



As the year began, I felt ready for the next chapter and had faith in the choices I'd made to get me to here. I was looking forward to the definition I was sure those decisions would bring to my life and was convinced that this was the year that I would finally settle. Until overnight it wasn't and I found myself only looking up or down as there didn't seem to be much in front for a while. Only here and only now. Even though this went last, there's a sense of permanence to it all because, when the time comes to go back, it will never be the same after this, nor should it be. So whilst I waited for life to return, I took myself out to walk my own path for a while and I learned how to tell the difference between a spruce and a fir and a larch. I saw how, when the sun's like this, it could just as easily be the South of France or California or any of the other places we can't go but can only imagine for now. I swapped travel for the landscape of my childhood that I don't seem to recognise nor remember which feels like lifetimes ago and more like a TV show than a life I lived.

This lack of reality is a struggle and this life is not my choice.
It might have been, and it could still be but it's been forced
upon me too soon and I don't fit yet.

After years on my own and a lifetime of making my own
decisions, this hiatus between chapters is weighing me down.
All this might be over soon, and I worry I'll be too far away
from my old life to go back and not close enough to this one
to find peace within it. At a loss, I go back to either looking up
or looking down or looking at very small things.

Focusing on the little things brings glory in amongst it all and
the quiet to listen and really hear and the space to stop and
learn and try to understand. In the end the rain brought green,
and nature brought the reminder of life continuing, and today
brought the sun on our backs and the weight of it all subsided
for a while.





Today this land was California and I embraced that wild desert spirit and went off the beaten track and found a tree that helped people remember those they've loved and lost. I found peace in grief and the lives we hold dear. Sometimes, on days like this, it's hard not to think about where you once were and some of the things you once wanted. I thought about the ways in which my life could've gone if only I'd turned left instead of right. It is not with regret and it's not with sadness that I remember, more a subtle melancholy that allows me to feel the memory of what once was and what could've been. In the acknowledgement of the loss of what I thought I wanted, I found acceptance for the things that are as they are.

