

Reflections on the Mundane

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Unable to move, tired, and hung over, I spent most of the morning in bed with the sophisticated taste of gin soaked in my mouth, the alcohol still burning the back of my throat, but I arose, yes, I did arise, cheerfully thinking a fabulous, brilliant day it was going to be, now that I was finally up and ready to face it. While contently eating the perfectly fluffy scrambled eggs I cooked, and nibbling on the scrumptious, warm, freshly toasted toast covered with melting peanut butter, peanut butter which dripped off the slice of bread and onto the shiny skin of the back of my hand, I excitedly began planning and organizing the ensuing day's events. The first on the list of events? Hum dinger, a walk to the post office to mail you the disc I promised you a few days back. Now, the post office is at a bit of a distance from my house, so, it was no small task to get here and it required much patience and fortitude. I do hope you appreciate all my effort!

The walk here provided me with the chance to get some much needed fresh air and exercise. I am telling you, what else could a girl ask for? The smell of manure floating in the air from some farm miles away? Check. Cute old people tidying up their lawns and sweeping off their driveways? Check. A fresh spring day, the breeze smelling like freedom? Check. The bright, engaging sun to lift the spirit? Check. Gee whiz, I could really go on and on about similar marvels; suffice it to say, the journey here was beneficial and most certainly a fruitful experience.

I started the expedition by first taking a look in the mirror and I attempted to fix my hair into a decent looking style, but no matter what I did, I could not look glamorous, I could not appear appealing or cute; after much work, no matter what, I ended up looking just plain weird. I look so weird these days, my sister will not even let me take her child out in public, she says I am in a sorry state and I am embarrassing to be seen with, and she shakes her head at me with an earth-shattering disappointment. It is true, I stick out incredibly, even people who try to look freakish give me weird looks and second glances. Anyway, I put on my crooked glasses (bent because I stepped on them the other night), shrugged my shoulders, buttoned the top button of my shirt, brushed off any lint I could find, and made sure the collar was straight, the ends of them even, to ensure a professional demeanor, thinking with a whistle, nonetheless, I do look quite dashing

Next, I began making all the necessary preparations, gathered my keys, the gift I was to send you, and my wallet; I then found the appropriate shoes for the occasion. Setting the gathered articles in an orderly fashion near the door, I proceeded to sit adroitly upon the floor, and I put on my shoes. I tied my shoes with astonishing skill, as each and every move my fingers and hands made were well thought out, planned, and smooth; I have truly aced the act of tying my shoes; and of that, I am very proud. I put on my jacket, pulled it tight at the ends to smooth out the wrinkles, and zipped the zipper. I was ready to go; though I did hesitate, asking myself, am I sure I have everything? I look around, I think through all I could possibly need and then affirmed why yes, I do have everything I need. Once outside, I made sure to lock both locks of my door, inserting the key, a slight twist of the wrist, back to the center, pulled the key out and I was finally off.

Every time I enter the world, every time I emerge from my shelter of a house, I make the same mistake over and over again, as I did today, for I found myself in the trap of wanting interesting things to happen to me; for surely, there are many wonderful, interesting events that are awaiting me; all the wonderful, interesting things that, sigh, never happen to me. So, I no longer expect the marvelous. I expect the ordinary; I must add, this has improved my relations with the world immensely. I no longer wait for things to get exciting; I get in an excited mood; I no longer wait for the interesting things to happen; I make things interesting; and I cannot help but think how momentous something is just because I did it, because I was a part of it. I reflect back, for an example, the act of tying my shoes felt *very* profound, I mean you should have been there, the sun was streaming in on me, the air was still, my agile fingers nimbly tying that knot, I mean that was so triumphant, so incredibly triumphant; for another example, the sound of my shoes sharply gripping the gravel and sand on the road, well that, too, seems important, so incredibly worth noting, remembering.

Anyway. I finished walking down the rest of my block, just listening to the sound of my stupendous feet walking on down the road, and I was satisfied, it was the greatest thing to ever happen to me; it also reminded me of the time, I sat inside my house on a summer day, the front door swung open to let in fresh air, and looking across the street, I watched as a shadow of a big tree that was planted behind my house slowly crossed the lawn, I must have sat for two of three hours in the same spot watching the shadow, watching the day progress. I realized in the whole of my life, up to that point, I had never sat still long enough to experience something so overwhelmingly significant as that shadow crossing the lawn, and to think I had missed the magnitude for the most of my lived life, of such a common, daily occurrence, all because I never sat still long enough to notice. I find myself reflecting, lately, on sun catchers, glass jars, pans, dishes, rakes, and

shovels; and I have found myself wondering lately if Nietzsche ever rode a bicycle, what would his excursion be like? Would he purposely run over worms on the concrete, or would he take the care to avoid them? Would he apply lotion to protect his face from getting sun burned? Weighty questions indeed.

During my walk, I saw littered all around me cultural artifacts, such as lawn ornaments pleasantly spinning in the wind, broken beer bottles, a newspaper bundled up and soaked with water, a plastic jug, discarded clothes, socks most prominently. There was the sound of water flowing and trickling about the streets, for it is spring and all the snow is melting, forming miniature rivers that the sewers greedily swallowed up. Many cars were out today, their engines making deafening noises, the sound was unbearable. It did not seem like they could be cars, more like space ships, with large rockets propelling, revving up, for a lift off into the atmosphere, surpassing old boundaries, to fly into unknown frontiers.

I began thinking that I was right, after all, each car was catapulting itself into the unknown; for each second of the dynamic present is change, and what lies before them, before me, too, is the always and inevitability of that new frontier waiting to be explored. How fast our lives are! If you are anything like me, you are always trying to catch up everything is happening so quickly; for I am always trying to catch up to who I have become, because I am always ahead of myself, having now changed and changed again, and it seems no matter how much caffeine I drink, how alert I am, how turned on my mind, my understanding is always lagging behind; but I do the best I can, trying to get my consciousness, my mind in time, trying to get some supra energetic awareness of surroundings, of the environment, with the hopes that my mind can become as dynamic as the world so I can begin thinking at the speed of light, awake to the world, awake to the colors, shades and differences, so I can finally cough up that nasty lump in my throat-- my desire for the unchanging, the lethargic resistance to activity and life, and I try to breathe in the present totally and utterly, so I sink deeper in to the eternal present, not resisting, but going further in, deeper in, further out, expanding and stretching my range, my breadth. I am trying so hard to catch each second, to grasp the demand each and every lived minute makes, and then the new demand for a vision and a revision; for every day, every person, poses a challenge and a new challenge to understand and re-understand, to write and re-write, to change an opinion on or about, to think again, and re-think one more time; and luckily, there is nothing final, no end all, no conclusion that cannot be challenged; in such a vibrant world, I find such gratitude to discover that with the new day, I have been given another opportunity, a different chance than the chances presented previously; and there I am again, reassessing, moving on, altering

even the most deep rooted part of myself, the very core of my life, my ingrown traditions and norms, the heavy place where my beliefs and our substance rests, my essence, that too, entirely mutable.

In the midst of this rambling of mine, I found myself utterly alone, somehow, having tuned out entirely, I turned unconsciously onto a side street, which was absolutely isolated. The houses looked entirely empty and deserted. There was no one out. There were no cars and next to no sound. I found myself on a peak, totally desolate and how lonely I suddenly felt; how lonely I always feel, maybe it is just this town or maybe it is just me, but I can never seem to find good company; yet, I get so sick of always having to be myself that I keep hoping to find people to take me away to their distance.

Now I am chuckling for who can be alone in such a this, encroaching world? Besides, I recently meet a boy! What A funny bit we are, both of us have cars out of commission, as he said, which means neither of us own one. We are a movie not yet filmed, but done in black and white; a short of two individuals walking, the first part of the film focusing on her, the second on him, and then the climax, meeting each other at some appointed bench, a half way point, they sit down nuzzling each other with a kiss, holding hands, speaking not at all, for utter lack of having something meaningful to say; all that mattered to us was that journey and all the hopes and all the dreams contained therein; sad because of the fragility of those hopes, those easily broken dreams; and I walk to him with such a high hope that I can do good by myself and do good by him; I do not know what it is about together or what it is about our interactions, relations, contacts, and touches, but having that together with any one, brief or sustained, in passing or in staying, is the most momentous event of all; and having any bit of love is an event worth the thousand of song lyrics, books, and obsessions; but together, ha, I am coming to believe that we are so beautifully dangerous for one another and more of a poison than an antidote; but it is love and therefore my optimism which sustain me. It is through this love of mine that I see the good in people, their virtue and strengths, what I wish to attain for myself I care so much about people, their lives and how they live, the quality of their lives, their health, and I wish I could make people happier; but those devils, I don't think they want to be happy after all! Anyway, I love them ever more for their sufferings then, and I try to give each person I meet my best. I love old men sweeping up leaves of their driveways, in captain hats, nodding to me as I walk past, commenting on what a beautiful day it is; I love old women who do the same. I love the man that stumbled past me, with a shaggy beard and dirt on his jeans offering me a beer from his backpack! I love the clerk at the post office! I love the fat woman who is complaining ceaselessly to that

patient clerk. I love my convention little non bit of a life.

With that last thought, I am going to wrap this up, for I have been in the post office the past hour, doing and redoing, trying to get it right, trying to not make mistakes, trying so hard to make my words come in an orderly fashion so I am understood, but that is so hard for me, as my mind is a scattered, errant mess, and I can barely focus with that television blaring in the background, and I do wonder why I have, after all, decided to write you? Look here, I say to you, I have reckoned with the world, reconciled it, and spoke my mind, shared; but ultimately was this not a letter to myself, so why send it at all? For that matter, why write at all? To converse with myself? How vain! I surely cannot justify this act; at bottom, this is a habit born out of weakness, well, a ridiculous sensitivity, and paper is where I go because I have no other recourse; and no matter how hard I try to keep it in, to leave my sentiments as mine, and wait for them to drift away with time and become forgotten, soon enough, I am compelled, writing now is inseparable from my breath; and with as much anti-ambition I can muster I will write as many anti-classics as I feel like writing, I have the single goal of seeing the greatness in our lives, the value of them; and, in turn, romanticize all of us and our existence to no end; ha! I glorify! I am a part of the glorification of us!

It was on one of my travels and in your home state of Louisiana (perhaps it was the warm, southern air, the down home hospitality, the Creole seasoning they sparkled into my omelet, I don't know what, but something about being there made me want to be a part of the world, made me want to plunge in and be involved with the community) that I felt most vividly the feeling I am experience now, this feeling inside me of no longer wanting to hold back, no longer wanting to live under wraps, no longer denying myself, no longer doubting myself; instead and these parting words will always be a sort of gift, the labors of my love; I only ask you breathe life into my words, so they may live again, for they died the instant I placed them on the paper; toss me aside when you are full of me, sick of me, for I never could quite speak for you.

I hope I have not bored you. I know how busy you are and I can be such a rambler, yet it never fails, I always leave something out, some detail I wish I would have remembered to include; well, you can't win them all, I always say. I hope you are well.

May love give us strength,

RAE