

During the institute, when I was asked to “fly in my mind’s eye” (on the 5th day in NYC)
I wrote:

I see a big green/gray couch that I know feels soft.

I see a burgundy leather chair.

I see Dave sitting in it.

I see a Manhattan on the glass table top next to the chair.

I see the tan lamp.

I see an empty corner where another chair belongs.

The thought I have about this is comfort because it is my refuge, my safety net. My all.