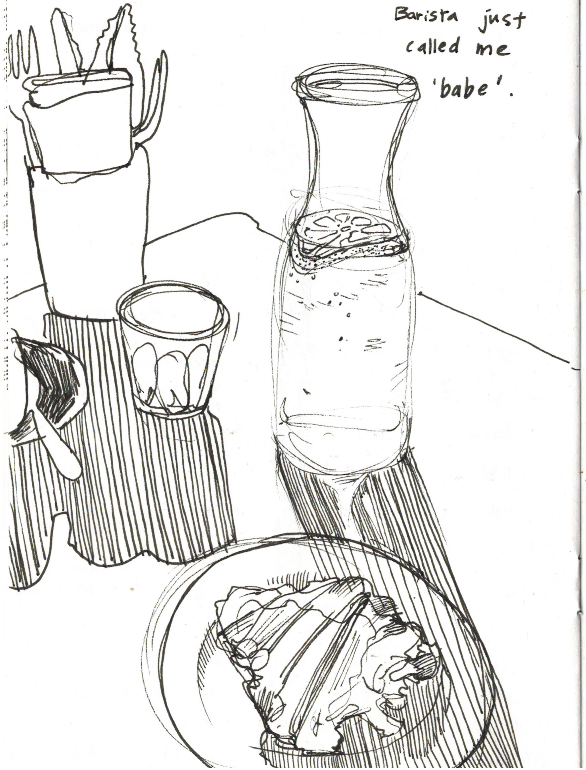
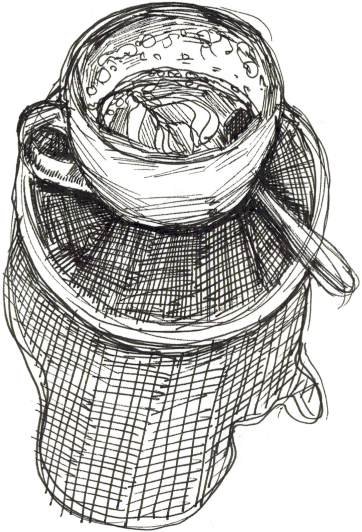


Barista just
called me
'babe'.

2020 Young Adult-ing:

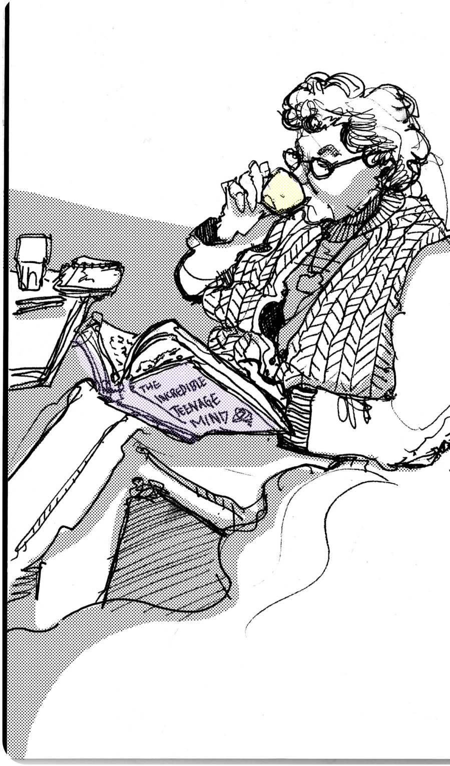
This cappuccino is most tiny and expensive and the barista just called me 'babe'. But this place is close to Bargain World where I'll buy a new toothbrush.

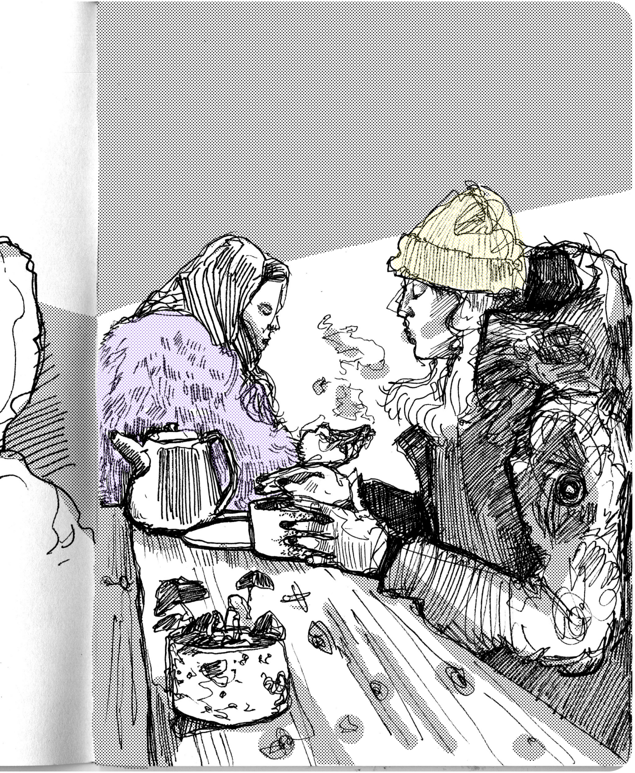


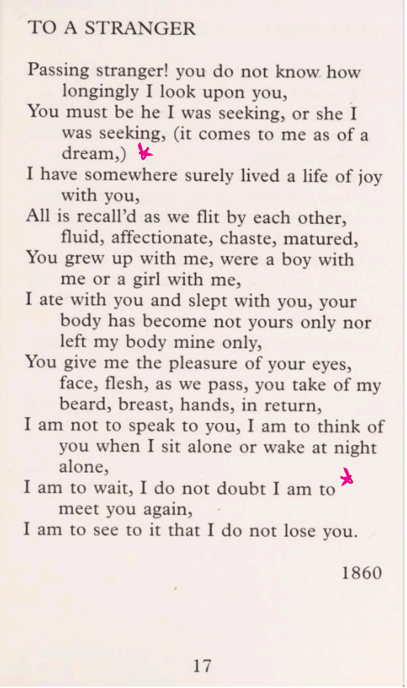
ENDNOTES?

endnotes/

Reading at cafés



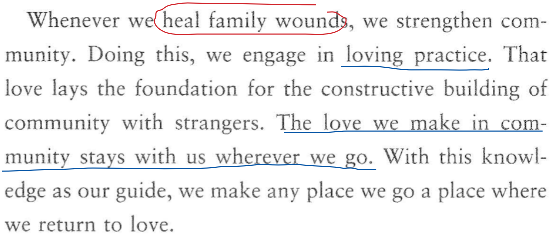




TO A STRANGER

Passing stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking, (it comes to me as of a dream,) *
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate, chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me or a girl with me,
I ate with you and slept with you, your body has become not yours only nor left my body mine only,
You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you take of my beard, breast, hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or wake at night alone,
I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to * meet you again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

1860

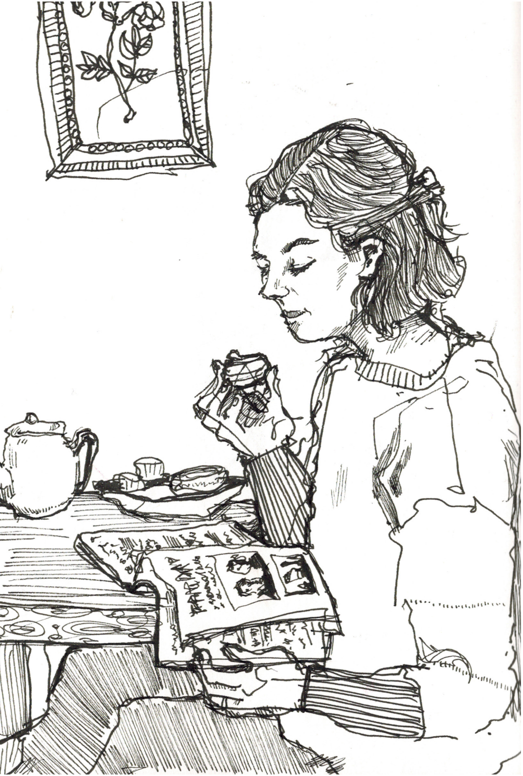


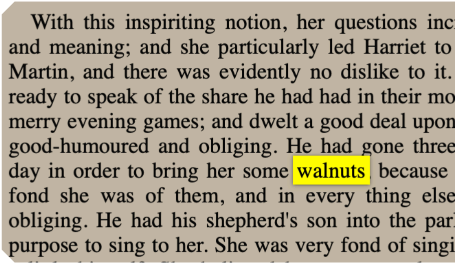
Whenever we heal family wounds, we strengthen community. Doing this, we engage in loving practice. That love lays the foundation for the constructive building of community with strangers. The love we make in community stays with us wherever we go. With this knowledge as our guide, we make any place we go a place where we return to love.

All About Love
by bell hooks

"Calamus" by
Walt Whitman

Talbot
bot
mpton
ideas
illustr.



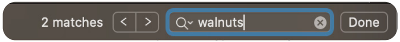


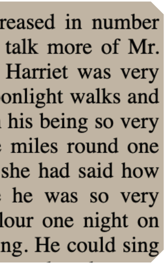
With this inspiriting notion, her questions inc
and meaning; and she particularly led Harriet to
Martin, and there was evidently no dislike to it.
ready to speak of the share he had had in their mo
merry evening games; and dwelt a good deal upon
good-humoured and obliging. He had gone three
day in order to bring her some walnuts, because
fond she was of them, and in every thing else
obliging. He had his shepherd's son into the par
purpose to sing to her. She was very fond of singi

Emma by

'Shel, my darling,' she began again, 'tell me..
hours or more, perhaps about Cape Horn, perhaps
profit little to write down what they said, for
well that they could say anything, which is tan
or saying such stupid, prosy things as how to c
to buy the best boots in London, things which h
their setting, yet are positively of amazing be
come about, by the wise economy of nature, that
almost dispense with language; the commonest ex
expressions do; hence the most ordinary convers
poetic, and the most poetic is precisely that w
down. For which reasons we leave a great blank
to indicate that the space is filled to repleti

Orlando



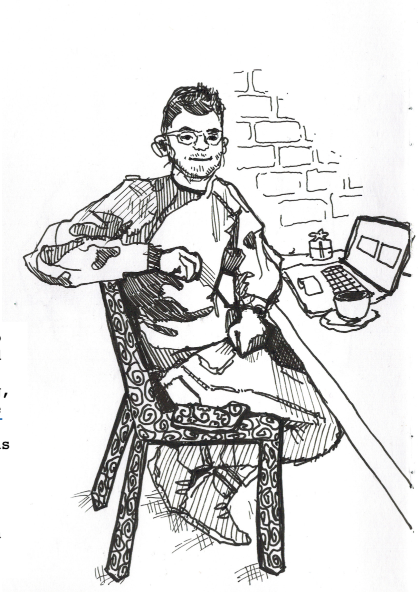


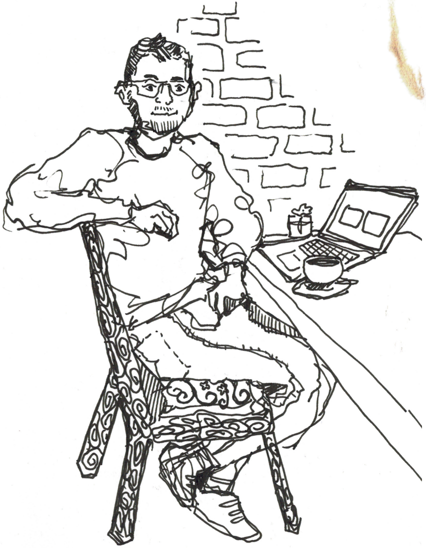
reased in number
talk more of Mr.
Harriet was very
onlight walks and
his being so very
miles round one
she had said how
he was so very
lour one night on
ng. He could sing

Jane Austen

.' and so they talked two
not, and really it would
they knew each other so
tamount to saying nothing,
ook an omelette, or where
ave no lustre taken from
auty within it. For it has
our modern spirit can
pressions do, since no
ation is often the most
hich cannot be written
here, which must be taken
on.

by Virginia Woolf



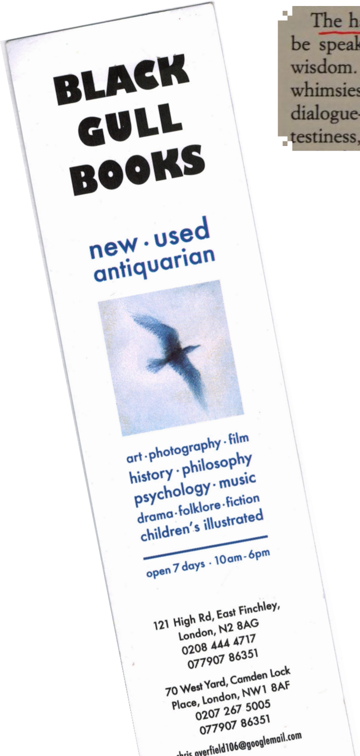


a few lights in the bedrooms of great peers returned from Court, of silk-stockinged footmen, of dowagers who have pressed the hands of statesmen. A cat creeps along the garden wall. Love-making is going on sibilantly, seductively in the darker places of the room behind thick green curtains. Strolling sedately as if he were promenading a terrace beneath which the shires and counties of England lie sun-bathed, the aged Prime Minister recounts to Lady So-and-So with the curls and the emeralds the true history of some great crisis in the affairs of the land. We seem to be riding on the top of the highest mast of the tallest ship; and yet at the same time we know that nothing of this sort matters; love is not proved thus, nor great achievements completed thus; so that we sport with the moment and preen our feathers in it lightly, as we stand on the balcony watching the moonlit cat creep along Princess Mary's garden wall.

"Street Haunting"
by Virginia Woolf

The greatest poet in the English language found his poetry where poetry is found: in the lives of the people. He could have done this only through love — by knowing, which is not the same thing as understanding, that whatever was happening to anyone was happening to him. It is said that his time was easier than ours, but I doubt it — no time can be easy if one is living through it. I think it is simply that he walked his streets and saw them, and tried not to lie about what he saw: his public streets and his private streets, which are always so mysteriously and inexorably connected; but he trusted that connection. And, though I, and many of us, have bitterly bewailed (and will again) the lot of an American writer — to be part of a people who have ears to hear and hear not, who have eyes to see and see not — I am sure that Shakespeare did the same. Only, he saw, as I think we must, that the people who produce the poet are not responsible to him: he is responsible to them.

"Why I Stopped Hating Shakespeare"
by James Baldwin



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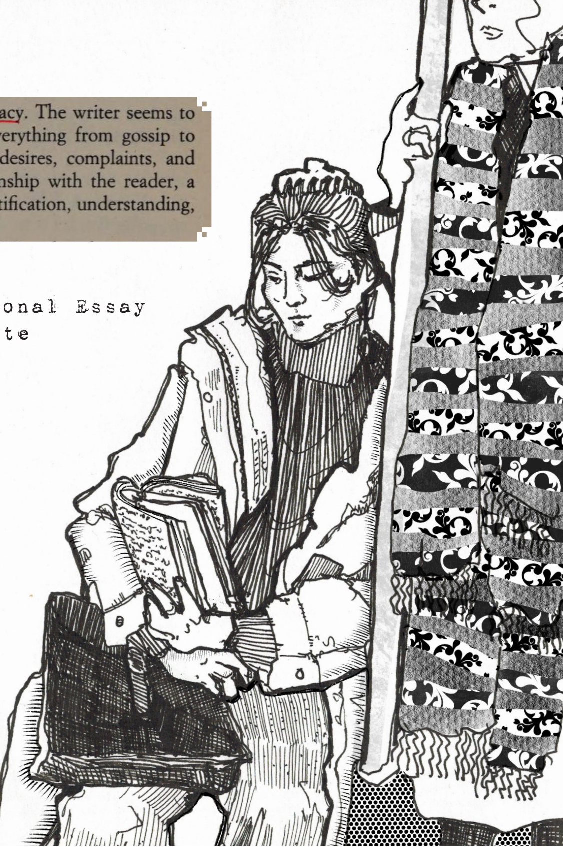
The hallmark of the personal essay is its intimacy. The writer seems to be speaking directly into your ear, confiding everything from gossip to wisdom. Through sharing thoughts, memories, desires, complaints, and whimsies, the personal essayist sets up a relationship with the reader, a dialogue—a friendship, if you will, based on identification, understanding, testiness, and companionship.

Art of the Personal Essay

by Phillip Lopate