

I dug this window out of the backyard of our first home.

It hung on the wall of every home we had shared since. We would use it to hold pictures, or hang cards, it varied with the seasons. It last hung on the red wall in our dining room.

I dug the root from the same yard when we put in our first garden.

We used it as an improvised shelf. It last hung on the yellow wall in our living room.

At the time this residency ends, it will have been 10 months since I anchored this belt to the ceiling in our dining room.

I sat at our dining room table for a week looking at it before I left.

When doing the work, in my mind I travel to my safe place, a tallgrass prairie that grows flowers like dreams under a permanent sunset, the hues of which change based on my mood. I call it *Annabelle*. In the center of the prairie, peeking just above the amber waves, there is a large white cube, this is my container, where I keep the things I am not quite ready to deal with, or just need to have put away for that day. (Someone once told me I make the type of art that goes in white boxes.) In the beginning this cube would decay like a tooth, it was ugly like the feelings I had for what I kept inside of it, but now this cube glows bright like a beacon.

When I visit Annabelle, I am joined by The Little Prince (my personification of nurturing). He takes my hand and guides me to a hill where we sit together. When I am ready, we walk on, through the tallgrass until we reach the window (suspended in the air much like it is here). Through the window we revisit and reprocess my past traumas, changing ideas and pathways that tell me

"I am not good enough..."

"I do not deserve to be loved..."

"I am not worth it..."

By visiting the base experiences where those seeds were planted and recreating those thought processes to let me know

"I am capable."

"I am deserving."

"I am worthy."

The first time I did this, with the aid of my therapist, we began with a simple idea, I was in a state of crisis and the only feeling I had was that I was broken.

"I am broken..."

"What would you tell your broken self?"

"I feel broken now, but that is okay, because I am working on it and I am not going to feel this way forever..."

My therapist performs a series of taps on my knees, bilateral stimulation. I breathe, and suddenly everything gets just a little bit lighter, just a little bit easier; a warmth spreads across my shoulders, around to my back, through to my heart and up to my head, I breathe deep and let it go.



Self hate is out. We are delusionally sexy now.