

Blue for
Slam

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LESSONS THAT FEEL NOTHING LIKE

WISDOM AND EVERYTHING LIKE DROWNING

Blue heart icon: I don't know where I'm going or what the future will bring, but that doesn't slow it down, the not knowing.

Blue heart icon: I know one can never truly belong in a culture outside of her own.

Blue heart icon: I know most of us are fairly oblivious and I don't trust people who have all the answers. I long, deep, hard and completely for a soft touch and a listening ear; for someone to bounce my laughter off of, for someone who doesn't understand the rules either.

Blue heart icon: I know how it feels to oppress, only listening to voices deemed credible, blinders in place, could not see past my ambitions.

Blue heart icon: I know how it feels to be oppressed, voice ringing too angry, hysterical, female, illogical, and jumbled to be heard; have been body without voice.

Blue heart icon: I know mornings bring hope. Nights hold me close, wrapping me in sadness and telling me, I can't.

Blue heart icon: I know people are always talking about mental health, but I doubt they really know what it means. I've wandered far enough outside of my mind to know, fear is the only real threat on this earth.

Someone with nothing to lose is a free person.

Children are drops of water falling freely, and our systems of education are the cement sidewalks they collide with.

(I know my temper will get me in trouble and I'm not sorry.)

Heart Sunsets still me and so does the moon.

(I know I'll never really understand anything.)

Heart Loneliness makes me restless, and you'd probably be terrified if you knew how many of my fantasies you occupy.

Heart Expectations, rules, tightly wound meetings, and judgments deflate me completely. I don't know how people thrive in those environments. But I've met them, they do.

(I know kids love running.)

Heart Knowing how to talk about something and truly understanding it often exist at opposite ends of the universe.

I don't understand money. It's a prison everyone wants to be in.

Heart Money distorts reality, and I'm not even sure it's real. Like everything, laws, identities, borders, they're all agreements, money too.

What if we all disagreed? I'm scared too though, because I have to fit into the system to survive, or so it seems. It gets hard when I start to see the bars surrounding me.

I know we have to search for the parts of our minds that oppress us and destroy them. They are almost always hiding behind reasonable explanations.

~~I know most of us are fairly oblivious, and I don't trust people who have all the answers.~~

Laughter connects people, and I want to eat yours for breakfast.

~~I know fantasies aren't real, but after a good one I can't tell the difference.~~

~~I know I am small and unimportant, but my mind and heart beat like drums.~~

~~I know what longing feels like, deep and wide, unyielding and mythical. It makes the impossible into a maze. I am lost in it daily.~~

~~I know a smile can change a moment, and a moment can change a day.~~

~~I know depression is a lie we keep telling ourselves, and sometimes I don't know how to stop.~~

- Knowledge can be an addiction and it does not calm a needing heart.
- I know you are enough and I am enough.
- I know how it feels to sleep alone night after night, dreams holding me not you.

I know infrastructure matters, for transportation and general ease of living. So does light, eating fresh food, exercise and compliments.

I know it's not that simple, life, and it's also not as complicated as we're making it.

I know love is the only true answer, but we forgot to ask the question.

