FIELD NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

a month of prompts for bitter thanks

a writing ritual by thistle & thread press

- 1. What didn't survive the harvest—but you kept anyway?
- 2. scorched kettle | last frost's fingerprint | grief in a borrowed bowl
- 3. What part of you goes quiet when they enter the room?
- 4. mother's ring on your finger | hush beneath linoleum | pot never brought to boil
- 5. When did gratitude last feel honest in your mouth?
- 6. rust-thick water | the hymn they never finished | steam rising from cracked tile
- 7. What habit have you inherited without realizing it?
- 8. salt around the doorframe | hands that never warmed | slivered apples in a sack
 - 9. What weight that you carry is not your own?
- 10. burnt sugar crust | the quilt you folded wrong | something scratching in the ductwork
 - 11. What truth have you buried?
- 12. her name still in the spice jar | unopened envelope | kitchen light that flickers at dusk
- 13. Who would you invite to dinner if absence wasn't real?
- 14. cold flour hands | the silence before grace | wind through the slats
- 15. What have you learned to love only in its absence?
- 16. glassy-eyed saints | staring out the window | a chill to the bone
- 17. What are you trying to keep alive that's already gone?

- 18. jar of memories | thankless thank you | wilted raindrops
- 19. What parts of yourself do you silence to keep the peace?
- 20. moth bite clothing | a broken house | lukewarm feelings
 - 21. What does tradition ask you to forget?
- 22. canned apology | rattle in the stovepipe | sugar hardened in the bowl
 - 23. Who are you when the gatherings end?
- 24. snapped wishbone | draft through the floorboards | stillness before the oven hums
- 25. What did you sacrifice for the comfort of others?
- 26. hunger behind your smile | steam-slick mirror | the coat you never returned
 - 27. What is November asking you to let go of?
- 28. brittle hearth | dust on the family photo | the spoon left out overnight
 - 29. Where does your gratitude turn brittle?
- 30. lightless hallway | bruised hymn | your name written on a cold window

Field Notes - Final Entry

write to the version of you who began this calendar

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