

## Crazy, 2004

It's crazy out here on this moonlit night.

It is crazy how big is the sky.

It is warm and it's cool and it is dark yet it's bright and I don't know who or what or where I am.

Who or what or where am I?

Once, so long ago, I was a girl beneath a moonlit night. I was out of control with how unknown I was to me. And my eyes were wide and I was open. I was wide open, ready to receive life. And I didn't know what life was. Life was a dream to me. Life held the answers. And I waited for life. I waited for answers I waited to know. I wanted to know and I breathed and I saw but I didn't see. I felt but I didn't understand. I was so. Incredibly. Something. I don't know what.

And that moonlit sky was crazy. And I remember the smell of outside and what's different today?

Today I do not smell outside. Today I am not open. But today I know things.

I miss being open. I miss wonder and amazement and yearning and questions and hope and outside. I miss me.