

Coffee Talk: Two Sugars One Life

The Physical Invoice

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I had a complete biological systems failure in Walmart over two identical white t-shirts.

Same brand. Same size. Same everything. My brain knew this. My brain had left the building.

I was standing in the basics section, holding both shirts, when my right eye started twitching like it was sending Morse code to rescue services. My left shoulder organized a union. My heart rate spiked like bears had appeared in menswear. My hands developed their own climate system. Arctic cold, tropical sweat, meteorological impossibility achieved.

Brandon from Walmart asked if I found everything okay.

No, Brandon. I'm having a complete breakdown over cotton basics, and I don't know why.

If you've ever had your body stage a hostile takeover in a completely mundane location, you're not broken. You're just getting the bill.

Your body keeps an itemized invoice of every emotional expense you've been charging to your physical credit card. Unlike Visa, your body doesn't do minimum payments. Eventually, it forecloses. Usually in aisle 3.

The Physical Invoice (Itemized):

- Three nights of revenge insomnia: \$47 in cortisol futures
- Week of skipped lunches because "too busy": \$83 in blood sugar chaos
- Coffee as a food group: \$94 in adrenal bankruptcy
- Ignoring the eye twitch for six days: \$167 in compound interest

- Saying “I’m fine” while absolutely not fine: Priceless (everything hurts)

Total due: Complete system shutdown, basics section, 3:47 PM on a Tuesday.

The frustrating part? There were no warning letters. No courtesy calls. Just a sudden repo of my consciousness while I was trying to buy undershirts.

Except there were warning letters. I just wasn’t reading them.

The eye twitch that started Monday? Letter. The shoulder tension that wouldn’t quit? Letter. The fact that I couldn’t remember the last time I ate an actual meal instead of inhaling something over a keyboard? Very strongly worded letter.

Your body isn’t betraying you. It’s just stopped accepting IOUs.

My body wasn’t having random symptoms. It was sending invoices for expenses I’d been ignoring. The stress I pushed through. The sleep I sacrificed. The meals I skipped. The feelings I stuffed down because there wasn’t time to feel them.

The minimum payment increased. My body decided to collect.

Brandon, bless him, got me a chair. Brought water. Showed more emotional intelligence in that moment than I’d demonstrated in six months. Brandon’s management material.

Here’s what I know now: you can’t outrun the invoice. You can delay it, ignore it, pretend it’s not sitting in your mailbox. But eventually, your body will collect. The only question is whether it happens on your terms or in the Walmart basics section while a teenager named Brandon becomes your emergency contact.

Pay attention to the letters. The small ones. The eye twitches and the tight shoulders and the meals you’re skipping. They’re not random. They’re line items.

Here’s to reading the invoice before our bodies foreclose in public.

Cheers, Clayton

Coffee Talk 2.0: For everyone whose body has ever filed for emotional bankruptcy without prior notice.

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