

Deserted

In 2017, I discovered divorce papers in my half-empty apartment. The subsequent year found me sulking in dimly lit bars, with days marked by anticipation for their nightly refuge. Home, love, and even my steadfast Christian faith slipped through my fingers.

Fast forward one-and-a-half years to a nomadic existence in a Nevadan desert. I am crying in isolation.

My van's gas gauge screams "empty," 60 miles to the nearest refill. Alone, in arid sand, wild donkeys scream at me as I try to sleep. Louis, my cat, hisses at them from my chest. Amidst the chaos, frustration leads me to hit the panic button on my keys, scattering the bewildered creatures. I burst into laughter, unknowingly experiencing an epiphany. In that seemingly insignificant moment, my life changed.

I learned that laughter is the best way to shake the tears of your face.