Some people are just the worst

Some people desert for the front

Some people always press the button

And some will hold their breath

We’re all living in a box though

We’re not all fighting for free

We’re all fighting for a piece

I hereby declare 2015 will be the year of replacing old stuff that sort of works with new stuff that’s fully functioning. I don’t know if this is a good or bad development.

There are so few options for doing good. There are so many options for entertaining myself.

2015 is the year I confront the fact that I’ve got nothing really to rebel against, so I resist sleep, which I love and need and always eventually succumb to anyway.

There are many truths so delicate that even a whisper may blow them over.

That you should be free to do all things at all times is perhaps the fullest form of paralysis.

Prisoner’s Dilemma

I have to get off the internet because everything

is contrived to be what I’m supposed to want to see,

so that I’ll go more willingly into

whatever money trap I’m meant for.

But this would be willful ignorance

of an elemental aspect of our collective.

Should I be prisoner to the river of id

and ad pouring over my dim face?

Or should I be a prisoner of my own making,

purposely stunting my experience,

withdrawing from something I don’t want to see.

This is my dilemma

because I don’t have anything

at all to complain about

It turns out great big sections of us are held up by the Named people and creatures in our lives. Even the shortest pillars of these carry our weight. Our need is us leaning. Their even wavering can throw our balance suddenly and terribly.

Platitude – Latitude – Attitude

There was a rotten guilt mixed in, when I cried after my terrible dog almost died. Guilt first for those who can’t afford the help we were given. Guilt for those who pay the fee anyway and feel they should resist giving a second thought to that money, who then feel guilty for thinking of it anyway. But guilt mostly for the relativity and memory of caring. How will we ever care enough for that which is further from our lives than the furry little things we trap and own make love us for food and warmth? How will we ever care enough for that which can be extinguished from thought with only time?

Nothing but the whole

To hear you speak of spectacle

One can nearly believe its permanence—

Footprints irretrievable, intractable, permanent—

Until you humble yourself to the pyramids

That surely—when born—were impossibly thought of crumbling

(Except perhaps by those laboring to transfer each stone to its place,

having observed the morphemes of decay and knowing the secret delicacy of near sight)

Each flaw of construction obscured by the whole, a silhouette appearing in the sky,

The thought of each crack only haunting those who knew, until they knew better,

As the expanse of observable time showed them nothing but the whole

Perhaps then they believed their own lies, leaving it to generations

Later to prod and discover the evidence of frailty there,

The rounded corners and the surfaced cracks.

But if there’s sorrow there’s also solace in the ruin

These things we believe leave in time, to be rebuilt in new invention

Progress will need to be incremental, lest we risk losing everything on one bunk toss. I’d rather have many chances with low stakes and only marginally winning odds than one stab at total success and only a slim chance of failure.

What a world what a world

The easiest way to be mistaken for either religious or not is to be kind

After a day spent wasting time in front of a computer screen, as night falls, I climb into bed and try to salvage meaning from a wasted day in front of a computer screen.