

6.6.1869

~~9.18.2020~~

10.19.2020

The days are getting shorter. Night comes in quick. Never could stand the cold. I'd shiver. He said I'd warm up. Not so much so. Now. Bodies against bodies. A heat unmatched. I put socks on when I sleep. Told me it would work. Yet. Here. Now. Shivering. When I want the day to go by quicker, I stay in bed until noon. I draw sketches of the window in front of me. The house across the street. A man and his wife live there. I never see her. He walks his dogs alone. There's a large tree that swallowed her I think. One he must've planted. It frightens me. When strong wind like this hits, I worry it will fall on top of me. Crush me with its weight. I worry a feeling of held will burden my body with memories of him. His hold. The sketches have blown away. I watched them float, dead skin on the water's edge. I row against it all, yet the pages get stuck on the side of the boat. They cling into a papermache statue. I lose my arms reaching. They put me in a museum. Thousands of ducks surround for the grand opening of the exhibit. They're all female. They have dreary coloring. I think they've come to keep me company. They lift me with their beaks to rest under a grove of elder trees. I'm shaded here. But, I keep worrying that it'll fall on top of me.

Antigone is a very interesting play about a very interesting woman (or was she just a girl?) who has a heart larger than a city. Who decides to do right even in a sea of wrongs. Who looks men in the eyes. Who was told to remain silent secret shh shh shh. To spare a man. For what it's worth. A legacy of sorts. Antigone is a ~~play~~ woman for human rights. A strong moral compass found in a ~~woman young woman~~ ~~woman~~ play. A single woman told that she's a secret. A wrong. And could you possibly understand the story