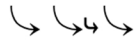
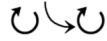


Ieva Raudsepa

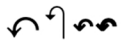
“Spring Blessings”



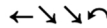
“Things happen slowly over time and then they happen all at once.”



Helicopters buzzing around. Feels like we’re in the middle of something. The light doesn’t look like we’re in Los Angeles. The weather is cold and windy; I get into my car and start driving. There are at least ten police cars next to the pupusa shop on Fletcher. They’ve blocked the side streets. I wonder what has happened. Makes me think it was probably something sad. It was raining this morning and the visibility on the freeway was horrible. I had already forgotten what this feels like – feels like entering a big gray cloud of seeing nothing.



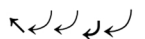
Līga tells me that I’m at a point she knows very well – the point where you start to doubt everything. She tells me not to believe it. The feeling is “like being on drugs. Remind yourself that it’s not real.”



What hurts, lick it full of love.



I’m at my parents’ summer cabin just outside of the city and my jogging route here is one of my favorite in the world. It’s close to the sea and there is a road going through the forest to get to the very end of the beach, where the sea meets the river, people in swimsuits all around, the asphalt, full of stitches, is shining in the sun, uncool little cafes and shops, a couple of Soviet white brick apartment buildings, and the sea, it is at the very end of it, but, see, I never jog that far, the asphalt stops at one point, and I just can’t run through thick sand.



Navigation: “Stay in the right lane to turn left.”

Thinking about the heart as a beginning for everything that is important, but also as a bodily organ.

Can’t stop stuff from happening; can’t force stuff into happening.

SGGJ

Driving home, next to my house, a billboard is flickering. It says something like, *choose a path, then turn another direction.*

0

Big chunks of pink guava. I wonder why life often feels circular and like something to keep hitting against; holding the heart in my palm, forehead bleeding.

GJ

A swampy and damp place with very low visibility. Everything is kind of moldable and warm. Holding a flashlight, pushing myself through. Maybe that's what this is for now and I'm fully immersed. You buzz next to my ear and whisper about a light reflecting structure that is somewhere out there; you tell me to hold onto the flashlight "because it's impossible to know when it's going to crash right into you."

↑↑↑↑↑

Tired, eating very greasy food. Yesterday someone told me that sometimes the recommendations online ("You might also like") are actually created by people not algorithms. Searching for rain boots online, nothing really excites me. Talking to Amanda, she tells me that Robert Pattison once sat on her coat at Crawfords. She had to ask him to get off of it. There is a pair of rain boots with a huge zipper in front. A smashed persimmon on the asphalt.

↶↷↵↶

The moon smiling behind a magnolia tree.

A man gets out of his car. He has a Moon Juice tote bag on his shoulder and a Big Gulp in his hand. I'm skeptical, but there is someone breathing: "Two things that seem like opposites can both be true."