

YEAR '22

Realizing my creative potential is somewhat getting away from me. I may do anything. I am emboldened to go anywhere, where no one has gone before. but probably not.

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It is my last Sunday working at Fulton Library. I am leaving so that I may have the time for deep focus which is required from me to write this book. I am excited, and telling people about it. It is starting to take shape, though the shape changes often. I am getting closer.

Grandpa is sick. He has the virus. I have spoken to him a few times, we've shared precious phone calls. I don't know how he is doing today, but I know he is sick and it will take time to recover, and I pray for his strength.

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Today was a slogging-through kinda day. But I'm happy I sat in my chair and looked at my screen for an hour.

Grandpa is recovering from being sick. I spoke with him on the phone yesterday and he didn't even mention it. That's how I knew he's okay.

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I gave over a couple things I had written last week to my friends in my writing group to get their feedback. I had them read the first iteration of the funeral scene. My friend Annie returned my laptop to me with fresh tears in her eyes after reading it. I did not expect that at all. It's validating.

It is Monday, the start of a new week, and I am sitting at my desk. I've written a paragraph so far. I've worked out a logical movement within the funeral scene as a means for threading the story together. Find that in the January folder.

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I could collect anything I've written that's interesting into a book of volumes organized by year, like things are in my google drive. I think I want to get them out of google drive anyway, and I think it's time to say goodbye to them anyway. Perhaps in the front I would write: I have been trying to put together a poetry book for years. If you look at the history of my document organization through the years 2017 to 2021, you will see attempts at a collection of poetry, a bunch of documents that belong in their respective yearly folder all bunched into one. There are a few that make multiple appearances across the years, those are my most complete poems. But the problem is, I don't really write poetry. What I really do is put music to my favorite moments of life.

And maybe in the book it will continue: The kind of poetry I want to write is not a playlist, it is the calculable proof of the meaning in this universe, leaving out those universes beyond this one because I do not have the space or the time to know anything about those. The kind of poetry I want to write is useful. If I could manage to write that kind of poetry, I would heal you.

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Austin is so good and made a very good point yesterday. I asked him what was the best thing I could be doing to prepare to move us to Austin, TX. He said, "finish the book." It was not the answer I was looking for, but then he explained, "finish the book now because you won't be able to manage the book and the move." And this is very true. The move is going to be hard. And lately I have been way too soft. I need to evaluate where I am in the process and where I'm going, and make a plan. So I am opening my binder today in order to do that. And I am disciplining myself, but also trying to answer how I can be most successful at discipline. Like, what can I do in the morning, what do I need when I sit down to write...all kinds of stuff. I know that I need a ritual, and I know I want it to include my affirmation, my prayer:

Thank you for giving me ambition and making me brave enough to live into it.

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I'm nearing the end of this project. I have three more chapters to sludge through and finalize. I am growing distant from the project, and growing closer to another life. We are about to move again, and this has been heavy on my mind. I have packed up my room. I have been on the job hunt again, and this always gets me thinking of my worth and measuring myself and coming up short. So I've been discouraged, and this has not been a good

way to get myself into the project to finish it. But today is mother's day. I am going to call my mom, and I am going to call Grandpa. And I hope from them I can draw strength today.

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All right. It has been tough to get into the right place to write again. Moving to Austin has thrown me all the way off. But I have a job. I have a schedule. I have habits I want to build. I have a book to write. One of the things I feel requires the most focus right now is setting up the time I will spend writing well so that I can connect to my creativity. I have a lot of work still to do shaping the narrative. I have a lot of showing, not telling, to do. I am excited by the thought, but I don't put it into action. I've just been thinking and talking about the book, I have made no significant contributions in the last month. But what I have contributed, I am proud of and thankful for.

I am not sure if my best time for writing is morning, afternoon or night. But I am committed to developing the best practice, which will change over time as I change over time. I am not going to get distracted by bitcoin writing, because I have no leads and no ideas in that space. If they come to me, I welcome them, I consider them and consider my commitment to this book. I am making my commitment to this book over again, fresh. I called grandpa a couple days ago and told him I'm still working, but I'm sorry I haven't finished when I wanted to. His birthday is Thursday. But he was not concerned, of course. He has full faith in me, and reassured me.

Austin is much different than Salt Lake City. I am trying to feel a connection with it, and walking around so much helps for that. I will go to the library today to work.

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all of a sudden i am in the library again, perusing the shelves. how did this happen so fast? how am i so insecure all over again? why am i fighting battles with a tyrant? why am i a mystery to myself?

i am conniving and conspiring on how to be a writer and live. like pay for food and rent. i am thinking about asking for help, and i know there would be people who would help me if they knew how to. i think.

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I am putting together the third part, bringing in all the elements of grandpa's move from navy rat to pastor. I want it to begin with a softball game, and I'm sitting here at the library, have been here for an hour, coming up with nothing. I'm trying to find an exciting way into the softball game. I imagine grandpa is the catcher. And the trouble is, softball is not exciting to me, I can't really think of the exciting part. I know I want it to be the end of the game, because I only want it to bring us into the story, and not be the story. How does a softball game end? How does a church softball game end in 1960?

1960, that's interesting. I imagine pants with loads of fabric at the bottom, but not when they're playing softball. I wonder if they even have uniforms for playing in a church league. We don't have church leagues anymore. I wish we did. I would play...hmm, I don't know, I'm not in shape to play soccer, that's just a whole lotta running. Volleyball? I could do that.

Would someone call out, "strike!" and then the game is over? Would the last batter in the last inning signal the end of the game with their turn at bat? I'm so far removed from softball. I looked up the wiki page. I asked my friend Heather who used to play.

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I am making my way on the book, although I am fighting resistance each day, nothing new.