

**curated
narration**

Welcome
Welcome to living curation
Welcome to loving creation

I see us,
Me in the mirror, you clearer
Both messy hair
Despair? Not quite there but
Dishes in the sink, laundry in piles
Miles of text
messages on hold and papers to compose
Not fighting the urge to binge show after show
snuggled up with
a hot drink

But wait. Stop. Think.
You made dinner and zoomed with a friend.
So now indeed
drink
a lungful of air before you sleep.
Breathe deep
and repeat. Breathe deep
and repeat
Breathe
Deep.
This is your life for keeps.

*Words are a passion, but like fashion, go
in and out of style*

*Trial and error or something rarer lead us
to our language*

*Consider the word cultivate - we know
this word, we think
it is forgiving of our lack of knowledge of
agrarian living.*

*We talk plant based metaphors til -
like chloroform -
the oxygen of gleaning the meaning of
cultivate is all shallow breathing,
demeaning and depleting if not
downright deceiving*

*A word that is pleasing? Curate.
I have come by it lately.*

*Yes here in is a word that is fresh to our
hearing*

*it's meaning is clean and unfettered
yet feels older*

*Religious. Secular
it projects*

*and smoulders with images
it carries*

*factoids and artifacts we had forgotten
laid buried*

Which can lead us to

*A curated museum within which pieces of
alluring endurance are displayed*

My museum.
Artifact: Strength
Look. I was in university when
one summer I did
1000 push-ups
100 times.
100,000 micro waves
crashing and rising
against the floor of my room
Formed out of promises to myself
and designed to
carve out a new shoreline
of lightly sanded muscles,
chest and forearms emerging out of my
once scrawny beachfront property
Properly now fitting into new clothes
These oaths I
proposed to my self now completed
Feeling depleted, yet undefeated and
completely composed
Stronger in heart, mind and soul
I arose

May I enter the museum of your life?
What is that? you ask
Your museum is the place where it's hard to
trace
the line dividing your heart rate and your
heart's traits.
My heart races in anticipation
All your creations

Exhibit those moments and memories of
being wholly alive
where you at last realize
you are
who you are
you are
You

So

Surprise me with your wise and your witty
pretty or gritty
Curated lives
of heart and soul,
mind and strength and
full on elation

For you are a creative revelation
For you are revealing creation