

Hear that?
That's the sound of your deep desire.

It got kinda quiet while you were busy for a while.
While you were trying to be responsible and comfortable.
While you were trying to get enough sleep to get up and go
back to work the next day.

Stop squinting. You won't see it that way.

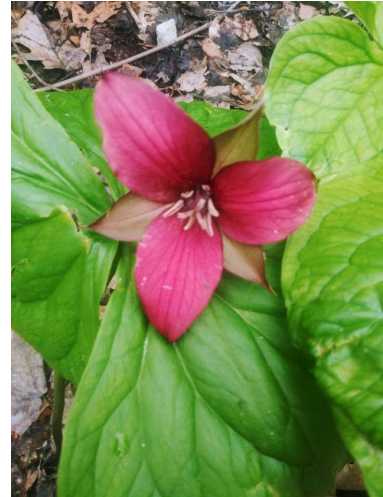
You have to sink back into your place in the universe.
Where are you? Go outside. Notice that the place you are in is alive.
Whose great-great grandchild are you? Whose ancestor will you be?

Stop straining the muscles in your neck. You can't force it.

When so much else has fallen away, who are you?
When you are no longer selling the hours of your life in exchange for currency, how do you want
to use those hours?
What time is it? Where are the sun and the moon in their tireless cycles?

Stop trying to be good. You can't be good that way.

Who and what do you depend on? You have to realize you can't survive on your own.
There is air moving in and out of your lungs right in this moment, you needy, delicate human.
When you do something good, the one you're saving is yourself.



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About a month into quarantine I decided I wanted to go to Italy for at least three months and work on a goat farm (once the world starts working again, of course). People keep asking me if I'm serious. I'm not really worried about how serious I am, I'm more interested in the fact that right now I feel very alive when I think about this possibility.

When I was little I would sit on the couch for a long time, just thinking. I would climb my favorite tree and sing songs in her highest branches, making them up as I went along, telling our story. I



had more freedom than most, because the use of my time wasn't dictated by school.

Grace Llewellyn, a leader in the unschooling movement I grew up in says, "The most overwhelming element of school is CONTROL. School controls the way you spend your time (what is life made of if not time?), how you behave, what you read, and to a large extent what you think." A Marxist might point out that wage labor is also controlling our time. We are

exchanging hours of our life, our physical and mental power, for currency.

In quarantine, I am lucky to be receiving pay without working. Like many, I now have an abundance of "free time" uncontrolled by any institution, and sparse on obligations.

What is life made of if not time?

Today is May 1. It is Beltane, the name my Celtic ancestors gave to the solar marker between Spring Equinox and Summer Solstice. It is a time when the fairies come out, a time when people traditionally light fires and dance with flowers in their hair. It is a time to attune to the energy of our desire.

I've started learning Italian.

I'm savoring my freedom.

My social training in righteous progressive saviorism and privilege guilt is telling me I ought to be pouring all of my energy into filling the enormous, infinite need that is intensified by the COVID-19 crisis. I'm deciding not to act on this anxiety at this time. If I'm going to help I want it to be from a place of connection, not obligation, and I'm not there right now.

I haven't felt really really excited to do anything in a long time. I remember what it was like to feel that way. Exploding with ideas, telling everyone. I want to listen deeper into what I want. I want to find my own desire beautiful. I want to love my desire so well it will be easy to tell next time someone tries to replace my desire with their own.

I want to be a woman, wanting.

My days are full.

As I cook and clean and organize and exercise more than ever in my life and check in with all my beloveds, I'm truly baffled at how I did it while I was working full time. How I ever folded my laundry or cooked enough food to take a healthy homemade lunch to work most days.



Remember before all the washing machines and immersion blenders, when the home economy was a big deal? Remember before feminized labor was dispossessed and commodified, appropriated by machines they can sell to us? Remember when a household could be comfortable on a single income?

We are all working right now.

I am in awe of single parents.

When we are exhausted and traumatized by trying to squeeze into the rigid structures of capitalism, our desires get distorted. We want a less shitty boss, more sleep, cheaper rent, we want what they are selling us. We forget the sacred nature of our own wanting.

Today is also May Day, the day when workers all over the world celebrate our collective power and resilience.

Capitalism can be very disorienting. When we live in a world where we see strawberries come from plastic cartons more often than strawberry plants, we experience a collective loss of connection to place. We are disconnected from natural cycles. We are cut off from deep connection to our elders and lose our cultural wisdom.

When we lose our traditions we are not oriented in time, we get lost. I only learned as an adult that my Jewish tradition includes a torah portion for each week of the year, round and round.

There are eight major solar events in the year that my pagan ancestors celebrated in their various ways. Our emotions and the waters of the world are following the cycles of the moon. We are here as descendants of ancestors who brought us to this moment, both the grandmothers who cooked cabbages over wood stoves, and the star ancestors whose bodies now make the elements of our own. We are the ancestors of the future people.



I feel the loss of grounding. I am trying to re-learn who I am. I am trying amid all of the terror of our absurd, violent political system and the deep grief of living during a mass extinction. I am trying while also recovering from a relationship where I allowed my life force to be controlled and drained away. I am trying while recovering from the humiliation, exploitation and exhaustion of working in hierarchy-based institutions under capitalism. At the same time, not knowing when I will be required to speed up and go back to work.

If I know who I am maybe I will be able to hear my desire. I don't think it's something you can push for. It's like when your eyes go out of focus, or when you solve one of those wire puzzles by twisting it just the right way. If you try too hard it won't come. You have to relax. You have to just be. In this time, you get to just be.

It is a radical, creative act to just be.

Today is May Day and Beltane and this evening marks the beginning of Shabbat, the Jewish day of rest. Today we are deeply wanting. Today we are not taking shit. Today we are preparing for conscious rest. Today we are awake. It is important that awake people be awake. Today our creativity is the way we choose to live each moment. Today we are opening to something in us that can drive us more powerfully than the desires that keep us dull or stuck or pouring our hours into thin aspirations toward middle class stability. Today we are too true to be denied by ourselves or our oppressors. Today we are not ashamed of our messy home space, our moments of anxious aggression, or depression pinning us to the light of the screen and blocking out the light of the world. Today we want connection more than we want to hide. Today we don't have energy left for fear. Today we are learning to trust things that are big and true. May it be so.

