

February 20 24

hey you!

This month has, against my ~~best~~ best attempts, has been full throttle. I am still decompressing from last month's energetic output and multiple forces are pulling my energy about. though I am continuing w/ my on again-off again relationship with social media, I feel my sucked into my phone and computer. so this month, I feel called to a somewhat analog news letter, written to you by hand, maybe a bit un-edited and less focused. my dear inner friend's dharma friend sends a period newsletter that she writes by hand and reo-prints, then sends to folk across the globe (hi laine!). this is kind of like that, less bespoke, of course. I'll look for a quick way to transcribe, for accessibility.

I spent the beginning of the month in silent retreat. it was an unremarkable retreat in the most delicious ways. no big energetic shifts, no big emotions wanted to be attended to. not that I don't have plenty of suffering in me. I do. there is also the global and local suffering to attend to always. still my mind for the most part was quiet. I tend toward paranoia, so this was a welcome opportunity - to rest, to build resiliency, to prepare my mind and heart for the energy I will need to expend across various terrains.

re-entry from retreat was gentle until it wasn't. I caught a ride from Barre to Brooklyn, had dinner with Lindsay and Dom, spent time in the garden and attended a reo-workshop. then I was thrust into a tailspin of work and life. things and space have felt tight. disillusionment have felt very nearby. disillusionment still feel present and I am also moving out of this mudset. slowly.

slowly, as like many things.

yesterday, I spent a day long retreat with other BIPOC folks with Kaira Jewel Ling @ Brooklyn Zen Center. she spoke about how we're already home. someone else spoke about being faithful to their shame and anger. the language of "faithful to" really struck me. thinking of these emotions in the language of self and parts. separate selves that are looking to be shown up for. I am perpetually single but what if I started dating my shame and anger? is that weird? I don't know. I might be courting them! if nothing else, I am building intimacy with them. anger is not an emotion that has been prominent in my emotional lexicon. often, for myself, and many of us, anger turns inward and this manifests as depression. that, I am familiar with. these days, my anger is outward and I am figuring out how that feels, how it can healthily manifest in my actions. I have had plenty of opportunity in the last month to experience the anger I ~~feel~~ feel at the constraints of the systems I operate in. despair is really okay to feel. sometimes the healthy action is to close up. spring returns and the petals open.

at the day long, someone else said "we are all sufferers" and oof! I feel this hard. we are suffering in some way, even if just the stub of a toe. I stub my toe and say "ouch." just as I face rejection and say "ouch" as I look at the world and say "ouch." maybe I name a future project "the sufferers".

there are many things that I want to write and say and do. right now, in this phase, I am trying to allow enough space to surprise myself. next month I hope to return to some more quote-unquote substantial writing. for now, I leave you here. sending all quarters of my heart to you, always.

love,  
Jessica