When I listen to the band Tennis, it summons in my mind’s eye these visions of life:

Sailing silently through the Florida Keys on a cool spring day. There’s only the calming sound of the brilliant blue ocean, the smell of salt and clean air, and the occasional passing of sea gulls. The one I love is in my arms and there’s nothing else except peace and contentment in this moment. Maybe 20 minutes ago she was yelling at me because she didn’t want to have to pee over the side of the boat again, and there was no toilet paper… But in this moment, right now, it’s just…. beautiful. It’s complete. We don’t need anything else in this world… Except maybe toilet paper.

I’m jogging through Lake Eola in Orlando Florida. It’s the golden hour and I feel high from just running. Fellow humans, mostly millennials are all around me. Jogging, walking, reading, have picnics, playing with their dogs, working out, laying in the grass and just enjoying life in that moment. They’re so beautiful. For some reason a fit looking gay man is strutting along the trail. He’s wearing nothing but an American Flag patterned speedo and his mouth is covered with an American Flag bandanna… I guess this is just one of those places. And even though the world at this time is filled with fear and suspicion because of the Coronavirus panic, for some reason that negativity hasn’t touched this sanctuary. All I feel and see in the eyes of the people all around is just contentment and connection. I realize that this is how we’re supposed to live as humans. We’re supposed to be out in nature; to have the warmth and presence of each other without the distraction of technology or fighting to be number one. And to just feel good in our own bodies because we’re living according to nature.

We’re in downtown New Orleans. There’s a block party raging on. Glitter, purple masks, humid night air, the smell of alcohol, and the jazz music overwhelms my senses. travelers from all around the world, hipsters, artists, “gangsters from the hood”, all come together to celebrate nothing in particular. We can feel the magic and voodoo of this place permeating everything from the buildings to the trees to the people lost in the magic of this moment.

Walking alone in a random dark, cold desert somewhere in New Mexico. It is Completely silent and the only illumination is from the moon and stars. There’s nobody except rattlesnakes. mice and maybe a UFO for 100 miles all around. You realize how big the world is and how small you are. All alone and if you scream, nobody can hear. It’s terrifying and awesome… But mostly terrifying.

A carefree and innocent time long ago. California dreaming. Life was simple back then and we didn’t have to try as hard. There were no worries, no fucking student loans…. We’re running through an endless field of sunflowers and the setting sun is halfway below the horizon. Maybe that carefree time never really existed. Maybe life was always hard and full of suffering. But all I can ever remember were the good times.

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Life can be ugly, lonely, and sad. But in every single one of us, there’s this unique vision of what a great life can be. Maybe a lot of people might not agree with it… Or maybe they do… But it doesn’t matter either way. Because once we’ve really found that beautiful and authentic vision of what our lives can be, that vision can help us endure through a lot of dark places and to work our asses off to turn that fantasy into reality.

Maybe we’ll fail in our pursuit to turn our dreams into reality, but fuck it what else is there to do with the time we have on this planet? We’re going to die anyways so we might as well die for our dream.