

Different Ways to Think

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Abstract—Googles: *why can't i do simple tasks?*

Index Terms—lack, of, motivation, burnout

THE GREAT STORM OF SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 5TH 2021

News broadcast beeping sporadically but rhythmically.
 GOOD AFTERNOON Tucson Arizona! We are reporting to you LIVE from my front door step! Would you get a load of that vi – hey, turn the camer ... yeah there we go – would you get a load of that view! The green of the mountainside, the clouds of a passing storm, a rainbow, arcs of lightning ... fabulous! We are out in the streets now, and everyone seems to be taking full advantage of the absolute shit drainage system. The floodwaters surge knee-high through the roads and there is once again flowing water in this little desert town. Marvelous! Let's carefully step our way throu – shit ... dammit hold on, my socks are getting bloody soaked ... can we get me some dry soc ... *static ... cuts to a commercial break* – after a brief interruption we are back! Here, let's get a quick interview from one of the local lunatics bicycling through the water-logged streets. Hey, you there! – **Oh hey, yeah, what's up?** How did you spend your time during the storm this afternoon? **Mmm I was playing some chess at the cafe down the street. Really great time, though, I did think about Death a little bit too much but this water has really cheered me up.** Oh, uh ... that's ... great? Yes, perfectly great. **But yeah I was just headed back to my ... oh no!** What is it? **My greenhouse has been tipped over by the storm!** Terror in the streets! **Oh darlings... it doesn't look very good from here. They were but seedlings.** Well, maybe some of them survived? Do you mind if we come take a look with you? **No, not at all. Let's go see what can be done about this.** We are now reporting from the balcony of our friend the chess player and gardener, and the ruins of his labor are spread like entrails on the ground before us. **Well let's see what we have here. Hey, some of them made it through just fine. We indeed suffered a great loss, but hope sprouts in fertile carnage.** Well said my friend. Look, now you can focus your energy on the ones that were robust enough to survive. Do you mind if I ask you a personal question, to end our reporting segment with? **Shoot.** What things in your life should you destroy?

GETTING BETTER AT DOING ABSOLUTELY FUCKING
 NOTHING

There's an altar in my mind where I sacrifice intrusive thoughts. Sometimes I sit perfectly still, staring. Meanwhile, I wrestle with the squirming idea, binding it to cold hard stone. Then comes the knife. Then comes the blood. It always twitches. I never blink.

SOCKS: A METRIC

I began folding socks just like how I assume most people do: pairwise, right out of the dryer basket, each one belonging to another. I'd search for hours so that I could reunite every last pair. I'd do the little "wrap the socks around themselves" fold and into the drawer they'd go.

Then I became a little bit more unhinged. Why should the socks that I'm pairing up match? What's stopping me from folding two different socks together? And that's how I ascended to the next level of sock matching, but with a steady rule: short socks should only be paired with short socks and long socks should only be paired with long socks. So long as I kept this rule the patterns of each pair shouldn't matter. And so I simultaneously saved more time *and* looked hipster doing it.

Before I knew it I was swimming in a new sea of unbridled chaos: skipping the folding step completely. It was at this point that I also decided that having a sock drawer (and, a dresser for that matter) was a waste of space and time, so I instead chose to use an old rice-cooker box to store all of my socks and underwear. Right from the laundry basket I threw everything into the box. Picking out socks was now a spontaneous decision, delayed only by that one rule: short with short, long with long. *Always.* And now, it wasn't because I wanted to save time or because it looked cool, it was simply because I didn't care.

And then I became godless and embraced my full potential. Yesterday I wore a long wool sock on my right foot and a short running sock on my left. It was so quick and easy to pick out socks now that I had cast my one rule to the wind. And now I think: *where to go from here?* I am Icarus now, and I think I'm getting dangerously close to the Sun. So I'll fly at this altitude for now, free from the tethers of choice and fashion.

I JUST WANT TO LEARN LATIN SO THAT I CAN PROPERLY
 LAMENT.

Mercury is in retrograde and the cats won't stop fighting.

I'M JUST A GRASS PICKER
 Mindless on the lawn, fingers at work, paperback Kafka.