

SELF, TIME TO MY

I have none. No time to myself.

Girls went down about a half hour, forty-five minutes ago. Mia has started screaming, but I will not respond until I'm sure it's not going to stop. She does this. Mid nap, screaming fit, then back to sleep. Sabine does it a little too, though hers isn't so much a fit as a quiet, sad moaning. I fear her past life was not a happy one. She seems very happy here, with us, now, so I'm hoping she moved a step up in the existence ranks.

It's hard to get a good, consistent sleep schedule right. Especially for the new parent. You're still learning which cry means what. And then you still have to factor in a million little nuances. For instance, Mia has been a little constipated for the past day and a half. Chances are she's experiencing some discomfort as a result of this. That could trigger mid nap howling. Or maybe she's just having a nightmare. It seems to me babies can have those.

Haven't had a chance to write in, what, two, three days? What the hell was I doing? Oh yeah, it was the weekend. Somehow my weekends are busier and even more exhausting than my weekdays. I suspect it's the presence of my OCD husband, who can come up with all sorts of extra chores to do with his free time. Conveniently, he throws his back out on weekends, which ultimately means I'm the one who ends up doing all that fun work he's invented that needs to be done. Pile that on top of all the freakin' baby work I already have to do, and that adds up to a shitload of work. Much of it, in my humble opinion, can wait. I think that people end up ruining a good deal of their lives and free time by not focusing on things that will make them happy. They don't know enough about how to concentrate on creative endeavors and fun stuff so they get mixed up in the miasma of their daily drivel. That was a silly sentence.

I'm wrapped up in my own daily drivel. Luckily, Mia went back to her nap. Guess it was a momentary glitch in the matrix. Will I get sued for that? I dare them. Whoever they are.

So the painting I'm working on, have I already written about it? It's funny. A little pink and grey and white painting, gouache, ink and casein, on a fantastically thick and textured paper. Not sure if it's a watercolor or printmaking paper. Really fat. Phat.

The piece (is that pretentious?) is a painting of a great white shark, from now on always referred to as "JAWS", and a little shakey mouse. The kind that cats play with, with shakey sounds coming from it's little belly, covered in bunny fur, dyed all sorts of colors. I think my faves are the grey and white ones, because their coloring also matches that of the Jaws shark. Grey and white. This shark is sort of heading up toward the shakey mouse, shark on lower left of paper, mouse on upper right. But instead of Jaws wanting to eat this mouse, I'm thinking maybe Jaws is more worshipping or having a vision of this mouse.

Sabine calls. I must answer.