

*please read aloud the sections in red*

a child in the park finds me the most fascinating and i don't greet her with disdain as before

*my heart is free of bitterness and filled with expansion*

she cries for seemingly no reason at all  
but i know that to her it is extremely important  
and i cry for no reason but it is extremely important  
and we are crying on the same bench,  
yet

*she is needy and i am fulfilled*

i consider moving to a different bench

i see a seagull sitting on the fountain at the foot of the castle mound  
it is sitting entirely still and letting the heavy water cascade around it  
it is becoming clean, but only as a byproduct of feeling

a tree has formed a perfect scoop at its root and i sit in it

*feeling held*

but first i have to kick away a cigarette butt from someone who sat here before  
experiencing annoyance at the evidence that any other human has ever chosen here as a place to sit and think

*i wanted to be the first*

i realise that yesterday i was looking at where i am

from an entirely different angle

there is a couple entwined in the grass

*and i remember being them in the view of others*

i can feel myself getting better at being in my own company

*it's working as intended*

i don't feel like i need it any more

*it's working as intended*

the child is chasing the seagull from the fountain

the seagull can fly but chooses to run

there are clouds moving in and i regret leaving my jacket at home  
but i know if i brought it i would have found it cumbersome and  
difficult

so i wonder whether it is possible to ever be truly comfortable

*to be truly comfortable is to be passive in the face of challenge*

i'm thinking about my grandad and how i never really got to know  
him before he died because i was too young. i ended up liking so  
many of the same things as him and never got to share a  
meaningful conversation with him  
and it feels like a cosmic missed connection

*it's raining now*

all we can do is try to hold on

*it's working as intended*

it's raining now

*it's working as intended*

to be truly comfortable is to be passive in the face of challenge

the bar is filling up around me because nobody wants to stand in the rain. i'm finding them more unbearable than the prospect of being soaked through. i'm leaving the bar.

as i walk the sun comes out and i start to feel better and i think about richard dawson. i'm worried i made a mistake by coming here. all i want right now is to dive into the realness of my life and everyone here is trying to escape theirs

*i am feeling sincere*

and i want to be met where i am

i was brought up in the church because both of my parents were too scared to tell their own parents that they didn't believe in god. i never want to be scared to tell anyone anything

it is with brutal honesty that i barrel through life because nothing is more important than the truth  
i used to wish for the truth every time i noticed that it was 11:11 but i don't know what to wish for any more

*and i feel better*

i come to the conclusion that it's unhelpful to define myself as being "away" right now, because i am present within myself and need to remain so

even when my conscience feels slippery and greased

*it is here within me*

i miss you and i feel basic for feeling that. am i not here to prove to myself that i can thrive on my own?  
isn't that what this is for?  
just because you can if you have to  
doesn't mean you're going to want to

*i am surrounded by a bubble of self-denial*

i bought a drink here which means i can't leave the fake grass enclosure to sit on the real grass, as you're not allowed to take drinks out of the gate.  
the furniture is rustic in a way which is charming yet inaccessible.

i think about calling you but i don't because you're probably underground. we said we'd call today

i hope we find time  
i would rather be finding your hand in the dark  
and squeezing

i play with the ring on my finger the way you are wont to do  
and i know

*it is working as intended*