

WORKING GIRL. Naturally dyed turmeric shirt bleeds and blends crimson when mixed with the salt of sweat. I can't help but delight. How absurd! The playground on outer Bangor is wrapped in caution tape. Face masks hang from mirrors like fuzzy dice. How very absurd. Surrendering to this reality. Surreal. I deeply sigh at myself as I wonder how long the kettle has actually been boiling. How long have I been sitting without really breathing? Did I remember the gloves and Lysol? Am I standing six feet apart? I marvel at the light dancing on the Piscataquis River. I continue to collect treasures washed up on the banks. Seeking solace. But am I remembering we're in a pandemic? Am I integrating it all? I do and I am. Pit stains for souvenirs of my movement in life. Holding that lightly, experimenting, playing. Sweating and noticing. Advocating and pushing the fabric of the universe around until Community comes home and says Damn babe you really spruced it up nice in here. Community sets it's luggage down and flops onto the couch and says I think we can ALL finally breathe. Welcome Home.