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River Archives: A visual examination of self through personal journal entries along the Deschutes, Wenatchee, and Colorado rivers

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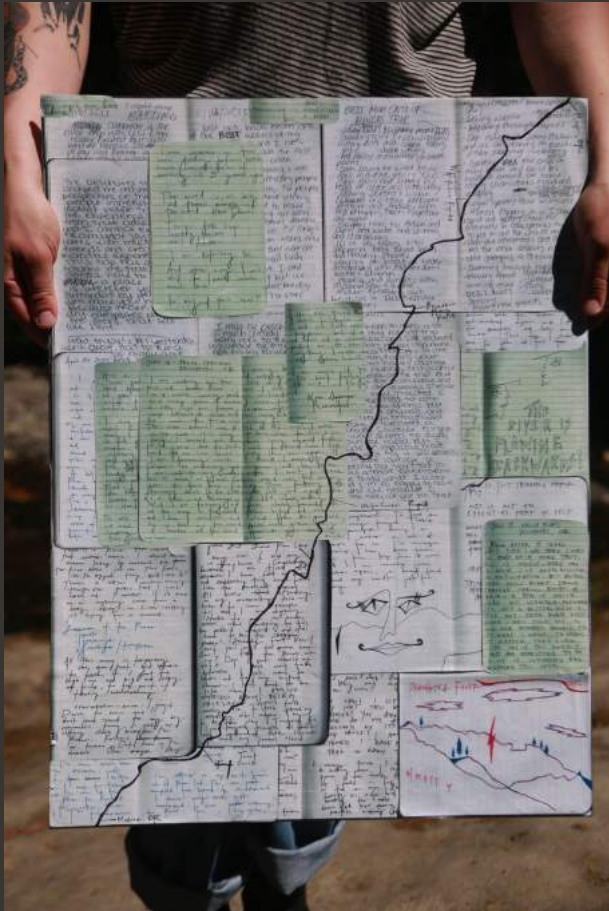
RIVER ARCHIVES



A VISUAL EXAMINATION OF SELF
THROUGH PERSONAL JOURNALING ALONG
THE DECHUTEY, WENATCHEE
+ COLORADO RIVERS

BY KYLAR
TIBBETT





JOURNALING

- ARCHIVE OF MY LIFE
- PROCESS OF TRANSCRIPTION
- PRIVATE VS. PUBLIC



RIVER4



JOURNEY TO
GUIDING

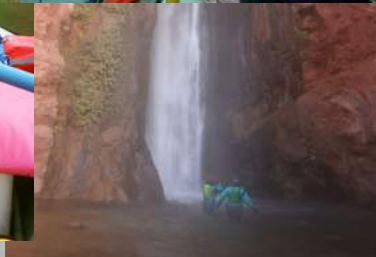


2015

2016

2020

2022



- LESSONS OF THE RIVER

Querencia - where are you strong from?

→ Most you. Strongest source of self. fears and potential fears

Being at the source connects you to the power. All the power of the flow. Being at the source is all of it

Water [molds to you, engulfs you, lets you in, flows and flows and flows]

How to: Take the least amount of strokes possible → what am I holding on to that is unnecessary, holding me back? What can I let go of? Understanding the River, the flow of life, the most empowering thing, allows you to let go of what's unnecessary to let with the flow

[RECIPROCITY]

Working against the River = Expending energy of people, structures, institutions that reduce our stamina

→ Importance of eddies: gather strength + look around, perceive, readjust

→ Running a line is not an individual act. Can't be on the River alone, you know the River by hearing other perspectives

Are you working for the Eddy by staying there?

River is the Master of Taking the Path of Least Resistance

→ Hits a rock, goes around it, boils up, bursts and moves again, eddies at more upstream, recollect & reflect, ALWAYS CARRIES ON

Sense of Ease = To know your [in] the flow

Water [molds to you, engulfs you, lets you in, flows and flows and flows]

How to: Take the least amount of strokes possible → What am I holding on to that is unnecessary, holding me back? What can I let go of? Understanding the River, the flow of life, is the most empowering thing.

[RECIPROCITY]

Working against the River = Expending energy of people, structures, institutions that reduce our stamina

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Sense of Ease = To know you're [in] the flow

INDIGENOUS
PERSPECTIVES

"THE DEYCHUTEY RIVER"



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

CORPORATE CHARTER
OF THE
CONFEDERATED TRIBES
OF THE
WARM SPRINGS RESERVATION
OF OREGON

RATIFIED APRIL 21, 1928



Illumination

BY ELIZABETH HOGGAY

The irresistible and benevolent light brushes through the angel-wing begonias, the clippings of ruddy ears for the living room. Intimate notes, debris of grounded, forlorn walks, speckle through the vitreous quality of blush. As fluid hulls turn like trout backs, azure-tipped fins oscillate in the shallows, the clear floating is dizziness.

Tender events are meeting halves and wholes of affinity, the recurrence of whimsy and parallel streams flush away the blockage of malaise. Incandescent gratitude, pliable kindness smolders in the hulk of these sweet accumulations: abalone shells, the thoughtful carvings from friends, the stone of another's pocket, the photo of mystified moon over water, the smiles of worn chairs.

Austere hopes find pleasure in lately cherished flowers. The blooms are articulate deluge, lines of delicacy. Petals parted dim renderings, the viable imprint of the blood-hot beams of light with reformed courage. Breveting the flourish to suppression, the blade of choice brings the finish of dividing while adequately doubling worth by two. Multiplying. The luminescent burning of space. The heat is a domicile as abandoned as red roses budding their accession from stems.

The sun has its own drum consenting itself with the rose heart: it takes into continual rumbling. The connection of surface and hand. The great head of dark clouds finds its own place of unraveled repercussions and disruption, elsewhere, over the tall, scorch mountains of indemnity.



The People, The Reservation

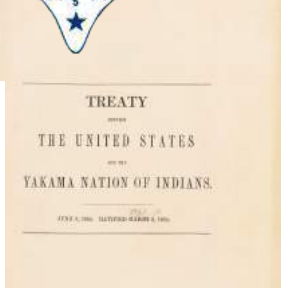
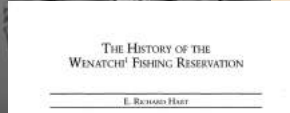
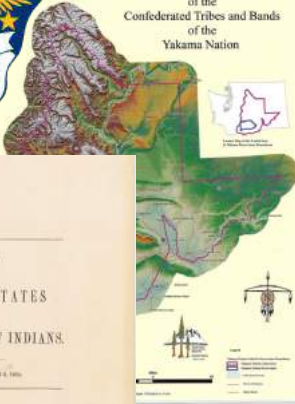
The people of the Warm Springs Reservation and the reservation itself are the result of the treaty between the United States and the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs Reservation, signed in 1928. The reservation is located in the state of Oregon, and is one of the largest reservations in the United States. The reservation is home to a diverse population of Native Americans, including the Warm Springs, Wasco, Twin Falls, and Coquille tribes. The reservation is known for its beautiful scenery, including the Warm Springs River and the Wasco Mountains. The reservation is also known for its rich cultural heritage, and is a popular destination for tourists and visitors alike.

THE DEYCHUTEY RIVER
RINS ON THE LAND OF
THE CONFEDERATED TRIBES
OF WARM SPRING,
COMPRISED OF THE
WARM SPRING, WASCO,
AND PAIUTE TRIBES

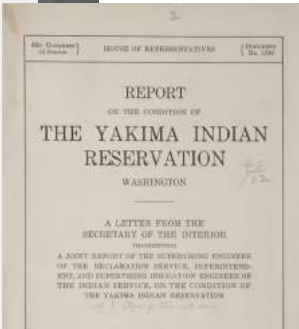
"THE WENATCHEE RIVER"



Ceded Area and Reservation Boundary of the Confederated Tribes and Bands of the Yakama Nation



Mr. B. Jackson met in August 1855 and on October 1st, 1855, the treaty was signed. The treaty was signed on August 18, 1855.



THE WENATCHEE RIVER ON THE LAND OF THE CONFEDERATED TRIBEY AND BANDY OF THE YAKAMA NATION, COMPRIED OF THE PALUY, KLIKITAT, WAUAWALLA, WENATCHI, WYHEAM, AND YAKAMA PEOPLEY



"THE COLORADO RIVER"



UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS
OF THE
HAVASUPAI TRIBE
OF THE HAVASUPAI RESERVATION
ARIZONA

112 IRVING NAKSI HAMILTON

Who or what inspires you?

"The natural world is my refuge. My father, mother, and grandmother were horticulturists but I was always too much in tune from their. Still, I'm a gardener and like to make things grow. Words are metaphorically similar; we grow stories in concrete, inspire, and give attention and hope.

What advice do you have for beginning writers?

Keeping a journal is an easy start. I would advise beginning writers to write, write, and write. Read abundantly from the works of classical and modern writers. Read profusely of international works and in other languages. When in a writing lull, reading other people's work always inspires me. Live. Writers often write what they live; be open to new adventures, add to life's richness.

River

BY SHERWIN BITSUI

When we river,
blood fills cracks in bullet shells,
ours become fingers scratching windows into dawn,
and faces are stirred from mounds of mica.

I notice the back isn't as smooth anymore,
the river cress at the moment of blinking;
its blood vessels stiffen and spear the drenched coat of flies
collecting outside the jaw.

Night stows here,
the first breath held back,
clenched like a tight fist in the arroyo under shattered glass.
But we still want to shake the oxygen loose from flypaper,
hack its veins,
divert its course,
and reveal its broken back,

the illusion of a broken back.



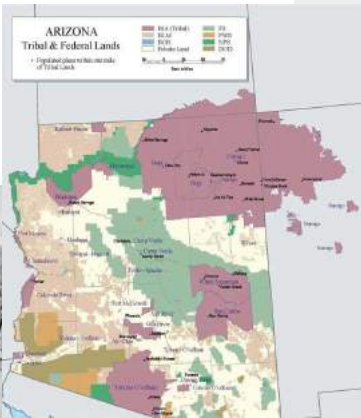
THE CANYON WAS SERENE

Tonight on the bright moon like the hood, I am certain that I see
and face the stars. These flames of Cholla and the mountain range are to drive
back to the sea. My family knows why I did, but my husband's gentle hands
must soothe when he sees. Since I happened, there has been no way to waste
this landscape and the great night see that was made of beauty.
Watch, maybe it doesn't exist. These things I make me and justice.

But some Navajos really live by this light. Yes, I am picture
of how the old times actually work for them. They walk, live,
and pray each morning knowing they are blessed. For me, the beauty
lay in abstract part of the time. At dawn, I walk out and drive
to work instead of praying outside. They say we should never
lose ancient ways and our daily lives. Do we remember the beauty

in another place or our walking? These houses
were each equally animals. We found that people were just
for us, and even a Buck Deer. I wish there be more and need to more
and more and so. One was remembering to Canyon of Cholla. The mountain
was so bright, we could see the dark in the brush. The Sun-bleached stone
got much in the end, and my eyes helped push it out. That night the beauty
of the old nation, the moon, and the canyon water proved that the family
of the spirit of the river. Love that night a small food of wild berries
came to our camp. They could and walked the river and from what drive
to reach of sign and water. The canyon was empty. It was in the shadow
of the people who live there. How much more substantial the nation
history were there. During these summers, it was easy to more.

But every and more often like it can say. Back then, I used to travel
and pray, were not doing. The rhythm of the morning could make that thing
was taking here. Night like that and his low laughter made my eyes
inside as water, almost always. Once I knew that when of his hands
were a gentle touch. He found me and that my mother was quiet,
because I had not made him see. Other memories of his riding ways there.



THE APE II CURRENT
TRIBEY CONNECTED TO
THE LANDY + REYOVRCEY
WITHIN WHAT IS KNOWN
AS GRAND CANYON
NATIONAL PARK —
INCLUDING THE HOPI,
HAVAHPAI, HVALAPAI,
PAIVTE BANDY, DINE,
PVEBLO OF ZVNI, +
THE YAVAPAI-APACHE
NATION

Undated -

Tonight John gave an amazing land acknowledgment around the last of the burning goals. He said the indigenous peoples who have been here time immemorial think of the River as a relative or ancestor. What happens when we do what we have done to a relative? Dam it, confine it, control it, manipulate it to our own benefit... We have this and almost every river in a cage and we are feeding off of it. This place is made of people. This land is so much older than most anything else and it does not belong to me. How do I pay my respect to this place and its peoples? How do I do any of it justice?

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December 24th 2020 -
Matkat Camp, River Mile 148

I wish I could've written all of today. But only now, in my sleeping bag, do I find the time. We stopped at two side canyons: Deer Creek, with a gorgeous waterfall and a hike along the ledge above a slot canyon, of which eventually opened up to sun and cottonwoods. Also, ancient handprints of the Diné whose sacred origin site it is. Creates an intense feeling of cognitive dissonance that I wish I had sufficient time to reflect upon. Is it even right to explore this place? How does our being there allow for both respect and disrespect? What can we learn? How do we acknowledge this history and put that acknowledgement to action? I've decided to take no pictures at these origin sites, but that is so small and still I feel like an intruder, a colonizer, here for my own benefit. These places, there is a magic to them that only comes from generations and generations of stories and spirits and son and prayer and understanding and symbiosis with nature: all of which we can never know.

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Full day from A to Z. I was in a brief fog for most of the morning. We stopped at 2 side canyons: Deer Creek, with a gorgeous waterfall and a hike along the ledge above a slot canyon, of which eventually opened up to sun and cottonwoods. Also, ancient handprints of the Diné whose sacred origin site it is. Creates an intense feeling of cognitive dissonance that I wish I had sufficient time to reflect upon. Is it even right to explore this place? How does our being there allow for both respect and disrespect? What can we learn? How do we acknowledge this history and put that acknowledgement to action? I've decided to take no pictures at these origin sites, but that is so small and still I feel like an intruder, a colonizer, here for my own benefit. These places, there is a magic to them that only comes from generations and generations of stories and spirits and son and prayer and understanding and symbiosis with nature: all of which we can never know.

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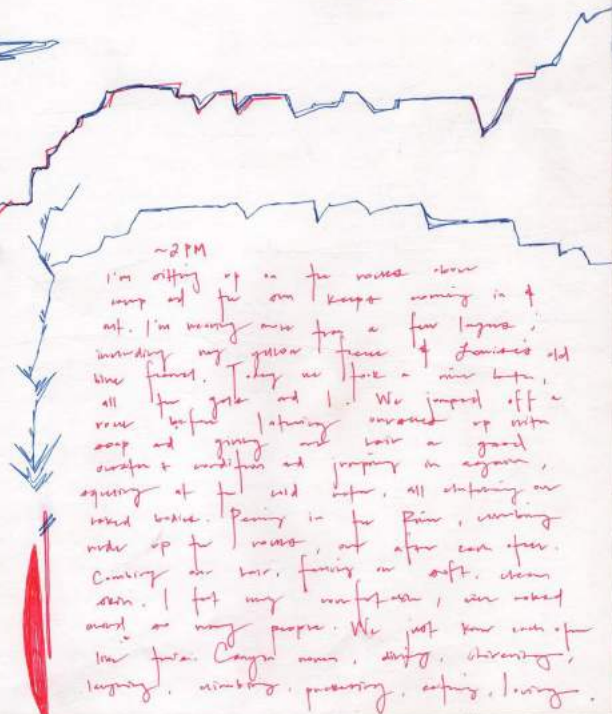


READING



THE CANYON

PEPPER 11.2.20!!



~2 PM

I'm sitting up on the rocks above camp and the sun keeps coming in & out. I'm wearing more than a few layers, including my yellow fleece & Louise's old blue flannel. Today we took a river bath, all the gals and I. We jumped off a rock before lathering ourselves up with soap and giving our hair a good scratch + condition and jumping in again, squealing at the cold water, all clutching our naked bodies. Peeing in the River, climbing nude up the rocks, one after each other. Combing our hair, feeling our soft, clean skin. I felt very comfortable, even naked around so many people. We just know each other like this. Canyon women, diving, shivering, laughing, climbing, puckering, eating, loving.

December 16th 2021 -

~2 PM

I'm sitting up on the rocks above camp and the sun keeps coming in & out. I'm wearing more than a few layers, including my yellow fleece & Louise's old blue flannel. Today we took a river bath, all the gals and I. We jumped off a rock before lathering ourselves up with soap and giving our hair a good scratch + condition and jumping in again, squealing at the cold water, all clutching our naked bodies. Peeing in the River, climbing nude up the rocks, one after each other. Combing our hair, feeling our soft, clean skin. I felt very comfortable, even naked around so many people. We just know each other like this. Canyon women, diving, shivering, laughing, climbing, puckering, eating, loving.

How bonding, this place, this experience is. I think the desert just connects you so deeply, to the land, to Earth's resilience. I'm thinking about Utah - being there this summer. Change feels necessary, not quite overdone but getting there. Scenery is inherent to experience. Landscape is place. The desert, all its flora and fauna, its water, its sun, its storms, its skies: the vastness of everything. How big and Long it is. Yes, I feel so connected to the PNW: the big trees and sharp rivers, the dark and eerie Earth. But something here is calling me, and with gusto. Yesterday I mentioned to Karey on the boat how hard it is to feel like myself. She said yes, her too, like she molds to other peoples perceptions of her. For me it's like: I'm either me or I'm not me. Do I only associate my sense of self with receiving validation and attention from others? Am I not me when I am not special? The sun is especially warm now, on my cheek and legs. I dread the moment it escapes behind the cliff, but there is always tomorrow. 3 more days on the River. How to savor every minute, How to reconcile that. You cannot separate my sense of self and the River. I wonder, when was the first time I saw a river: a fast-moving body of water, carried by current. I wonder if I stopped to stare, if I was scared, or amazed, or dazed. My inner child, my past selves, are so much apart of me. They live here with me forever. They float down the River beside me, they crash through the waves as I hold the oars and keep the boat straight. I am just this huge conglomerate of selves! This may be why it's so hard to ever feel true to any one 'self'. I am myself even when I feel like I am not. Perhaps it's coming to terms with this fact, staring it dead in the eye and dousing it in understanding, that brings us closer to ourselves.

To sit out to Emily is
to sit out to strength + power,
empower me to be near her

I feel so warm tonight -

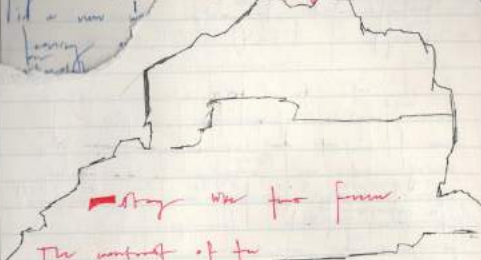
"Your own aliveness is measured by the
aliveness of your relationships with
others"

Thoroughness / Intention
Push out for Noise

December 31st - The sun glows just that
top of the butte is orange; the
rest is faded brown. She does this to the River too, turns it to a green. I find a spot to sit
alone and I would've thought I'd be interrupted already but it seems everyone
else got caught up. I've never been somewhere where the silence is so loud!
Today H was rowing and I thought I could stay like this forever.

finding in midpoints
is a new
learning
experience

Amphiprison Canyon - Mile 290



Stay was for fun.

The contrast of the
Red rock and Blue
sky. The silence is so
loud, resounding. It almost rings
in my ears. How is it possible
that the loudest thing is the
absence of sound itself? I am
at the edge of all of it, sound,
self, belief, truth, water. It's
the last day of the year and
I will never see this place
again.

Laughter comes around the corner like this always: Suddenly,

December 31st 2020 -

The sun glows just so that only top of the butte is orange; the rest this faded brown. She does this to the River too, turns it to a green. I find a spot to sit alone and I would've thought I'd be interrupted already but it seems everyone else got caught up. I've never been somewhere where the silence is so loud! Today H was rowing and I thought I could stay like this forever.

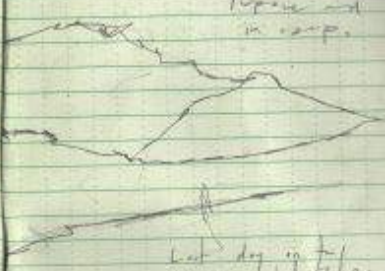
The contrast of Red rock and Blue sky. The silence is so loud, resounding. It almost rings in my ears. How is it possible that the loudest thing is the absence of sound itself? I am at the edge of all of it: sound, self, belief, truth, water. It's the last day of the year and I will never see this place again.

Laughter comes around the corner like this always: Suddenly,

out of. I remember I was to and about my of it and just again a far over scene for most important will get involved. I feeling. This. Present. Moment in time and space and in camp.

I have decided to go to Cooper's camp. I am feeling at home in this dry, barren place. I want to go home but I want to take all these lessons and the person I built of myself here. There's not really any words to describe how this week has changed me. I remember when I was 16 and built myself on this river, and just felt understood. I can't say how much the River means to me, but I feel like I could cry. I haven't decided anything except that nothing needs to be decided. Uncertainty is inherent and there are so many people in the world. He is an important part of my world but he also seems so far away and so small. Us in the living room feels like a long time ago and a different Universe and small and small and small. I am so much more than anyone else because I am forever a part of this place, this River that never ends but connects all of us. I don't know how I feel about any of it and that seems the most important feeling. This. Present. Moment in time and space and in camp.

Last day in the present 6/20/20
 Duet for



June 21st 2020 -

Last night on the River. Guided down a class III today and "aced it". Not feeling as scared of the River, more like I can understand it and manipulate it. I am feeling at home in this dry, barren place. I want to go home but I want to take all these lessons and the person I built of myself here. There's not really any words to describe how this week has changed me. I remember when I was 16 and built myself on this river, and just felt understood. I can't say how much the River means to me, but I feel like I could cry. I haven't decided anything except that nothing needs to be decided. Uncertainty is inherent and there are so many people in the world. He is an important part of my world but he also seems so far away and so small. Us in the living room feels like a long time ago and a different Universe and small and small and small. I am so much more than anyone else because I am forever a part of this place, this River that never ends but connects all of us. I don't know how I feel about any of it and that seems the most important feeling. This. Present. Moment in time and space and in camp.

BEST MOMENTS OF RIVER TRIP

- water ^{drains and} ^{beats} & hijacking people from
- Guiding raft (+abundantly hitting raft and Logan falling in) - deer catches
- Me falling in + water in sweat-pants
- Sam saying he would never fall in + me yelling 'OLO, he's falling and hitting his head at cooler and acting crazy
- Staring at raft + Logan (stared) and taking pictures of them and Aiden, Sam and strapping them together at night
- sleeping next to Aiden and Sam and Katie and Shannon and stargazing
- 10 of us fitting into sleeping bag filled boat and feeling stones
- Laying on boat on water staring at Aiden + Sam + Katie + Shannon
- Hiking and sunsets with Aiden, Sam + Katie
- Aiden treating out because of 'Pathoshaue' in bushes

2020

2015

There is a River that someone
that makes sense. I almost killed
someone today by accident but the
the River didn't let me. This feels
like the biggest thing. And isn't it?
There's a little creature running
through the grass that I can't
see and I wonder if it sees
me as anything more than a
body. Okay, so I am sitting
just hoping for a moment.

Lessons of the River:

- journal
- feelings
- feelings / thoughts

All this worry is temporary:
I can see that but refuse
to feel it. I feel so
high up and big and lucky
at times, to the point of
feeling overwhelming.

overwhelm-ance. I want
Dawn to miss me!! I
don't even need to say big
romantic thing: just me
sitting close beside the
River. Knees on knees.
On knees. Out here in the
desert. She says: "My

Undated -

I see you dip your toes in the River and grimace as if you just got bit. It is biting, I say, but only to myself. Only to myself I say, Don't make the mistake again of thinking a bite is a bad thing. Sometimes it's a warning. Sometimes it is a: I am here to teach you lessons and I am here to see you, so you can go home and walk across the dark street in the dead of winter and feel warmth everywhere.

There is a River somewhere that makes sense. I almost killed someone today by accident but the River didn't let me. This feels like the biggest thing. And isn't it? There's a little creature running through the grass that I can't see and I wonder if it sees me as anything more than a body. Okay, so I am sitting just hoping for a moment.

All this worry is temporary: I can see that I refuse to feel it. I feel so high up and big and lucky at times, to the point of it being overwhelming.

Overwhelm-ance. I want Dawn to miss me! I don't even need any big romantic thing: just us sitting close beside the River. Knees on knees, Out here in the desert. She says: "Why is sitting out here so different from sitting in camp when it's the same thing?" And I know exactly what she means! And she buys a new flavor of licorice each week. Watermelon last week, blue raspberry today. I eat it up until I am sick with the moment.

time feel a strong urge to
let it go and let it go.
This trip has been so good
and so good that I am
also looking forward to it being
over and getting it into a
box of things. I haven't
wanted to pack much for
trip but I'm falling back
in low with journaling.
a great work a dog -
a direct pup to and the
river and over the
to feel as if I'm out -
grazing Queen. How do we
attribute attention and
contingency in our relationships?
The River is Life and
Love and Flow and Meaning
and Relationships and Mainte-
nance and Sustenance and
Knowledge and Learning and
Giving and Learning and
Coming and Being and
Power and Disappointment and
Pain and Punishment and Deceiving
and Collapsing and Manifesting
and All-knowing. She knows
all my secrets and she loves me
and pushes me. She cares so
deeply. So wide.

September 5th 2020 -

The River is Life and Love and Flow and Meaning and Relationships and Movement and Sustenance and Knowledge and Learning and Giving and Learning and Coming and Being and Proving and Disappointing and Big and Powerful and Deceiving and Cultivating and Manifesting and All-knowing. The River is all-knowing. She knows all my secrets and she loves me and she pushes me. She cares so deeply. So wide.

August 12 - I am so far away from
March. I can see it in my mind's eye
but blurred out, my hand smudging
fresh pencil. This pen is so thick and I
am so exhausted of comparing one thing
to another, as if one thing is not a million things.
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August 12th 2020 -

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Writing here feels so authentic while writing anywhere else, for anyone else's eyes, feels wrong somehow. I love this about myself. I think I'll keep going to the River even though it scares me. It's partially me not wanting to be around anyone who I feel doesn't really know me - Fear of being misunderstood. I sense my handwriting changing and a part of me resents that change, thinks it to be less authentic, but fails in halting the transition. Yes, journaling is just intentional thinking. Ahead of me, I see the smallest eddy forming in between two rocks. A tiny instance of calm within this flowing thing. Calm? How am I to assume that the otherwise movement of this River is not calm. How am I to assume its temperament? I may be one thing in the River, and the River something else completely. We don't have to be merged to be joined. How am I different in the River and on it? The other side is greener, this side all rocks. How does Harrison always write about Rivers but never the same thing twice? How do you let someone mean anything to you?

Sometimes being alone feels so hard + long, other times like the easiest, most intuitive thing in the world. How do you sum up any life without writing forever? It seems that's just what I'll do —

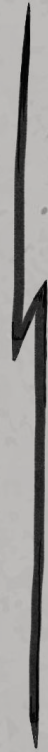


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Thank you to my river sisters Dawn – for the many flips & licorice flavors, and for showing me how much fun life can be – and Karey – for your courage, and for running House Rock that first big day – and of course Hailey, again and again.

Hugs & kisses to the whole Canyon crew!
<3

And a final thank you to my family for encouraging me to live out my dreams (without prescriptive expectations). All the love.