everyone wants to hit me. Expect that everyone wants to attack me, smack me, sack me.

I shall forever struggle for that is life and that is the rhythm of life. To live and to struggle and to pitch back and forth against the weather of life. Oh, the storms, oh the soft summer days when you couldn’t quite look up.

And if I am writing and if I am living in language and if I am present for my wife , for my daughter, and if I am writing letters to be present to my friends whom I no longer am close to. Then good. Then life. Then solid. Then you are living your life are you not? Not apologizing for that which you cannot control. What about the idea of writing a short story for yourself. Writing something big and bloated and ambitions and then cutting the crap out of it for fun. Cutting the crap out of it because that is part of how you live in language. And you don’t have to worry about wasting money because you have

Dear 2020

Thank you for your terrible clarity.

My deepened vegetarianism.

My conviction to drink less and smoke less pot.

My renewed interest and wherewithal for books.

Time to write.

Time to code.

Time to stretch.

To get my girls up every morning and to put them to bed each night.

Thank you for the settling you have afforded us in our living space:

Kitchen: better organization, dishwasher, new utensils and pan

Living room: exercise bike, projector.

Family room: better book and toy organization

Esme’s room: here amazing loft that betsy made for her.

Thank you for severely challenging the Republican Party. Its ambitions leading itself to consume itself.

Thank you IDES (both the sacred PRACTICES and funds from the Government.

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

The River

**The River**

A Terrence Malik spread wide sky.

Ultimate narratives interaction with panache and politeness. Politicking. What has changed? How is this different that 20 years ago. Than 100 years ago. It is not. No I refuse to buy into your apocalyptic mindset. It is always the best of times and it is always the worst of time. I would much rather experience these worst of times than any other best of times in the history of the world.

The River’s Holy flow is my life’s one constant.

Oh, immortal Vidar Mo. Flowing with the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Colorado, the Danube, Amazon, Nile, Seine, Thames, Yellow Yangzi (Long), Iffey, the Escanaba, the Rapid…

The flow which makes me a heretic—blacksheep. Safe for a time. Seeking the soft flesh, the soft voice.

In the shade of the house, in the sunshine on the river bank by the boats, in the shade of the sallow wood and the fig tree, Siddhartha, the handsome Brahmin’s son, grew up with his friend Govinda (Siddhartha 1).

Already he knew how to recognize Atman within the depth of his being, indestructible, at one with the universe (Siddhartha 2).

Siddhartha stayed with the ferryman and learned how to look after the boat, and when there was nothing to do at the ferry, he worked in the rice field with Vadudeva, gathered wood and picked fruit from, the banana trees. He learned how to make oars, how to improve the boat and to make baskets. He was pleased with everything that he did and learned more from the river than Vasudeva could teach him. He learned from it continually. Above all, he learned from it how to listen, to listen with a still heart, with a waiting open soul, without passion, without desire, without judgement, without opinions (*Siddhartha 87)*

“Yes, Siddartha,” he said. “Is this what you mean? That the river is everywhere at the same time, at the source and at the mouth, at the waterfall, at the ferry, at the current, in the ocean, and in the mountains, everywhere, and that the present only exists for it, not the shadow of the past, nor the shadow of the future?”

“The is it,” said Siddhartha, “…Nothing was, nothing will be, everything has reality and presence.” (Siddhartha 87)

The Danube, particularly in this deep gorge, seemed far wilder than the Rhine and much lonelier. ([Fermor, Patrick Leigh;](Books/Fermor_A_Time_of_Gifts.docx) *[A Time of Gifts](Books/Fermor_A_Time_of_Gifts.docx)*[, pg. 145](Books/Fermor_A_Time_of_Gifts.docx)*)*

03/27/2021

Absolutely lost to the river. Owned by the river. All in the river. Home in the river. A poem in the river. Sea-girls calling from the sea. Calling, singing, breathing out to me—echoes from the mountain, rhapsody, like a poet

04/18/2021

He was taking his time. He had found his stretching. He had found his zen. The enthusiasm was harder to maintain without the ready supply of THC. His Daoist zeal for the elements. His lack of patience for the materialistic bullshit that seemed to dominate most people’s lives. He was attempting to live in his practices. He wanted to bring the water. The soothing water he had so arduously dredged up from the yellow river.