**Across the Six Feet**

Remember when you were a kid... hopefully - everything was ok. You know - everything was really ok. I mean everyone has bad days and so on... but everything worked. There was no problem so big mom couldn't fix it.

Then - there was that first time - maybe you remember - when somebody you didn't know - somebody you had never met - decided they didn't like you. And it's a little baffling... right? I'm here I was - a little kid - who doesn't like little kids?

And that guy doesn't like me...

I remember that... And I remember feeling like there had to be a way to tell him - "I'm just me - you don't have to not like me... I'm just me". I mean – really… people like kids like me!?!

Maybe that feeling never goes away. We learn how to meet more and more people who don't like us. And we go through life meeting more of them. Maybe they don't like us for a reason. Or maybe there is no reason. Maybe we understand the reason, or maybe we have no idea... maybe they don't like us because they are scared!

Like now - maybe they don't like me because there's an infective virus going around... but how can I tell them - "You don't have to hate me because there is a virus... *we're in this together*…" And I run the risk – he’ll say “I’m in this over here, and you’re in this over there… that’s the way I want to keep it.”

Bridging the distance. Stepping over the gap. Reaching across the void.

The most beautiful stories seem to spawn from this kind of separation. Romeo and Juliette – from across the political divide. West Side Story – from across the political divide. Those are, of course, the two that come immediately to mind – but there are many more. I could ask the question – who writes a book when there is no separation? Separation from whatever is desirable in the book… Grapes of Wrath – I want to stay alive! Macbeth – I want to bridge that gap from me to royalty… (I just happen not to approve of Macbeth’s methodology.) But if there is no separation – there is no story!

And just as there is always a separation in a story – there has to be some kind of communication (remember – ‘communication’ comes from ‘commune’) across the divide.

Listen to this. There are two types of communication: Boisterous, and quiet. Boisterous: “HEY! YOU! BE MY FRIEND! I’M WAY LONELY, AND I NEED COMPANIONSHIP!” This of course works well if you are *trying* to drive everyone away. Otherwise, I would try embracing quiet…

For example, you could quietly wear a shirt that says “Physical distance, and Social Bonding”.

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