

in related news I recently started seeing a therapist I am having trouble with my mission like how can I sleep in safety and drink clean water and buy now with one-click on amazon all day long and be an effective agent of change in the broken world hey, EB White how can I improve the world and enjoy the world at the same time *am I even allowed to do that* and I don't need for her to say *it's okay* my therapist or to let me off the hook or even figure out the boring story of my dreary hardwiring I need her help but I am fairly sure it requires me to get to work and not sit in her lovely office on the beige couch for 50 minutes each week but then in the middle of my whole dumb narrative my therapist says so tenderly *how does that make you feel* and I am so torn trying not to fuck it up as a mother as a partner as an employee as a friend as a neighbor as a human that I have no fucking idea how I feel *that is a ridiculous question, therapist how does that make me feel??* aren't you supposed to tell ME that? how am I *supposed* to feel? is this multiple choice or essay? *how does that make you feel* guilty angry worried ugly fat incendiary lost helpless fierce selfish useless phony wrong determined misguided old irrelevant mad alone despairing stuck maybe you can relate

*how does that make you feel* and it's easy to blame the news I don't know about you but for me seems like every day is a denigrating new low another nationally humiliating layer of *what the fuck* I am hopeful for the blue wave but it mostly feels like one of those video games that gets harder the more you play Toxic Masculinity for Xbox level 17 wait that's like every video game it's gross I want to send fruit baskets to all the NATO countries boxes of chocolate to Justin Trudeau and that mayor in Puerto Rico letters of deepest apology to all the families separated at the border cases of hand sanitizer to Ahngula Merkel and Queen Elizabeth and even that old prune Teresa May I basically disagreed with every vote John McCain ever cast but I cried at his funeral I hate that I have nostalgia for the Bush years my bet is on Melania for that anonymous op-ed just the sound of Obama's voice yesterday made me choke up I want that glorious trump baby blimp to fly over my house I need the world to know to quote a scottish critic on twitter that this *mangled apricot hellbeast* this *clueless numpty* is not who we are unless it is who we are as a nation in which case good people and I mean that quite literally: good people our work is clear persist resist entrench subvert run for office and it's not trump not really he is merely the tool the blithering id of the oppressor an Archie Bunker hand puppet which may be an insult to Archie Bunker who has managed to make the truth not true which instantly creates a place at the table for any asshole the once noble or at least dignified and mostly grammatically correct national narrative reduced to a peeing contest of hate rhetoric and jingo tweets all bets are off chaos ensues no one is safe so maybe I am simply suffering from american shame a sort of deep patriotic grief *how does that make you feel*

in related news my me too inventory keeps accumulating events occurring with depressing regularity and events forgotten or buried now reveal themselves as I re-understand the past 52 years through these new glasses with a prescription that changes daily I've

