

YEAR '20

My relationship to writing is the thing about me that no other person can ever access. It is solely mine. I have very prominent ideas of what I want to write: the moment I stood in the street and the curtain lifted, and about St Francis of the woods. Maybe those two can be one.

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I keep thinking about the subject of my novel. All day I go through different lenses that could be used for a novel. I guess I imagine it less as my novel, and more as a novel that one could write. Someone. I really want to write a novel. I want to be a novelist. I want to have some insight into this moment in time. I want to reveal the slumbering character of our society. I want to capture some aspect, something of everything that I hear people talk about. I want to write the truth. I want the truth, more than anything. I want to be the one who possesses it.

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Last time I wrote, I was all fiery about some idea, and I haven't returned to that idea once since. I need to track my ideas like wild animals, understand the environments they perform best in, what scares them off, what beckons them, or rewards them, what keeps them coming back and thriving with life.

My mind is always buzzing with thoughts about myself and my writing, and what I should write about, and the discipline I lack, and how to build it.

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I am egoless. And now, I think, I can do the work.

If I can complete a page a week, I will have 50 pages a year. And I think that's solid. It's definitely not a lot, and it's not complete, but I would be happy with that pace. And I like that it could be disjointed pages. Just maybe they'll end up telling a story at some point. So I've written down in my planner this week to write 1 page OR 1 poem. I am excited thinking about it. I believe I will go to a coffee shop at some point this week with my laptop to write. I miss doing that.

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I have been getting distracted so easily. I have been having trouble completing tasks. I have felt overwhelmed by the amount of tasks I have to do. I have been avoiding just about everything. And I know that those behaviors mean that I am on my way to a new, deeper knowledge or self-discovery. I mean, I think they usually end up that way. I'm happy to be on the road to deeper knowledge. I think I am the kind of person that should have deeper knowledge, in order to use the gifts that I have to create something of value from that knowledge.



I feel like I have more to write than stories. I feel as though I might have more to contribute than words. I am on a second discovery. I am going to be someone who had some foresight. I am going to be someone who was better prepared, who didn't crumble, who didn't get stuck in the noise, the petty bullshit noise. I am going to be someone who had more tools, who had something figured out before anyone else.

To do this, I have to be someone who invests my best hours, my best work, into myself. I am going to read. I am going to write. A lot. I am going to put myself through another education, a furthered education, by myself, for myself.



I believe in myself today. Reading *Bird by Bird* is making me believe in myself, not because it's like a mystic, quick-scheme, but because it is the truth and it has always been there. Well maybe not always. It's not there when I doubt myself, but that doesn't mean it is not accessible to me in those moments. It is always accessible, so I must choose it. Today I am choosing it. Today I had fun writing about being twenty-five. I'm gonna keep going, for the fun of it. Because I'm good at it.