

Notes as of Jan 24th

Venus could be seen in the January mornings

While My Eyes Are Young Again

After Venus and morning mist began to pinch my wick, I finished the task alone with black candle soot coating my fingertips.

At my age, I traipsed to the only river I knew— by the childhood country cottage on the curb of an ancient forest.

I was probing for a few things one month after Yule, alongside wolves howling beneath their full moon—

the butt of chalk tugging tides up like a slipcover swallowing a pillow, diluting my syrupy blood— a sixth sense, fresh berries, omens, a pastoral poem and/or country song in the flesh, Herculean coffee, and the agenda I'd tucked under one of the lichen-cloaked toadstools.

It was a stretching journey, so witless and late of me to ask myself the critical question amid a 3:00 p.m. sunset with Jupiter and Saturn: Ella Hand, are you the hero of your own story?

It was winter who was laying it on thick, so foolish and tardy of me to think that the temperature wouldn't plummet, doubling my years all at once as I neared the rich, rotting river's earth steeped in memories of fallen trunks, burnt branches, woodmoss, fungus, and pale primrose.

On my knees, I licked my pale lips.

Purple broccoli, shredded kale, carrots, spring onion, potatoes, beetroot, and rhubarb haven't protected me.

Even spiced with garlic, chilli, parsley, and soaked in lemon juice,

→ Made an assumption that the light would go out - did it myself so as not to endure the cold of a flicker...

→ returning to presumed, ancient form of safety (that not all of us are afforded)

] Wolf moon @ Jan 25th/24

] Feeling lethargic, even w/ rest/slowness

] All that we wish would cure + curb... Hidden agendas we wish we didn't have (or have to hide - why we don't speak up)

→ Are we? Perhaps not. If we're not, then who might be? What does hero even mean?

Assumption + hope that nature owes us grace (w/o our active participation in caring for it through all cycles) ↘

→ and thus we're brought to our knees, hungry for a relationship we haven't been willing to participate in...

It will not save us. And we cannot "save it". But we can heal our vast relationship w/ it via liberating + freeing its indigenous peoples.

olive oil, and vinegar.

A wagon is coming. I push myself up
against a stump, careful
not to crush a nest.

→ awareness of the need for
rebirth seeping in

The chestnut horses are
covered with snow.

The creaking charcoal cabin
is painted with milky flame
and laced with heather.

} opposites x growth always has a
story to tell b/c binaries infrequently
exist...

Then there is a young man
with an ochre beard—
both a balcony and a bouquet—
crafted from the leathery,
late autumn leaves.

look, listen, gather (coexist)

**My eyes are young
when I can see them—
little pinpricks of mirror—
reflected in his powder
blue eye contact.**

Title
☺

“Jack Earthie,” he speaks from inside
his fern-infested wagon, nursing
a tender flame that burns in the air
without a brush or branch bed.

Where in our lives do we feel a
fire w/o a source? Is it warm or
burning? How do we find the
source + turn a flame tender?

“Earthie with ‘art’ snuggled
in the middle, between you,” he winks.

Ella Art Hand. Ha! Clever.

We both are + create art — most
deeply when connected @ land

Something from the flavour of
two-faced folk music, one peeking
into the past and the other
lurking in the future, heads
poked through the same doorframe.

The 2 faces of the Roman God,
Janus

And then he is so serious.
“Let me tell you the land’s tale today
before the tides wash away
my woodland walk.”

Lesson 1

“It may feel like more is
before than behind—
eternal waves
to witness from shore
until you’re ready and

The tangle of patience + urgency —
w/in + outside capitalism and
colonialism

↳ patience: “you have time”

* Each stanza = its own sentence - why?

There are other ways

an urgency to surf each one before you know how.

"jump in the deep end"

"But time isn't real. Tomorrow has never been promised even from mouthwashed words."

→ We see it linearly, which is constructed.

] "Buying" healthcare doesn't "buy" us time. Redefine healthcare + time...

"Rest, yes. But don't stop at the traffic lights of golden numbness garnet apathy emerald death."

Precious jewels are enticing - feel safe even, in the monetary value we've given them. Rest ≠ turning away.

"Death is dark because she absorbs your emitted shine—light throughout your life—as each of your candles burn to stumps that sprout another flammable cord."

Black clothes feel warm b/c they absorb sun/heat/light cycle

"Not the shine of claustrophobic joy, but the rushing stream of blood shared and shed."

] We cannot emit anything if we bubble/wall ourselves off from our own/others' pain, death.

"When it's time for you to greet her, it may be you who dictates whether she offers warmth or chains."

Fighting w/ our bodies, minds, souls means we share blood (and it will be shed).

"So live fully. Rest fully. Fight fully."

"Witness fully. Redefine love fully."

Did you fight w/ your chest?

"Gotta be careful not to overcook my words now, to ease your digestion of them!"

→ At the end of your life, will death feel a warm, dark place to rest or a "second life"

And he rides off.

And while my eyes are young again, I wade into the water to face fearlessness.

Sentence, imprisoned by years taken from others too soon?

Because within finish we find "ish" and this elderly life not yet lived is not quite fin...

more a reminder for me, haha Does sentence not finish b/c narrator lived or died? Perhaps they're the same?

↳ Keep swimming

Rebirth. What does facing fearlessness mean? Perhaps facing youth's faith in it. Is fearlessness the goal? Redefine: acting through the channel of love while afraid, because we're afraid.

Lesson 2

Lesson 3