I WISH BABBA YAGA WAS STILL THE WORST OF MY WORRIES
I'm not really sure how much to divulge here.

I have a fear of people getting the wrong idea.

Of them possibly showing up on my front lawn like in Beauty and the Beast.

And throwing me into an insane asylum.

So before you read any further, or gather together your rusty underused barnyard utensils, know that I am completely grounded in reality. I can tell the difference between what is real and what is not. Real. Not real.
My imagination is just too wild and rampant, it can feel like a thorny thicket.

Sticking me in the back of my knees, under my arms, and in the most vulnerable places, as I just try to continue moving forward.

Or maybe it is more like a stampede of wild horses, made out of thickets themselves, trampling me underfoot, giving the way they bruise me little consideration and offering even fewer condolences.

Again, I know that intrusive thoughts aren't real, but they don't have to be real to get to you as long as the fear is real.
Intrusive thoughts if you are unfamiliar with the term...

For me the majority of them are images.

Even though I don’t want them there.
They happen at whatever time really, though I find them to occur the most often either at night, or when I'm in the shower.

When I was in the bath yesterday, for example, and it came time to wash my hair, so I started to lean back and I am caught between the decision of either getting soap in my eyes or thinking logically through whatever my mind decides to conjure.

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"Intrusive Thoughts"
Media: black ink & white paper
5.5" x 8.5"
February 1-5, 2015