

June 15 2020

Dear Diary,

I feel like a writer today. Not like any old writer, but like myself. I have so much to say. Often, it all gets caught at once in my throat and I choke. In those times I don't feel like myself. I don't feel like a writer. But today is different. I am flowing steadily like a stream, and my thoughts are so fluid that they slip through my throat easily, sliding to make room for one another in the stream. No longer a blockade, but a waterfall of consciousness, frictionless and transcendent to be easily recorded with pen and paper. Without friction. Today I have a frictionless mental sky. I have so much to say. Now is the time. I'm ready to switch. I'm ready to make today my everyday. And so it is.

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