

“Jake do not talk so much about yourself or your work” Don’t come across to boastful or confident.

I find myself looking across my room, waiting for the awkward moment of interaction. Our eyes connect,

Hi!

Um...Hi!

My heart goes off, thump thump thump, how do I start talking? Do I ask her how she is? Do I go straight in with my work? No, that’s too soon. Don’t come on too strong. “So how are you today? You look nice?” really Jake” you look nice!

“Thank you! Excuse the laid back attire”.

Conversations happen and I start to relax and ease off the adrenaline. I start to think about my life and the present day that is no doubt coming to an end soon and what have I done today? Provocative questions are asked and it makes me ponder, in a sense that I really have no clue how I fell in so deep with this art form. I awkwardly look away at times to catch my thoughts they are everywhere and I can ramble for days, I take a breath answer and we converse.

I fall into myself and think about my previous work and the work I am currently working on and how it will affect my sanity and my being as a whole. Reassuring words are exchanged I smile. We go off the beaten path and find ourselves creatively in a jam, a slow dance. We break away, smile, sigh and take a sip of water, Say our goodbyes.

I’m left almost speechless, sharing intimate moments of my life with a stranger, I felt elevated, enriched uplifted! Euphoric rush.

On my journeys today I may just start talking to the bus driver, the barista, my doctor!

“Hey did you know I used to be a bare knuckle boxer? No? Oh, back to normality.

Jake Boston
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