

Life unexpected is a constant song

10/11/2019

I should feel completely lost. Currently, I'm sitting in a coffee shop. It's pouring rain and I just lost my job. It was a job that barely kept me afloat – one I took to satisfy my values rather than the basic things I need to survive. Or for money to enjoy life a little bit more. I finished graduate school, moved to NYC – which I always wanted to do – took a job to get my foot in the door but also hoped to stay. I hope the world will move a little differently. Being in New York has been interesting, sometimes I wonder why I don't just run away and live with the trees. I'm satisfied to be around so much excitement. Distraction. Creativity. Trash. Rats. All the smells. I've never sweat so much in my life. I have felt deeply disconnected and connected to life at the same time. I really have no clue what will happen next, but I'm happy. Or calm. Maybe now I'll get a job with health insurance? At the end of the day I'm not sure what the point of all this is. To live and interact with one another is us just being living creatures. Assembling and disassembling. One change of life, removal or addition of a life form, can change the whole dynamic of a group. I just don't like the way we work. The way things are right now. There's so much ahead that will go wrong, and I don't know how much I can take it. How much can I continue to believe in the good of fashion? How much can I continue to think it's okay to indulge myself?

Right now, I can't escape or take a trip. I need to be here. Make a life here. I'm stuck in New York – but this is where I've always wanted to be, with so many possibilities in front.

3/25/2020

I'm sitting in the middle bedroom of my childhood home. A place of comfort, but also a place that feels frozen in time with my past. It is not my choice to be here. I am staying here, after what was supposed to be just a week visit, to do my part to flatten the curve. Each of us are making sacrifices and dealing with the uncertainty ahead. I for one, moved to NYC, a city I wanted to live in since I was in high school, almost a year ago after completing my Master's. It's been a challenge, particularly because I've spent the last few months looking for jobs while working various part-time jobs when I can, but I'm there. I have been working hard to navigate my life and make it my own. Now, my city is deserted from what makes it New York and I'm stuck in Danville, KY – the place that raised me, in a home that has raised most of my family members. My bedroom is filled with high school photos and memorabilia. But it's not really my bedroom anymore. It has the same furniture; it has the carpet and the fabric I picked out when I was 10 years old. But it also has a baby crib in the middle of it and "Winnie the Pooh" book illustrations above the beds. My mom insists that it's "Mary's room", my room, but it's not. It's a room for the grandchildren. It's weird to be back here for so long as I witness my parent's life moving to another stage, my older brothers as well – getting married and having children. I'm the youngest child and I'm still trying to get my own life started. I didn't expect to be back here, I didn't expect to be back here for this long – unequipped with the things that make my life my own.

I don't have my closet with me, I don't have my disco ball, books or records, I don't have my camera. My life is in NYC, the place I've been wanting to build a life in since I was 18. And I'm stuck in the place where 18-year-old me is frozen in time. How do I move forward here? How do I not let the feelings of the whole world break me apart? How do I be myself, without my clothes? Honestly, that sounds silly,

but you see, my clothes, my personal style is how I discovered my self-confidence and continue to express myself.

Uncertainty will always be a part of life (and right now I really want to quote a book I don't have access too but is absolutely perfect for this topic – if you're interested by how awesome fungi are and exploring the possibilities of life continuing in uncertain times, or after disasters, please read *The Mushroom at the End of the World* by Anna Tsing). The challenge I face, like I know many others do, is to find the courage within to continue to work not knowing where it will lead, continue to see myself worthy of self-acceptance and worthy of being confident within without having my wardrobe to help me create and express myself – or visiting my favorite trees in Central Park (who have become like my family in the city – I know those trees have seen a lot, we vibe, I love trees they feel so wise and I miss them and I'm sure they are enjoying this peace and quiet and are happy to be able to be more efficient in their life duties of soaking up CO2 more than it's being released and continuing to add shelter to life forms in the park).

4/11/2020

Today I found what I wrote after losing my job at Ocelot Market. It sounded vaguely familiar to what I wrote a couple of weeks ago. Life is really a cluster fudge, huh? You never know what will happen. Whether it's a pandemic that affects most of the world, or a single moment that changes your own course – life will always happen without a guide and all we can do is continue. Though I still feel very lost, apparently stuck in a place I don't want to be at the moment, and unsteady with my current path, I'm hoping what I start today will help it gradually become clearer. Help myself feel like I'm in control of where I go next rather than in control of various hiring managers. Covid-19 has definitely thrown a giant boulder in my path, as it has done for many, but it is offering me the time to reflect and the courage to kick my own butt and finally put my writing out there. Even if it's only for a handful of people I trust right now – I'm putting this out there as messy and unfiltered as it will be for a while, and without any expectations of it guiding me to the day dream in my head.