

ORIGIN

STYD-B-005

Words to Use

Words that Bruise

Introduction to Frequencies

It was more than the standard “rough patch”.

I was trusting that my feelings of vulnerability, insufficiency, and overall lack of interest or inspiration were temporary.

Despite my reasoning, these burdensome emotions made home in my days, materializing in everything, from the wrinkles in my bed sheets to the strokes in my dog’s winter furs. These frequencies were unwanted; I hated housing them and satisfying their bellies.

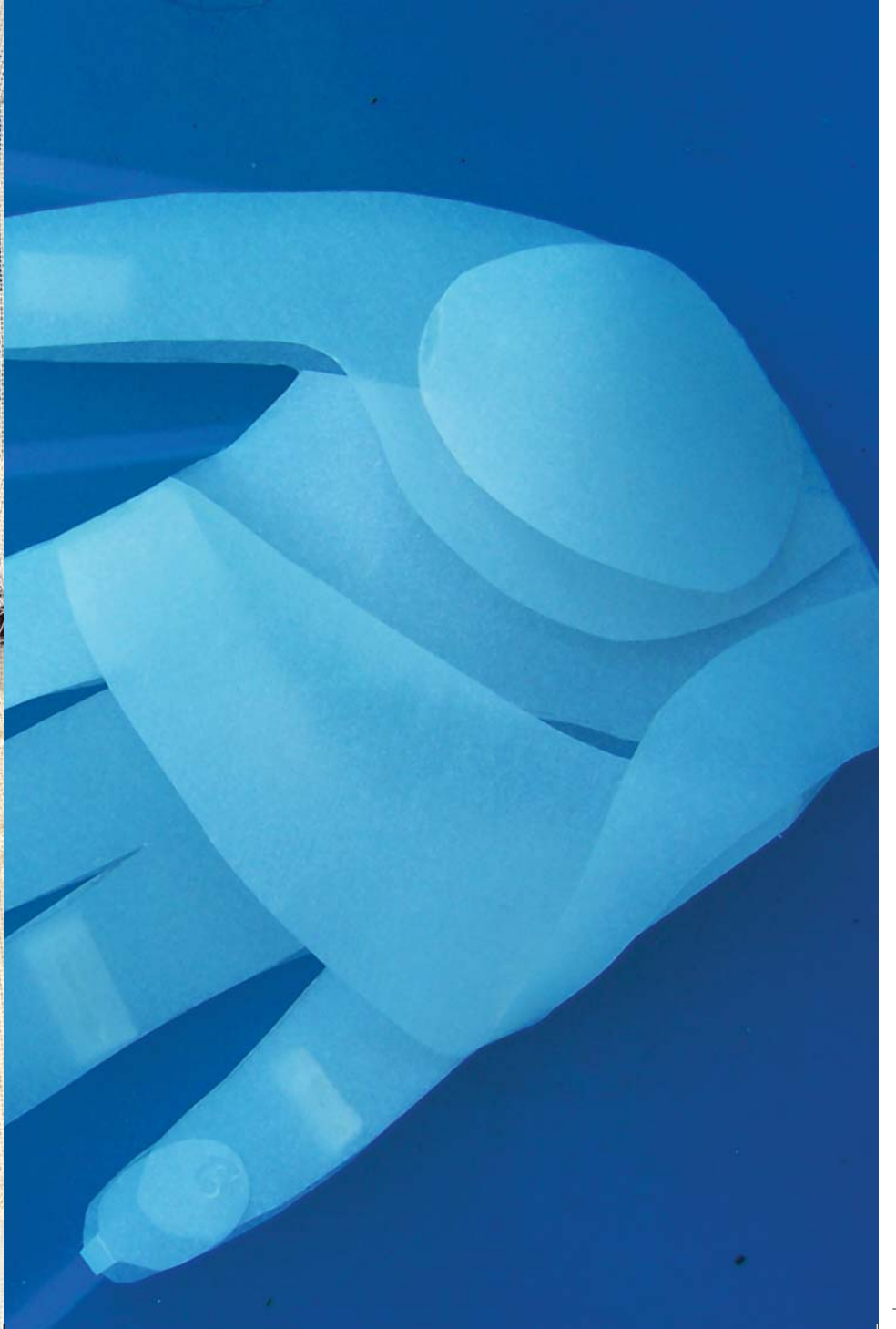
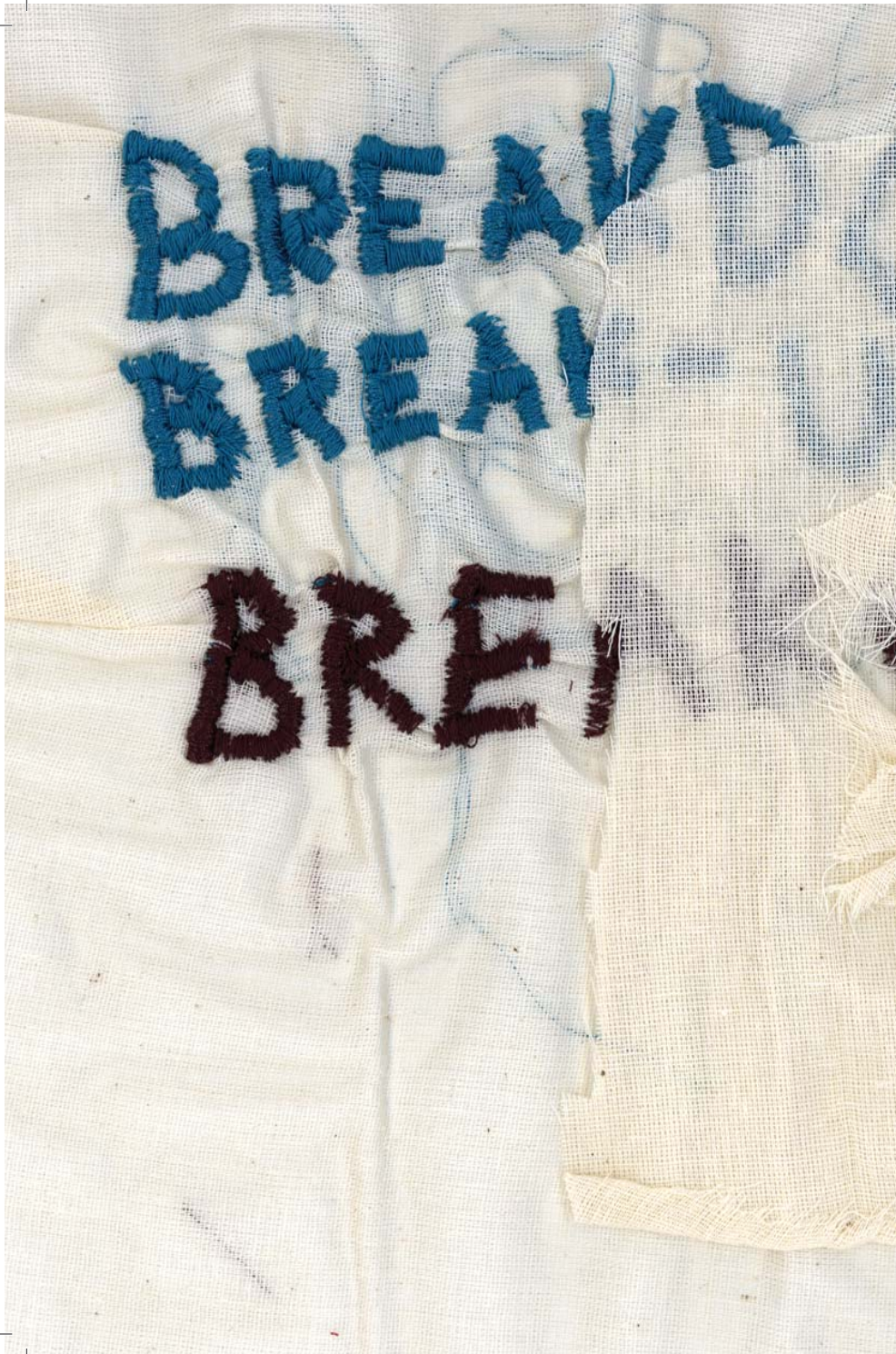
I took note of the tumultuous range of moods captured within my winter months. Here they remain as evidence of my year for self-discovery.



I BURY MY HEART WHERE I LAY MY BODY.
I LAY MY BODY WHERE I LAY THE LAND.



IT WAS MY
TELL-TALE
HEART
THAT TOLD
ME TOO
MUCH.



I SHOUTED IN A
HOLLOW HOUSE THAT I
WANTED TO BE THIN
ENOUGH THAT I COULD
SEE THROUGH MY
PALMS.





SOUNDTRACK

FOR MY DENISE

**GUARANTEED TO INDUCE
EMOTIONAL DISTRESS**

As I turned the corner into March, the chills of January insistently stalked me.

January would hide in the black beneath my bed; it made days sleepier and tattered.

Something was awry
when it came to the
point where I defined
myself in months.



*On March 23rd,
I acquired a poetic dream:*





I DIDN'T
REALLY
KNOW
WHAT
TO DO
WITH
THE
WORD.

IT JUST TANGLED IN MY
HAIR, SO I THOUGHT
I WOULD GIVE IT BACK.

