

My All-Good-Things List: Descriptive Journalling

Sight

Light is coming around the curtains

Sound

The cars are going by, rhythmically

Touch

The sheets are cold in the spots I haven't touched

Smell

My baby's head smells sweet

Taste

I'm breathing fresh air through the window. It's clean.

Sensory Summary

The traffic outside is like the ocean, an ebb and flow that comes and goes. Light peeks around the corners of my curtains, letting me know it IS morning and I should get out of bed. But here I am, in the cool, smooth sheets, with a soft lump of baby in my arms, his hair smelling sweet like an apple turnover. He breathes in, I breathe in. The air through the window that hits my face is clean, fresh, and welcome. Maybe it's fine to stay in bed a little bit longer...the sun won't mind if I'm late.