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Hope This Helps

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We need a loving grown-up to give us advice and that loving grown-up is the universe. Who wants to go to the universe for help? You can’t touch the universe or kiss its mouth or stick your fingers in its mouth though sometimes the universe works horizontally through people and I like that.

My friend channeled the universe when he said I was milk. My friend said I was born milk but then grown-ups poured in lemon juice which makes sense because I’ve always felt like rotten cottage cheese and I’ve been running around the planet like I don’t want to be this when in fact I am milk and was always milk and will always be milk.

I don’t think this is a story about blaming grown-ups for the ways we are ruined. I think this is a story about knowing what we are up against mostly ourselves and what our essential consistency is which in my case is milk and in your case is milk you are milk you are milk you are so milk.