## TAYLOR'S TIDBITS: Explore contentment, but beware the barbed wire

Written by Wauneta Breeze Thursday, 30 June 2011 22:13 -

I can taste warmth. On my tongue and in my chest. Like 100 percent whole wheat bread right out of the toaster and freshly buttered — the 62 seconds you have until it evaporates, heat releasing from its grains. The sip of coffee sliding down your esophagus — its trail embracing your chest.

The problem with warmth, the more you bundle up, the easier you can get snagged on things. It creates more resistance. You are less swift and able to move as easy independently. It is a bit inhibiting at times. And heavy. It sets you up for the barbed wire somewhere along your journey. And it doesn't matter if you try to crawl under, over, or stretch the fence just enough so that you can fit.

Sometimes you hear the tear, other times it requires taking off your coat to finally see the little rips where you weren't small enough to fit — weren't strong enough to bend the metal wire lining the fence — or perhaps not weak enough to bend in the ways it expected.

That's where warmth can get scary. Makes you want to ditch the coat.

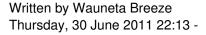
We live in skin. In a fragile anatomy that makes us human. We're delicate. We're a bit vulnerable. It's scary to reveal our weaknesses. To admit we need warmth to survive.

Every nerve ending, each and every fingertip doesn't have to be ignored. It's okay to give them what they need. To take care of ourself. Allow others in. Take a risk. Explore contentment. Admit our dreams despite the threat of them getting snagged. To give into the things in life that provide us with warmth.

Warmth that makes us 100 percent whole. That you can feel deep in your chest.

Life is scary. Warmth is scary. Allowing yourself to want is scary. Heat sometimes can only take 62 seconds to evaporate — to leave you with soggy toast.

## TAYLOR'S TIDBITS: Explore contentment, but beware the barbed wire



Yet, remaining cold and dry only makes you a gargoyle. And by resisting and fearing, that is exactly what we'll be. We might get hurt. We might get torn apart. Made into an icky mess. Barbed wire may triumph again and we'll wind up broken and damaged. But at least we won't be made of stone.

**TAYLOR LUTZ** is currently interning as a staff writer at The Breeze.