

Bernadette Mayer
wrote *Midwinter Day*
on December 22, 1978
documenting her day
in six parts. She started
with a dream then went
through morning, after-
noon, evening, night,
and ended with another
dream. On December 22,
2019, I read *Midwinter*
Day and documented it.

The long version:
I woke up early. No I
didn't but I tried.

It was raining while I
drank the rest of a half
empty chocolate soylent
because I can barely eat
non drinkable food for
breakfast.

I opened up *Midwinter
Day* under the heater,

heating pad, and a
hoodie and fell asleep
in my reading chair. I
knew Erik would take
my picture. He did.
“Cortney in her corner.”

I waited for the rain to
take a break so I could
get a cinnamon roll,
milk, and tulips from
the farmers market.

I read page 24 in the kitchen with milk in my tea and a cinnamon roll. The rain sounds best on the skylight in the kitchen.

I abandoned the kitchen to escape the bass music coming from the neighbor in the back.

My reading chair in

the living room is the furthest point from the bass music. I can almost not hear it.

I put on a cassette of rain sounds to hear the rain outside better.

Thought about how I don't tap into my brain contents as much as I should.

I'm too tired to go into the depths of thoughts and actually think something. The easy thoughts rule over the domain of possible contemplation.

I haven't had any water today and it's noon. I know this and I acknowledge this, but the water is in the kitchen and I

am not in the kitchen. Erik wanted to watch TV so I left my reading chair, passed through the kitchen, and settled into the bedroom. The neighbor's bass music is loudest in the bedroom.

Reading made me think about other things. I read the words on page 32 but I didn't think about

the words and didn't realize until I was on page 33. The words created space for my subconscious to take over.

Reading fatigue.

I forgot to grab water from the kitchen when I passed through it. The glass on my nightstand

had one sip that tasted like dust.

The neighbor's music stopped. He'll be back. I think he avoids his wife and child when he is in his garage studio. I sent him an anonymous letter after two years asking him to turn it down. I was too afraid to say it to his face. I

once started slapping my own head from the inability to escape the bass music. I fear he will retaliate and play his bass music louder and longer and later. He's back. He must have had a bathroom break. I turned my rain sound machine on the highest volume setting to hear

the rain outside better. A blank page reminded me that I was hungry. I convinced Erik to stop playing video games so I could watch Criminal Minds in the living room while I ate leftover soup and drank some water. It wasn't our finest moment.

I probably should have had more water before I went back into the bedroom. My glass is in the living room and I am not in the living room.

There was no music on page 41. Just the yellow flowers that the farmers market flower guy gave me for free.

I wondered what I must look like wearing a black hoodie laying in my all-white bed. My low posture made the hood stand much taller than my head. I took a couple selfies because I wanted to see my self.

My mouth was nested perfectly in the point where the hood meets

the neck.

On page 44 I stopped to add two Bernadette Mayer books to my reading queue:

A Bernadette Mayer Reader and *Memory*.

I craved a cup of tea but decided to not get up until I finished reading part three.

At 12:15pm in the book it was 3:15pm my time. The time difference between her Massachusetts and my California meant my 3:15pm was actually her 6:15pm. I was 6 hours behind and still craving a cup of tea.

Finally, 3:36pm my time became tea time.

I ate an orange fruit while the kettle boiled. Alyssa gave me the orange fruit the night before when she came over to drop off a mug she made. I used to have one just like it but someone stole it off my desk at work. I had it for only a month. Alyssa wrote "Cortney's mug" on the bottom of the new one.

I drank my afternoon tea in Alyssa's Cortney's mug.

Afternoon tea = English Breakfast tea + milk + 3 sugar cubes. A sweet treat.

The rain was done when I started part four.

I sat at my desk for a

change of posture. After four pages the music started again. I put on the headphones I bought for recording my voice and listened to a forest stream. I used to have to work around the music in order to record my voice. Two neighbors making noise.

A loud sound in the

kitchen interrupted the forest stream. Erik was making some toaster oven nachos. I asked for some which annoyed him and we had another moment that was not our finest.

I had a deja vu on page 66.

Not long after Erik and

I have an unfine moment, one of us walks back into the room and asks something like “do you need anything from the store?”

The neighbor has a visitor in his garage who I always assume is there to help with the music.

I got back into my

reading chair while Erik went for a walk to “clear his head.” He was probably going out to buy me a christmas present.

It was dark out at the start of part five. I zoned out on my laptop for two hours and worried about not finishing the book in time.

I was too burnt out to
keep track of the final
hours.

I read the last words like
I was taking my last
breath at midnight.

The short version:

I woke up early

taking my last breath
at midnight



Midwinter Day Day
Cortney Cassidy

asleep at the "press"

