

In Words

4-21-2020

Worm House

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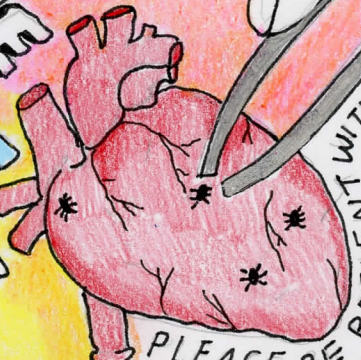
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THE HEART HOARDS ITS THORNS

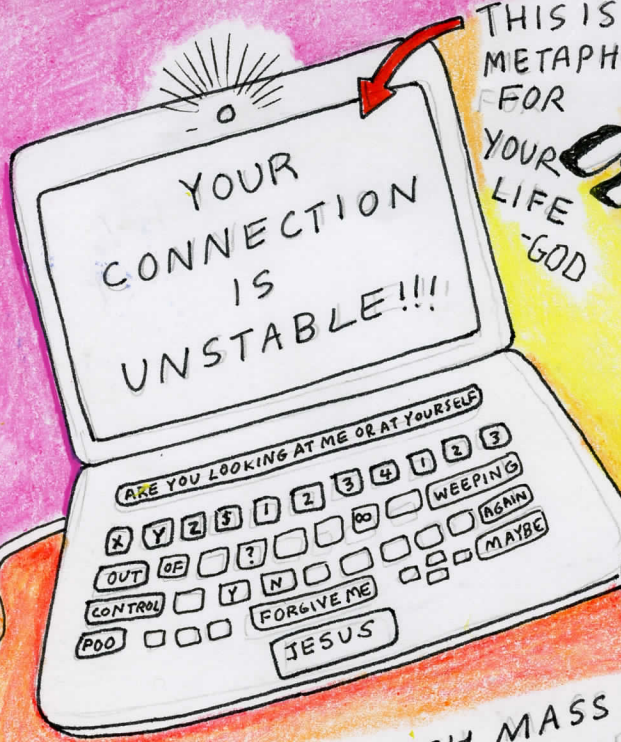


PLEASE BE PATIENT WITH ME WHILE MY THERAPIST EXTRACTS TICKS FROM MY HEART.

STUCK ON STUCK

OH! I FEEL SO UNWORTHY!

MAKING ELEGANT MISTAKES HAS TO BE PART OF THE STORY I'M WRITING



YOUR CONNECTION IS UNSTABLE!!!

ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME OR AT YOURSELF

WEeping REgain MAYBE JESUS

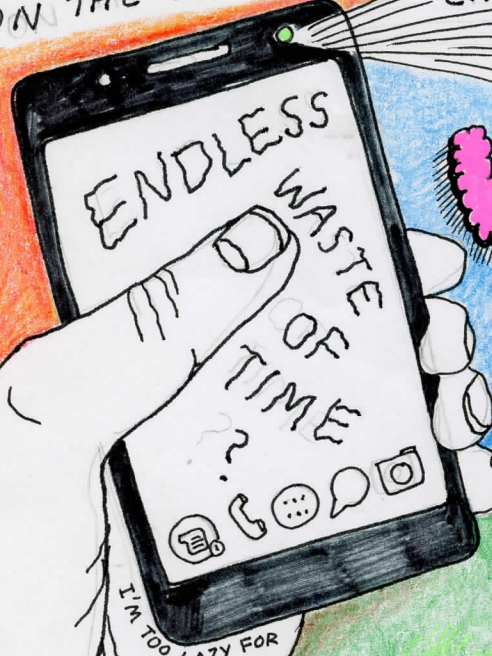
ON THE PHONE WITH MASS HEALTH
ON THE PHONE WITH UNEMPLOYMENT
ON THE PHONE WITH SNAP

CHOPPY ELEVATOR MUSIC



QUIT FEELIN' SORRY FOR YOURSELF

WOMAN HOUSE 62



ENDLESS WASTE OF TIME

I'M TOO LAZY FOR THIS.

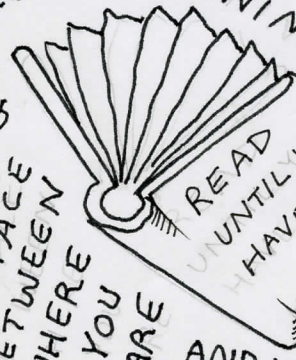
TRY TO BE A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER

I'VE MADE UP SO MANY STORIES...

NOW I FEEL FICTIONAL

PLEASE TRANSLATE WHAT IS INSIDE ME

HOW DO YOU OVERCOME YEARNING? THERE IS NO OVERCOMING THE SPACE BETWEEN WHERE YOU ARE



READ UNTIL YOU HAVE FAITH IN HUMANITY AND WHAT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE...

MISS EXPANDING UNIVERSE © 2020

April 21, 2020

I fell from this improbable height:
the 80th floor of a hotel in Las Vegas.
I assumed I was an indigo child
because my mother always said I could fly
but when I exploded on the cement
and bits of my esophagus got in some kid's
snowcone...

Let's start over. I am very sad.
There is nothing happening in my brain
except the drama of my childhood catching fire.
I feel like I'm in a burning building and I've got to go...
At least, that's what I heard on the radio.

Wow. This is getting way too serious.
I let down my hair, but I forgot to build a fortress
out of potty jokes. Where am I going with this?
I am going straight to Hell (and back again),
and let me tell you, it was wonderful.

Cry out in your weakness, save your tears
and serve them in a cocktail. By the way,
has anyone ever told you that your left eye
is substantially bigger than your right,
and it is throwing me off balance?

The sound of silence is the sound of sirens,
and cellphones buzzing, and Frank Zappa singing
"You look like a penguin in bondage, boy"
in a distant building, and your next door
neighbor masturbating to a balloon popping.
I wandered lonely as a cloud, the poet said,
into that nothing which is something or that
something which is nothing that is something...
Oh forget it.

Lying in the back of a truck on its way to No Place,
you crucified yourself to the Big Dipper purely because
he's the only constellation you know, and you are desperate
for connection.

P.S. The sound of silence is watching people laugh on Zoom on mute.

P.P.S. The great thing about workout classes on Zoom is that nobody can hear you fart...
I think...

April 15

I was reading *The New Yorker* (my other favorite weekly publication) this morning, and the dispatch from Maggie Nelson scooped me from my juice-sucking-daily-existential-crisis. She quotes Natalia Ginzburg's "Winter in the Abruzzi": "Dreams never come true, and the instant they are shattered, we realize how the greatest joys of our life lie beyond the realm of reality" (I wrote in the margins: "Does it matter? Doesn't only hope matter?"). I noted the phrase "ancient and immutable law" which we all must bend to, which stoops us and humbles us before a force that is larger than anything in our grain-of-rice-sized-lives and how she writes that our species is defined by a "terrible and precious precarity."

All the time I wonder, my heart distracted by longing, do I settle for less than what I want? And I pray (which is the act of hoping) that I can accept and dive into what I have, dive into the well which is already inside of me and come up with clear spring water... Isn't that what it means to be an artist?

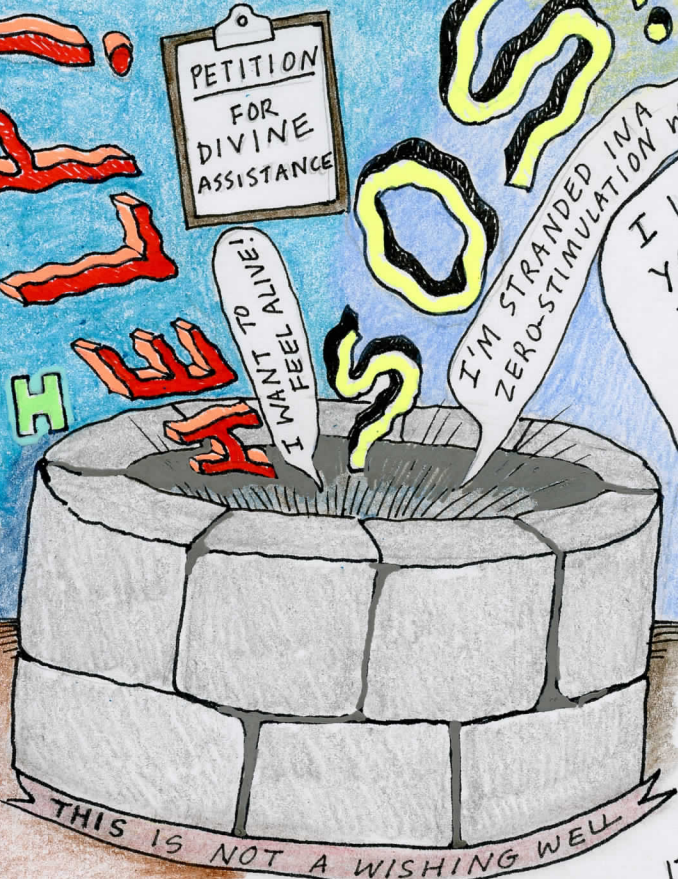
I think of tree rings, and the plaque I read at the Museum of Natural History, which explained how in times of draught, the rings were separated by a hair, there was hardly any growth, and then in less catastrophic climates the rings were broad, tremendous growth occurred, and how perhaps I am not to blame for the times I've spent hoarding crumbs of whatever love and validation and proof that my existence is worth something from whatever source I can get. Calamity is not something I can outfox, and *egregious* mistake-making is part of the process of living. As Dean Young writes: "No need to make a long list of fuck-ups and regrets / it will look like everybody else's."

I think of the acorns -- millions of them! -- along the paths I walk every day, and how they try to sprout roots regardless of where they land. I look at an acorn sprouting on the cement and I recognize myself in that absurd optimism and hope and striving to grow in impossible conditions, even against the most (f)rigid and unfriendly surfaces. All I can do, really, is keep on falling, keep on cracking as is only natural to do, and pray that the ground substantiates my claim.

Sincerely Yours,
Miss Expanding Universe
Issue 62, April 2020

HERE FOR THE LONG HAUL

ECHO
O H C E
E C H O E C H O
E C H O E C H O
E C H O E C H O



I WILL NOT MEASURE YOU OUT ANY MORE DISTRESS THAN YOU NEED TO MAKE WORM HOUSE. DO YOU WANT ANY LESS THAN THAT? -GOD

THE ECHO CHAMBER

I AM ALONE AND STUCK IN THIS MOTHERFUCKING METAPHORICAL WELL!!! *

THE ECHO CHAMBER IS WHERE YOU LEARNED TO LOVE YOU LEARNED IT'S WHERE YOU LEARNED THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH LOVE (OR LACK THEREOF) AND WITH JOY (OR LACK THEREOF).



*INCOMPLETE DIRECTORY OF METAPHORICAL WELLS

- JAPANESE FOLKLORE/ HORROR STORIES, i.e RINGU
- SNOW WHITE → "WANNA KNOW A SECRET, PROMISE NOT TO TELL? MAKE A WISH INTO THE WELL. AND IF YOU HEAR IT ECHOING, YOUR WISH WILL SOON COME TRUE.."
- HARUKI MURAKAMI NOVELS, ESP. THE WIND UP BIRD CHRONICLE
- BATMAN (YOUNG BRUCE FALLS INTO A WELL FULL OF BATS, ← HOW TO TURN YOUR WORST FEAR INTO YOUR SUPERPOWER LATER HE ESCAPES A WELL-LIKE "PIT")

WORST FEAR INTO YOUR SUPERPOWER