



LETTERS FROM MY BODY | LETTER FIVE

A Letter From My Brain to Me

For the mind with a few too many tabs open.

Dear Casey,

Before you say anything, yes, I know it is midnight. And no, the conversation from twelve years ago did not need another review. I had already pulled the file, though, and you know how I get.

At present, I have 272 tabs open. One is playing a song we have not heard since high school. Another is trying to remember whether we replied to a message. Several concern things that have not happened, and one contains an excellent idea for a story. I would tell you which one, but I put it somewhere very sensible.

Meanwhile, you have walked into the kitchen and forgotten why. I understand your frustration. It is difficult to explain how I can retain an unfortunate sentence from 2014 while misplacing the purpose of a thirty-second journey.

I would like us to begin with a little mercy for this arrangement. You and I have been carrying a great deal, and lately even our quiet moments seem to arrive with an agenda. The room settles, the lights go down, and suddenly there is enough space to hear every unfinished question.

I know you would like an off switch. If I had one conveniently labeled, I promise I would have mentioned it by now.

Casey Edwards | Voice With a Purpose

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I keep returning to things because an answer feels so inviting. If we could just understand that look, find the missing piece, or rehearse the conversation properly, perhaps the uncertainty would finally leave us alone. I offer another possibility. Then another. By the end of the evening, we have held an entire meeting about something that may never require our attendance.

I am sorry about the length of those meetings. The refreshments have also been disappointing.

But even with all this thinking, there are things I cannot give you. I cannot know what someone meant unless they tell us. I cannot arrange tomorrow so that nothing hurts. I cannot revise the past by examining it from one more angle, although I realize I have presented several very confident proposals.

Some questions are waiting on another person. Some are waiting on time. Some may never offer the answer we would have chosen. I find that difficult too. There is such temptation in believing that enough attention will eventually make everything understandable.

Perhaps tonight we could let one question remain a question. We could write it down if we want to keep it, then leave a little space beneath it. We do not have to fill that space with the worst possible explanation.

An unfinished thought can wait on paper. It does not need us to stay awake beside it.



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There is something else I want you to remember about me. You know me so well as the keeper of lists and worries that sometimes we forget the other things I bring.

I am here when a sentence turns unexpectedly beautiful. When you notice a face in the grain of wood, imagine a forest beyond an ordinary doorway, or decide that a perfectly respectable piece of paper would be improved by glitter. I help you find the joke in a difficult afternoon. I let a song open a room you thought you had forgotten.

I would like a little time for that work too. Wonder is a lovely use of us.

And when the words come slowly, I hope you will resist making the delay into a judgment. You are still the person who loves language when the right word refuses to come down from its hiding place. You are still creative when the page stays blank. We can leave a space and return to it.

Neither of us needs to be impressive every hour. Sometimes we are going to need a list. Sometimes we will read a paragraph twice, ask someone to repeat themselves, or remember the thing just after it would have been useful. I would prefer fewer insults during these moments. I am, after all, in the room.

Let us be allowed an ordinary, imperfect day inside this extraordinary business of being alive.

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I cannot promise that tonight will be quiet simply because we ask. I know how frustrating it is to be told to stop thinking when thinking is already happening. We do not need to turn a restless evening into another assignment we have failed.

But perhaps we can stop demanding a useful conclusion from every thought that passes through. A memory can visit without becoming the subject of an investigation. An idea can be lovely without becoming a project before breakfast. Tomorrow can remain tomorrow for a few more hours.

If something truly needs attention, we can choose the next small thing. We can ask for help. We can let another person bring a perspective we have not managed to find in all our circling. You do not have to do every kind of knowing alone.

For now, I would like to sit with you in a room where nothing needs explaining. There can be an unfinished book nearby, a glass of water, the familiar weight of the blanket. We can notice where we are without requiring ourselves to feel any particular way about it.

Tomorrow, perhaps, we will find the story idea. Perhaps we will even remember what we wanted from the kitchen. Tonight, I would be glad if you spoke to yourself as someone worth keeping company.

With affection, and several tabs still open,
Your Brain

P.S. I found the song. We may have to hear the chorus once more.