

A Sharp Lens into a Day of the Pandemic

All the prompts from today are **sharp** as arrows. Like, to the heart of things, **sharp**, not dangerous **sharp**. I have seen enough of that photo of the magnified Coronavirus with its pointed protrusions, which are **sharp** in their mission, but more like suction cups in appearance. The pandemic has caused a prickly pause, a **sharp** halt to routines, and addictions, and the simplicity of touch. Touching a friend's shoulder at the moment of a punchline. Touching a yoga student's hip in a downward dog. Touching a door handle or the 85-year old schlepping a full bag to her car. Touching our faces. Which brings a memory of feeling the **sharp** reprimand of my mom, when I had hives on my cheeks, and she would quip, "Don't touch your face!" We are all sequestered in our geometrically **sharp**-cornered rooms and residences, craving the opposite: soft curves of nature with her beach sand and windy hillsides. Our dogs have long, **sharp** nails since the grooming places are closed. Our eyes are endlessly glued to the **sharp** blue light of our screens, in our interior existence and timeless days. In my frustration at being behind four walls, I regret my **sharp** words to friends who oversimplify this time, saying we just need to stay positive and carry on.

During this homestay, all of my journals got carried up to the living room from my tiny basement – which requires 3 **sharp** turns outdoors to get to. They've been there, all 60 of them, for my 7 years here, but are getting damp, and no one is coming over anytime soon, clients or friends or gasp lovers, so no snooping will descend on their pages, with **sharp** criticism of the content. These sitting so prominently among children's books now remind me that I DO have stories and I my **sharp** mind is not dried up, nor is my verve and vigor. Three years ago, I took those 3M tape flags, with their sturdy **sharpness**, tagged the pages, and succeeded in resisting the urge to tear out all the pages that chronicled self-hatred, body-shaming detailed rants, and gossip-y obsession-y idolatry take-down of friends, celebrities, and love interests. I penned **sharp** words for close friends who spoke truths I didn't want to hear. But some pages did get loudly torn out. The tape flags mark what? Ideas for novels, or "the" novel, (criminy) practical advice for living without the aforementioned self-hatred, **sharp** 12-step wisdom, guru talks with Gangaji and Chidvilasanada, poetic fodder, descriptions of settings and nature, emotions captured with similes, and intentions/prayers. That tape-flagging was discipline. But that is a **sharp** word, so I will borrow Michael Beckwith's term, Blissipline. Time to return to Focusmate website, if I can withstand the **sharp** shame of being gone so long. 50 minutes of writing or doing anything you are avoiding, with another person on camera, a body-double buddy. I had this notion of the pandemic freeing me up for all this, bringing creativity into **sharp** focus. Instead the lockdown is happening inside my mind. Fight. Flight. Freeze. Mostly the last one. Laser **sharp** clarity is growing inside me, invisible like the virus.