

*It is June. I am tired of being brave.* - Anne Sexton

In the window across the way is a cloud. I watch a bird fly through it.

Shutting out the sky. Grey blankets in both eyes. The wind rattles me.

[I want to peel my skin off but I'm worried there won't be any skin underneath.]

[Wake up with bed beard. To apply oil or butter. Even distribution is a dream.]

Green spider on my shoe - I tilt to make the animal glow in the sun for my entertainment; the spider rushes to the dark side, the sole.







The beautiful city is a pants dystopia.

The chewed strawberry stalks on the plate are so in the lamplight they make shadows like spiders or dancers or pineapples or wax.

[It's Independence Day. NY Times tells me about the culture war that more christians should be fighting. 76 charities shared the one mailbox. I only get the headlines as I don't subscribe.]

[Note: adding the same observation more than once may result in undesirable behaviour.]



A gnat between me and the screen hovers over the words ALL ABOARD and PIECE.

[A new French language app offers hearts and diamonds if I watch the advertisements to the end.]

[The Japanese language app notifies me that I am no longer on a two-day hot streak. I turn down the harder lesson.]

[Today at a glance. Co-Star advises me to PLAY HARD. I call the shots until tomorrow.]

I am not travelling overseas in a couple of weeks.

[At the beach, three fluoro workers cut a half-buried water tank in half after the storm.]

[I swim in my bad undies as I forgot my swimmers and it makes no difference.]

My new bra acts like the old bra.

[I tweet that the world is spinning slower and wait and wait and wait for someone to like it.]

The herbal sleep pills make me dribble and mutter half-dreams of some gold shoes I lost.

Last night a dinner party and a 45-minute talk about tiles.



When the migraine finally arrives I welcome it like an ex.

*Footnote: these Between the actions were written across May-June 2022*