

My silly watch buzzes on my wrist like a little bug; it's telling me my heart rate has gone through the roof. With all of its grand engineering, it can't comprehend the cause- it is fully charged but has no life. It can only tell me the measure of UV rays outside my open window; not how it feels to have those beams of sunlight stretch themselves across my skin, as if they had awoken the moment we made contact. It makes me think of contact. How intangible parts of nature touch me, but a device that is strapped against my skin appears less real. Simply a scribe jotting down my vitals yet not experiencing me in my majesty as an earthly being. The fog of my breath on a cool mirror, casting opaque clouds as a canvas for my finger to dance upon. The ephemeral canvas petering out of my vision, only to leave a negative of my original work upon the looking glass. The unique ridges of my print left there to continue its short life span.

A short life like the one of a breath; the vast inhale and the exhale that drives the life out. Like meditating then watching the mayflies in May by the lake. The green moss against the blue water and my skin in union with the soil, all existing under the sun. Each step upon the path caused a puff of dust to be exhaled from the earth, as if it were awaking from a rest so long it had become obscured with sienna dirt. Isn't it impossible for a 5'5 girl to have her feet in the dirt but her head in the clouds? As the orange sun reaches over to the east and begins its descent into the deep blues of the lowest strata in the sunset - the mayflies meet their end. Life and death coinciding in less than a full day, their birth and demise occurring under a sun they will never know again. From yellow to indigo, egg to imago, the light fades and darkness settles in for the night.

As my eyes close, cocooned in the thick duvet of my nest, I too succumb to the night. In the light of the blue corridor that appears faded, I see you there. I see your crisp clean shirt tucked into your chinos and your combed hair, that you'd spend way too long on, even if most of the strands had receded over the decades. I run up to you and suddenly I'm the height of a child again, enveloped in your arms. The deep timbre of your voice reverberating words, like a song I had forgotten yet could still remember all the words to once the melody met my ears again. The smell of old spice tickling my nose like a feather. A peacock feather maybe, even in old age hanging onto a sense of machismo- more for humor and protection than actual concern for the concept. Seeing your sweet smile, we haven't been reunited in so long- before I'd have to take a flight now I have to travel into a different realm. Only when resting from the waking world can I visit someone who has been laid to rest.

When the dawn comes, I'm taken from your arms and delivered back into my cloister of covers. Now residing under the dawn breaking in the sky like two parts of an egg shell releasing its contents. I feel like a fragment of the hard shell floating in the bowl. Laying there in limbo, awaiting the decision to be plucked from the bowl or to be mixed up in

the day, to carry on? I find myself in this paralysing purgatorial state, trying to cope with exposure to the yolk then being yanked back into the white. Perhaps a brain with two lobes will always try to dichotomize the world when the soul is capable of containing multitudes; multiple truths and multiple realities. The mayflies will live and die every day, yet they have existed for 350 million years. My fleeting art upon any mirror I come into contact with will wane, but it'll always take the form of finger drawn stars and waxing crescents- the same celestial bodies that have had humans gazing up into the ether for centuries. Evanescent and eternal in the same instant.

The life and death cycles of the world encompassing my little life. It makes me want to spin so I tune in to the symphony, passing through the threshold and back, oscillating from one foot to the other, from this reality into another. My skin, my shell, stretching over bones and muscle encompassing my wriggling energetic form. Strands of hair getting caught in the wind of my dance or the osmotic glow on my vessel, pooling at the nape of my neck and lower back. How wonderful it is to toe the line between these states, stepping in time to the inhale and exhale of the earth. I spun again caught in raptures, only to feel a buzz, my apple watch beckoning me back into this reality; 'It looks like you're working out'.