

Hummingbird Drama

Year Two

July 2021 - June 2022

Gregory M. Nero

Done Not Finished

Heavy Sigh

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Reality started to drip from leaky blue cracks in the sky. Molten, it burned and replenished. *What if I pretended like I was dreaming?* There's so much magic here. I rode directly into the storm, spiderweb lightening and crashing thunder, and I cackled into the sweet, fresh air. The summer sky has a personality that makes sense. Everything is vivid and instantly perfect and yes, I've found a Home in the quirks and the subtle surprises. I'm a bandit to myself, stealing away discomfort and transforming it into peace and purpose and a sense of belonging. And now, it's not survival. I'm coming around to the shocking revelation that I'm always exactly where I'm supposed to be.

Index Terms—heat, rain, repeat

MEDITATIONS ON FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS AND HOW THEY ARE CONNECTED TO EXPERIENCES

Are *emotion* and *experience* separable? I've been giving this lots of time. Can I *feel* without *experiencing*? For example, can I feel happiness without an experience to induce it? Or, afterwards, can I summon that feeling of happiness without first recalling the event that caused it? Put briefly: can emotions exist in a vacuum, or do they need to be attached to experiences? If I were to sit and meditate on *guilt*, could I pluck it out of thin air and say to myself *yes, indeed, I am feeling guilty* without thinking about an experience that caused my guilt? Does guilt need to be heralded by a wrongdoing? Perhaps. Maybe there are certain feelings and emotions that *can* exist without the accompaniment of an experience or event, and some that *can't*. There's also the issue of how we name things. By giving a name to pleasure and using it to *describe* something, we tie it to something tangible. There's also the topic of how empathy involves itself. What about the feelings and emotions we get while reading a book or watching a movie? If I'm *disgusted* by an event in a fantasy novel I'm a victim of that feeling, though the event never *actually* happened. The event in the book was merely a *conduit* by which I felt *disgusted*. So, in a sense, it is *still connected* to an event, though, a fictional one. It's another thing entirely for me to be minding my own business and, out of nowhere, feel disgusted. Now this is where things get interesting perhaps: emotions and feelings acting as apparitions. Showing up, inducing a feeling (seemingly out of nowhere) and then leaving. A postulate that follows this: anxiety is *emotion* stripped of *experience*. Often times I'm struck with wickedly uncomfortable feelings that don't seem to have any real connection to anything that's immediately happening. A natural counter to this would be that this is just a case of *remembering* something and then *feeling* bad about it, as if my memory is the fantasy novel and I've gotten to reading subconscious memoirs about things that have *happened* to me. That sounds like dreaming. So the question must be asked: is there such a "pure" example to support the claim for purely isolated emotions? This would be like lightening on a cloudless day. Can somebody feel

something that has no connection to anything? If you casually commanded someone: *feel relieved*. Would they be able to feel relief *first*? Or, (and this is crucial) would they first need to figure a reason to feel relieved and then, as a result of that course of thought, feel relief? Anyways, this was a primer for future thoughts on this subject.

OLD COFFEE IS A DESK ACCESSORY

Yanking hair out of the drain and shaving my armpits. Oat milk latte and maybe eggs and in the lab by nine. Dreams about my grandma and my old chemistry teacher and smoking a cigarette on my balcony. Making playlists and buying art supplies. Flat tires and practice exams on the weekends. Holography really *is* an art. Pounding on the front door and real fear. Going way over budget. Sausage, flatbread, garlic, yogurt. Mosquitoes in my bedroom and forgetting that it's Saturday. Sweating, singing in the shower, temporary tattoos and painting my toenails. Feeling the house shake from the storm. Giving up for the night and trying again tomorrow. Romance, or something close to it.

HERE

I wanted to write something really mean about you. To just let anger and rage and frustration come boiling over and consume me. But I don't like those feelings. I *won't* like those feelings. There's no use in searching for comfort there. It's not a game of *you did this* or *you should have done that* it's just something that happened and all I can do is learn and grow from it. So, instead of picking apart everything that went wrong, here are some things that went really right. For you dear, I hope you are thinking sweetly of the good things and healing and learning from the bad just like I am. So here: playing Sudoku together, reading *Dune*, Windy Point, picnic outside of the astronomy building, making breakfast, brushing our teeth together and looking at each other in the mirror, smoking on your balcony, slow dancing, figuring out how to cut a cake into equal pieces, laying down in that one beam of sunlight that would always come through your window, making your bed in the morning, listening to music together on spotify before we actually met, listening to you sing and play piano, visiting your family in no-gales, meeting your eyes for the first time in the side mirror of your car, watching anime, playing super smash bros, looking at all of the polaroid photos on your wall, the desert museum, hiking up to that little house on the ridge afterwards when it was really windy and watching your hair, the really cute way the "s" sound made when you said "Cypriot", watching you make tofu, you watching me make coffee, giving you one of my favorite sweaters. And many more. And maybe, I think that your greatest trick was convincing yourself that I never cared about you. So dear, I hope you are doing well.

Dreams Visited and Revisited

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Oh honey dear oh boy oh mAN OH Man oh JEez oh AHHHH! What kind of sounds do I make with my eyes? What visions can only be spoken to? I feel like... maybe I've just been digressing for the last 24 years. I digress, and digress again, and again, until I'm looped around myself in verbal and grammatical vanity; bondage for a poet. This is all just so silly. Hrumph... the liquid hot flaming blood of a god on my macaroni. I'm tired of ignoring nonsense. This is my experience, dammit, and I want to get wacky with it.

Index Terms—aye, ess, dee, eff, jay, kay, elle, sem

APOLOGIZING TO THE VOID

I'm a sucker for my mistakes. My blunders are a garden of opportunity, and every morning I tend to the gentle leaves of the present and water the roots of the past. I speak to them, but not loudly. I try to be gentle.

I keep putting letters into a mailbox that is never visited by the postal service. And before I know it it's overflowing with tragedies written in ink. I just feel like I always have something to be sorry for, and sometimes it can be a little bit too much.

DRIVING TO PHOENIX

Sins are the bugs that were squished on the windshield. Splattered and wasted, sticky and plastered on glass. I cleaned them off at the gas station.

MAYBE I CAN'T KEEP MY OWN SECRETS

I want a secret to keep. Not for somebody else, but for me; I'm confidently unconfidential.

SUBTLE SEASONS

The mountainside is getting greener by the day. I'm making more time for myself. Sitting on the floor: *I have so much love to give*. We are looking at a desert's autumn.

THERE'S NOTHING SO UNBEARABLE AS GETTING WHAT I WANT

Different Ways to Think

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Googles: why can't i do simple tasks?

Index Terms—lack, of, motivation, burnout

THE GREAT STORM OF SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 5TH 2021

News broadcast beeping sporadically but rhythmically.
 GOOD AFTERNOON Tucson Arizona! We are reporting to you LIVE from my front door step! Would you get a load of that vi – hey, turn the camer ... yeah there we go – would you get a load of that view! The green of the mountainside, the clouds of a passing storm, a rainbow, arcs of lightning ... fabulous! We are out in the streets now, and everyone seems to be taking full advantage of the absolute shit drainage system. The floodwaters surge knee-high through the roads and there is once again flowing water in this little desert town. Marvelous! Let's carefully step our way throu – shit ... dammit hold on, my socks are getting bloody soaked ... can we get me some dry soc ... *static ... cuts to a commercial break* – after a brief interruption we are back! Here, let's get a quick interview from one of the local lunatics bicycling through the water-logged streets. Hey, you there! – **Oh hey, yeah, what's up?** How did you spend your time during the storm this afternoon? **Mmm I was playing some chess at the cafe down the street. Really great time, though, I did think about Death a little bit too much but this water has really cheered me up.** Oh, uh ... that's ... great? Yes, perfectly great. **But yeah I was just headed back to my ... oh no!** What is it? **My greenhouse has been tipped over by the storm!** Terror in the streets! **Oh darlings... it doesn't look very good from here. They were but seedlings.** Well, maybe some of them survived? Do you mind if we come take a look with you? **No, not at all. Let's go see what can be done about this.** We are now reporting from the balcony of our friend the chess player and gardener, and the ruins of his labor are spread like entrails on the ground before us. **Well let's see what we have here. Hey, some of them made it through just fine. We indeed suffered a great loss, but hope sprouts in fertile carnage.** Well said my friend. Look, now you can focus your energy on the ones that were robust enough to survive. Do you mind if I ask you a personal question, to end our reporting segment with? **Shoot.** What things in your life should you destroy?

GETTING BETTER AT DOING ABSOLUTELY FUCKING
 NOTHING

There's an altar in my mind where I sacrifice intrusive thoughts. Sometimes I sit perfectly still, staring. Meanwhile, I wrestle with the squirming idea, binding it to cold hard stone. Then comes the knife. Then comes the blood. It always twitches. I never blink.

SOCKS: A METRIC

I began folding socks just like how I assume most people do: pairwise, right out of the dryer basket, each one belonging to another. I'd search for hours so that I could reunite every last pair. I'd do the little "wrap the socks around themselves" fold and into the drawer they'd go.

Then I became a little bit more unhinged. Why should the socks that I'm pairing up match? What's stopping me from folding two different socks together? And that's how I ascended to the next level of sock matching, but with a steady rule: short socks should only be paired with short socks and long socks should only be paired with long socks. So long as I kept this rule the patterns of each pair shouldn't matter. And so I simultaneously saved more time *and* looked hipster doing it.

Before I knew it I was swimming in a new sea of unbridled chaos: skipping the folding step completely. It was at this point that I also decided that having a sock drawer (and, a dresser for that matter) was a waste of space and time, so I instead chose to use an old rice-cooker box to store all of my socks and underwear. Right from the laundry basket I threw everything into the box. Picking out socks was now a spontaneous decision, delayed only by that one rule: short with short, long with long. *Always.* And now, it wasn't because I wanted to save time or because it looked cool, it was simply because I didn't care.

And then I became godless and embraced my full potential. Yesterday I wore a long wool sock on my right foot and a short running sock on my left. It was so quick and easy to pick out socks now that I had cast my one rule to the wind. And now I think: *where to go from here?* I am Icarus now, and I think I'm getting dangerously close to the Sun. So I'll fly at this altitude for now, free from the tethers of choice and fashion.

I JUST WANT TO LEARN LATIN SO THAT I CAN PROPERLY
 LAMENT.

Mercury is in retrograde and the cats won't stop fighting.

I'M JUST A GRASS PICKER

Mindless on the lawn, fingers at work, paperback Kafka.

Fake Sleep

Gregory Nero

Abstract—October kissed me. The air was cold and my hands were cold. Sit in the sunbeam and make love with me, sweet reckless time. I'm so lightheaded from the exhausting pressure of being your perfect lover.

Index Terms—panic

inhale

inhale

extended exhale

Matte Black Lipstick

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Hey kid, you have what it takes to name the past? Huh, kid? You think you have the guts to classify events as they were based on how you remember them? Good luck punk, you're in over your head.

Index Terms—water, colors

THE VASE THAT SHATTERS

and it's the only way i can describe how it felt! just like that: somewhere in my mind a vase (suddenly) tipped over and collapsed into a million little pieces. and the pieces: they are sharp. and my hands: bloody, shaking! how can i ever put this back together? /// time, dear, give it time.

ALL TORN UP

Blue got all roughed up by the ocean and cried dark grey tears for who they used to be when the sun was shining. Saline dries me out, the air dries me out... I'm all shriveled up and blue. Blue said "let me be" and the ocean consumed them. It was so deep and tough. What was to be done? Blue wanted to see the bottom, though. Feel its darkness and get crushed by its pressure. Blue wanted to hurt down there, after all. So Blue came down from thrones of gold and yellow to the ocean floor to become Grey. And Grey said, amidst riptide heartaches, "Here I am, the ocean, Grey and Blue before me and always. Look, see the beauty down here! Vulnerable and shredded by shells, waves, invisible currents... I'm drifting now, with who I was and who I am." And so Grey and Blue settled on being free from the pressures of identity. Don't be fooled, this was no compromise. No, this was quite the opposite. This was something perfect and beautiful.

CANYONS

I'm prancing, bounding, leaping between the folds of my brain. Sharp, deep cracks. Oh, it's dark down there. Crevices of brain matter turned into canyons carved out by cerebral fluid. Step carefully! I'm losing balance again. Hop across the opening below. Sprint while you can. The gaps are getting wider. Dive, dive from one side to the other. Anything but falling, please, anything.

INKBLOT THOUGHTS

One droplet falls, silent, then: *plip*. But this is real thunder. There's a tension while it's gaining speed. Now I'm sweating thick dark droplets. They crawl out of my pores. And I watch them plummet toward the canvas. There's nothing like the quiet before collision. And when it hits, oh, when it hits... it hits hard and fast and the sound, the *plip* is pure chaos. Then what? Shapes on the page, morphing, growing. I can't describe it because it's changing. I can describe it: everything

is changing. Only after the ink is dry can I finally start to name it. I'll tape it to my wall and look at it for hours, trying to find patterns, trying to find patterns, trying to find patterns... Recursive Rorschach.

THAWING

I'm Spring with you. Ice waits so long to melt. I've waited so long to melt. Darling, I only melt for you. I'm liquid now, on thawing leaves and branches and blades of grass. I'm delicate, formless, dripping, searching for more ways to know your warmth. I knew I was enduring the Winter for someone. Love me like the ground loves the rain. You are the envy of the season.

WATERCOLORS

My nose is bleeding and my mouth is bleeding and I'm only one shade of red. I keep replaying a zoomed-in version of my shower. Slow, building synth and it's warm and wet and my blood is staining my fingers now. I tasted it first. It's so beautiful, the way it drips and swirls down the drain. I'm watercolors. I try painting with watercolors today. I'm a watercolor boy. Or girl. Or neither. Or both at once. I tried blending out the lines with more water, more water, more water and the blood stopped running from my nose and I'm clean now. I want to wash my skin off, grind it down with sun-dried towels, I want to be bare. I was watching a video of a pair of hands removing a gemstone from the earth. They chipped and pulverised and rinsed around this precious stone until it was free. There's blood in the back of my throat, I know it. There are words in the back of my throat, I know it. I'll keep chipping away at who I am and what I want to say. Rinse my hair and wash my face and type some words. And I'll call that progress.

NOISE AND SILENCE

My limbs are so heavy today. I instinctively shut myself into my bedroom closet and turned on the little crayola projector I bought at Michael's. Eight hours of white noise. I'm being flattened here. I finally peeled away from the carpet, now sticky with hair and bones and skin, and wandered to the balcony to figure out where all of the birds have gone.

BRUSH STROKES

I remember staining the deck out back with long brush strokes. Living life between the two-by-fours. Getting that dark brown, burnt red liquid stuck in my hair. I still remember how much I forgot. It was a simple, tedious pleasure. Enough to filter out everything else.

REASSURANCE

I can breathe this oxygen and my body is alive. I can exhale and feel my chest move. I can eat food and drink liquids and sleep. I can stub my toe and I can feel pain. I can sweat and I can cry.

SILLY!

My greenhouse fell over again! Really, I'm looking at it right now on my balcony. Now, on my balcony, horizontal, fallen, just like the inflatable Santa Claus we got for Christmas. The wind picked up just in time. I'm time soup. Soupy time, milk, liquid, liquid milk, I'm time in this soup. Milky soup. Very soupy. I feel so funny. I get cold in the afternoons because of the way the Sun moves. How do I move? Slowly, now. Sometimes I breathe because I mean it. Sure, I'm yearning! Oh yeah, lots of yearning. Just for you, though. My eyes are burning. I'm gonna get a flip phone. Hands, and a truck that eats ass. This soup, is isolation, and I can't even say that I'm having a bad time.

LITTLE SONG

Watching the lilies and
Keeping the tempo of
Somebody else's song.

Painting the tops of my feet.
The air never smelt so sweet.
I've died once or twice just this week.

Crawling and sitting now: still.
Right before bed: two more pills.
Life beyond my window sill.

It could be more grey, so
I'll pretend I'm back Home,
And turn these blue skies into snow.

I wrote you a letter: it's tucked in a book.

And sure I'm a fraud, but
I can't keep my mind shut.

I'm a child of tempo and words.

remind me to talk to you about the topic concerning murakami, consciousness, and my dog

Gregory Nero

Abstract—And then November was gone; and parts of me with it. Hands leading my way through a patch of bramble, parting leaves and thorny branches. Getting scratched and pulled by time, tugging at my clothes. Memory burrs that I carefully pick off once I'm in through. Little scratches. Blood. It's so fresh right now, but these too will scab. Tender, precious inventory.

Index Terms—back to the mind

SECTION

And so I'm back, after what feels like too long and not long enough. I'm reading the paper and listening to the piano. Keep me safe from everything that hurts and I'll try to finish today's Sudoku puzzle.

THOUGHTS FROM THE AIRPORT

A.

It must be normal to think of dying on a plane. Natural, even. *I could die right now and I'd have no control over it.* I wanted to talk about death. It didn't scare me. I tried casually bringing it up to the man next to me who I'd had an earlier conversation with. *So, did the retirement home you worked at offer hospice care?* A casual segue. Unfortunately, he said they didn't. I considered what I'd be most upset about, ten, in the moment, if the plan lost control and I was instantaneously headed for death. The glasses I got for my mom for Christmas in my carry-on overhead. These were special glasses, and if I couldn't get them to her I'd be really bummed. I settled on that. Though, I bubble-wrapped the shit out of them, so they might have survived the crash. Who knows.

I imagined sitting, waiting for Death in a crashing plane. It's not a terribly creative metaphor for life I guess. The Reaper might approach me, look at me, and say *Wow, have you been waiting for me?* What kind of life am I living? No, I don't think my situation is that dismal. I hope, I know, The Reaper would instead see me and think *Let's leave this one for now. They have unfinished business.*

B.

It's beautiful, cloudy, and windy in Chicago today. They didn't card me at the airport bar. It was bright and sunny above the dense grey clouds. I feel so comfortable beneath this blanket. Sunny to cloudy. Southwest to Northeast. Everything's a fuckin' metaphor.

C.

Let me dissolve in this dream. I don't want to perceive. I want to participate.

LAUNDRY, AND GRIPPING ONTO SHREDS OF MY MIND

And bring up the basket, I interjected. Proof that I was still thinking. I don't want my mind to deteriorate. **Basket.** Yes, that's what it's called. **Basket.** It felt like a refusal of time and its progression. Maybe I shouted it. Maybe I was yelling. Maybe I was angry, even. Why shouldn't I be? It's slow, cruel syrup the way I'm dripping from myself this evening. I'm dissolving into this mess, into *The End of the World. That's just built into her, I didn't teach her that.* I watched my dog in a trance, walking slowly toward the feather. Suddenly I, too, was drudging toward that feather. My subconscious now a dog in a trance. Murakami made me do it, I promise. This is my third circuit.

WANTING YOU

It's midnight and I'm looking at airplane tickets. The truth is that I'm desperate to see you. But I'm here and you're there. There are only so many ways to say that I miss you. I can't be a poet forever.

Winter is for thinking about the mind and consciousness. I don't know how or why but it just is. I could just call it a coincidence but that wouldn't be any fun. Gödel, Escher, Bach and now Murakami.

ON MY SUBCONSCIOUS STATES OF MIND

I used to get fevers. Really bad fevers. I would hallucinate. I remember laying down on the edge my parent's bed and looking at the red digits of the alarm clock while my sickness held me captive. And things would happen. I can't yet articulate what was happening but I remember how my mind felt during the entire thing. And I think that feeling was sealed into a box somewhere inside of me, preserved. And sometimes, like recently while I was reading *Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World* (though, this wasn't the first time) I will involuntarily open this box and *feel* how I felt before. No hallucinations or anything, but it feels like my mind shifts into the state of mind I was in during my fevers as a child. Like it was getting unlocked, and I could re-experience how I felt before, exactly how I felt. It's very convenient, I think, that I happened to be reading this particular book. It really has me thinking about if other subconscious profiles are sleeping inside of me, waiting to be tapped into and re-awoken. This also gives me another way to look at anxiety and panic attacks. I recently had a pretty massive episode of panic, and ever since

then I've been prone to slipping back into this *state*. But this box feels more dangerous. It's guarded by lightning and the little curious kid with the skeleton key in my brain just doesn't know any better. They stick that key into the lock guarding the box. And I'm pushing down on the top to keep it from erupting and consuming me.

I had a dream that we made love by the lake
On a patch of moss, just above the rocky shore.
 We had our fill of each other,
 Then rested there forever,
 Becoming moss,
 By the lake.

BUSYBUSYBUSY (and strangely very good but also kinda bummed? idk bro january has been WONKY.)

Gregory Nero

Abstract—i wake up at six to give my body a chance to be productive before my mind realizes what is happening.

Index Terms—bread, lots of bread, dealing with acute lactose intolerance

FOG (AND MIRRORS)

my cupboard smells like marshmallows. i caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror while it was still foggy. i grabbed my hair, pulled it gently around my neck, and set it down on my collarbone. and i was beautiful in that foggy mirror, i tell you. i saw myself and i was beautiful.

I.

today i'm feral. skin, shorts. cold enough to be shivering. warm enough to be alive. i fell asleep to a serbian audiobook last night, accidentally. one of my legs was hairy and the other one wasn't. couch, just like last year. no more caffeine for me. thinking about eye contact and the way hands move. no coding today. i can't think, at all. at all. i'll be fine. it's okay. thinking of you, and you, and you. why can't i just think of myself? i should eat, probably. i can vacuum my room. i want to sit in the sun. i must be a monster. thinking of myself, and myself, and myself. why can't i just think of nothing? and then there was nothing. it's windy today. the clouds are empty bottles of air. today i am going to think, whether i want to or not.

The Armchair at the End of the World

Gregory Nero

***Abstract*—February, you are pink and lovely and cruel to me. I bought rose incense and I burned it with my windows wide open. I collected pink petals from the bush next to my front door and put them into a jar with boiling water. The extraction is slow, slow, slow and lovely and cruel. I pierced my ears and I saw my blood. I wiped it off with toilet paper and it stained the white with deadly red and it was lovely and cruel. I'm watching spring happen and I'm flowering and yes, yes, it is lovely and it is cruel. Time is sweet anesthesia. Give me as many doses as I can afford.**

others and find rest and healing in the form of making new memories.

Love,
Mystery Person

***Index Terms*—the (longest) month**

I.

The grey clouds became pigeons and flew into the heart of the park to talk about the wind.

And the sky spilt blood on the earth: a feral and beautiful sunset. The Moon, clean and tidy, mopped up the horizon with pale towels. The bruised west is dark red and purple, beaten by the day.

II. TUESDAY

buffet listening to chris talk about programming /// biking back on 3rd ave at 3:30am and listening to schubert. /// something like peace or bliss.

III.

I cried this morning while i was eating oranges. I'm ripe.

IV.

maybe i was just daydreaming. voice messages sent in whispers. quiet, i might wake up my parents, so i'll cover my head with a blanket and talk to you. but i'm not whispering dear, i'm screaming. and it's not you, it's the phone. and i'm alone in pennsylvania pretending that you can actually hear me.

V.

Why is the wind blowing northward today?

VI. TAKING MY OWN ADVICE (FORTUNES FOR A STRANGER)

Dearest,

The next month, heralded by the New Moon, will see you through a period of tremendous personal growth, at the price of having to forfeit things that are familiar and comfortable to you. The New Moon reminds us of beginnings and endings, and so during this upcoming month you will see just that: new opportunities will bloom when you seek them out, and you'll have the courage to bring tenured feelings to rest at last. Take time to treat yourself with the same kindness that you show

Flow State

Gregory Nero

Abstract—wreath around my shoulder, pollen on my socks,
baby it's springtime and i can't feel my throat

Index Terms—peppers, lasers, chocolate milk, potholes, vomit,
almost vomiting, nearly vomiting in the toilet, wanting to vomit
in the toilet, sleeping, stomach pain, bleach, bleached hair,
floor time, dancing, floor time while dancing, limbs, comforter,
dandruff, skin, lotion, snot, blood, puss, pastries, coffee, gnocchi,
writing, art, music, incense, waiting, procrastinating, keeping up,
looking out, looking in, staying out, speaking up, keeping still,
being still, still, still, still, now i'm still and moving all at once

I.

next steps?

The River Carves the Canyon

Gregory Nero

***Abstract*—Sacrifice me on The Slab, blistered by the heat, beautiful and melting. Let me become the bench, sunken, fixed. Let me watch the trains forever, lost in concrete daydreams.**

***Index Terms*—talking, speaking, reckless, villain**

AN ODE TO THE SMELL OF THE UNDERPASS NEAR THE
CONSTRUCTION SITE OFF OF 6TH AND 6TH (UNWRITTEN,
FOR NOW)

And for all of the other smells that go unnoticed before they disappear forever.

LISTEN ! (IN THE SHOWER, OR WHEREVER ELSE I FEEL
PARTICULARLY WET AND CONTEMPLATIVE)

My favorite rendition of moonlight sonata includes the musician's labored breaths throughout the entire piece. As the music rises and falls, you can hear the artist breathe, quietly but heavily, between chords and rests. And I think it's perfect. I think it's perfect because it reflects the amount of effort it takes to create and share and give. It's lovely, terribly difficult work.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH 2022

This is really really sappy and dramatic but I'm confronting my own mortality this afternoon after the last couple of days or so of headaches, fevers, chills, nausea, fatigue, and soreness and maybe I'm being dramatic cause of my illness but I don't care and I just wanted to make sure that if I'm found dead lying face up on my balcony in the near future I write this note to tell you that I still love you my dear. I realize we haven't talked in a while and I have no other physical proof to dedicate to how much I have thought of you in this interim so let this note serve as (what hopefully won't be) a last testament to how much you mean to me. I will always love you unconditionally and irrationally and I am thinking of you this afternoon, head throbbing, lying face up on my balcony.

Butterflies are Buddhists

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Listening.

*Index Terms—community, progress, frustration, basil, moving
(almost, and forever, repeatedly), pool, eclipse, sunburns*

WALKING BACK, A JOURNEY

If you see me today then I'm a ghost.

Last night I died on a desert road and I loved it.

Everything's a silhouette now, dressed in silver and capes of
black.

And me: I'm dirt and gravel and sand and dust and warm
asphalt.

Designated Free-Roam Time in the Bathroom

Gregory Nero

Abstract—to do: practice vulnerability, eat two (2) multivitamins every morning (chew them completely!), eat ur veggies!, sit on the ground more, feed roommate's cat (once in the morning, once in the evening), find moments of rest, make dinner, wash the bottoms of ur feet, embrace your path, buy more yogurt (chobani flip), take time to celebrate your accomplishments, bicycle (as always), paint nails, HYDRATE, and ! enjoy.

Index Terms—pothos, algerian green, ficus benji green, schefflera amate

I.

sometimes i'll pretend that it's cold outside
put on fuzzy socks
and wash my face really hard until it's red
and then underneath the comforter i will finally disappear

II. LUNCH, BITCH!

- String cheese
- Grapes / apples / cherries
- PB & Nutella sandwich
- Little bites