

by Lucinda

Things I realised (again):

- 1. I have a lot of stuff
- 2. Real, satisfying physical intimacy can't be got in a night.
- 3. There are, of course, notable exceptions to point 2.
- 4. Love, romantic love, real deep love may only wander into our lives once or twice. I'm not talking about those moments of infatuation that come with orgasm and the haphazard span of attention. I think, I'm talking about something else?
- 5. While that love is there we are unable to comprehend just how it will feel when it's gone.
- 6. Everyone's life is full of clichés.
- 7. Everyone's life is full of moments of such sublime subjectivity that no one will ever hear about because words will never actually find the shape of them. You had to be there.
- 8. Sublime and indescribable moments usually come buffered on either side by the broad shoulders of breathtaking clichés.
- 9. Sometimes even leaving the house will not be enough to stop the feeling that all the stuff that you own is weighing you down like actual physical anchors. You can almost see the chains linking you to the things, the actual things that you actually own even though you don't need any of them.

- 10. Some sorrows will not pass with time.
- 11. Some sorrows are experts at hiding inside regular household objects.
- 12. Some sorrows will hide behind corners and on the back of postcards and will scare the shit out of you because you'd forgotten them, thought you'd processed them in a totally health talk therapy way but actually they'd just been in Bali, on a yoga retreat, eating well and getting early nights so they could come back and more expertly dog your every step.
- 13. It is possible to hate inanimate objects and yet refuse to part with them.
- 14. It is possible to love inanimate objects and give them away.
- 15. Spinach and going to bed early does make a difference.