



cowbird
A WITNESS TO LIFE

Life_By_



EMILY TIMM

Listen.



I love sitting and listening to music.

Just sitting, and listening... that's it.

It's a past time not many people my age do anymore. It's like it went out with the record player.

Music has become so accessible its value as a single hobby or interest is a rare past time. Listening to music exists as a secondary action to driving, working, cooking, partying, whatever.

That's why, I suppose, I tend to think very fondly of those few who take the time every so often to just sit and listen and think about the meaning behind it all.

There are some really, very beautiful words out there; some really, very beautiful words for life.

"Friendship arises out of mere Companionship when two or more of the companions discover that they have in common some insight or interest or even taste which the others do not share and which, till that moment, each believed to be his own unique treasure (or burden)."

- C. S. Lewis

Windowsill.



Funny thing about windowsills, they're both the same and different everywhere you go.

I quickly snapped this photo from the top story of a tour bus in Dublin, Ireland.

Admittedly, I'm surprised the photo came out so well, since my previous stops had been the Guinness Factory followed by the Jameson Distillery. Regardless of my state of mind, however, it remains one of my favorite photos of the trip (and in my collection) to this day.

It reminds me how beautiful life can be even when your life is in disrepair... How even the simplest things still thrive without tending... How sometimes, rough times produce the best experiences and stories you'll ever tell... And even though we all live differently, sometimes we all take a second to lean out the window, rest our arms on the windowsill, and just be.

I guess what I'm trying to say is forget worrying so much and embrace what you have. Like many music artists of our time and past have said, these are the best days of our lives - every one of them.

Ebb.

Ebb was one of the first vocabulary words I had to memorize for school when I was young.

I didn't understand the word then and I certainly didn't understand why anyone would use it enough to require testing.

Ebb (n.) the flowing back of the tide as the water returns to the sea.

(Dictionary.com)

Now, though, I understand not just the noun, but also the verb... a description of the cycle of life, or even just a day's work.

Now, I use it all the time.



Future.

It looks easy to walk this line, does it not?
I thought so, too, as my best friend shot frames of
my jagged stumble along the mound.



Laughing as I trudged on, waving my arms in balance, she yelled up, "See, I told you so!" referring to only moments before when I'd told her to do the same thing.

The aggregation mound, it turns out, is hard to walk along no matter its apparent straightness... or any regard to the sturdy boots I've stomped around in for years.

Despite the hilarity in staging a moment of peaceful gliding through peach fields, the determination to walk towards empty space, tripping and sliding back and forth struck me familiar.

This photo, this moment, couldn't be a better synonym for my life right now, and that's why I'm saving it here.

I face graduation and the stereotypes surrounding it in seven weeks. In nine weeks I have no where to live. Unless I want to be a liquor model for my entire life, I'm also without a job (although that's close in the making).

However, I'm forging ahead through the gorgeous, dirty path, regardless of the pressures and instability at the next bump. I'm experiencing a piece of mind I've never felt before in my entire life. I have this undeniable trust that everything is going to continue just as it should.

And I'll be ready for it. Whatever it is.

Eyes.

I'm obsessed with eyes.

All my notes from class have an eye on them. Just one. I draw the same one almost every time. I used to love painting them in high school.

And I love doing my eye make up, and taking pictures of my eyes and other people's eyes.

This is a photo of my eye at a masquerade party years ago.

And yet, I'm marginally of frightened by light eyes... even though I have blue eyes myself.

I've been hurt by a lot of light eyes. I don't trust them.



One.

My first one.
Clarifying the word “one” seems pointless. We all know a love reference when we see one.

He came into my life in sixth grade. Like many other girls, I made fun of him, jested with him, let him clean my glasses in history class (I couldn't see the board when he did, but it didn't matter because I wanted to look at him anyway), and became his wingman.

I wonder why I decided to become his wingman, especially after I succeeded in establishing and maintaining his relationship with my best girl friend at the time... I wonder.

However, it didn't matter and doesn't matter now.

Also characteristic of not only myself but other girls my age, I eventually confessed my undying love for him.

We tried it. Twice. And he broke my heart. Twice, but the second time wasn't as bad. The first time, admittedly, I can still feel and play back in my head (which probably does nothing for my current love life).

He was my best friend for seven years. He's still in my life. Finishing school in a different city, but not a different state. When he's in town, I still gleam at his presence, hug him just as hard and listen to him as closely as ever before. I've never kissed him. I often wonder if I still love him. I don't think so. When you think of someone weeks after contact, does that mean you love them? If you still miss them, does that mean you love them? If you still remember your first heartbreak, can you still love him? Am I just looped in a love hell where firsts plague the following men? Lord knows I've loved many since him. **I'll see him in a couple weeks.**



Lonely.



I don't know what happened to me this morning.

I was abruptly woken by a terrible sound,

The door opening.

And an excruciatingly bright light,

The sun, as they call it.

Boss picked me up by my hair and swung me out of my resting place.

Swing.

Swing.

Swing.

I'm feeling nauseated.

Smash, he let me go.

All my insides jumbled at impact.

I hate it when he just throws me down,

He doesn't always.

...

I'm getting bored now.

There's nothing to do,

No one to manage,

No one to talk to.

The table is too proud for me.

And this cone is rude.

Prepared.

Save

Cancel



The Phoenix Public Market stands empty as it waits for the food trucks to arrive and surround the pavement lot, establishing its boundaries and, inevitably, its intimacy.

The warm sun lights and warms up the chairs, ready to be occupied by chatting coworkers at lunchtime or close friends eager for the chance to catch up after a long school week.

The colored umbrellas line the to-be crowded, casually established dining tables and latticed chairs, poised to shield the sun should it become too bearing on this pre-Spring, Friday afternoon downtown.

The sand bags lay motionless, unmoving from their initial, smacking impact in random placement. A precaution for the event, should a rustle of wind stir vender tents and promotional posters broadcasting locally grown, organic products.

I don't know why there are caution cones.



I was born in
Phoenix, Arizona,
USA.

I am a biker, cook,
creative, fashion
reporter, hiker,
motivated, multi-
media producer,
photographer,
web designer, and
above all,
I am a writer.

This eBook is a collection of my Cowbird
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