

# JOHN'S KALEIDOSCOPE





Gwyneth version John  
Do it for me



Chinese New Year  
New Story





Mother, Sick, Wall

We all know what's wrong with you, you're love sick  
Sick of this, etc.



I'm teasing you mercilessly because I'm nuts about you.  
You're nuts about me.  
You better be.  
You better, you better, you bet.



You have such a big heart,  
a such balance with heavy weights. Is that for real, or are you just  
hiding like a snake in the grass. I know you're too smart for that.  
You're just a heavy hitter.





I might not fit in this truck, You can't conjure up a real person by imagination, but I promise you I'm worth while.

/ Doh. Otherwise I wouldn't be stuck. / Be nice! / Well, I'm sitting here talking to myself again. / ♥♥♥



I was talking about my career and the waits. / Covered, kinda, no? /  
Not really! / Bon. Je suis M. Catcher. /





Dressing for John. He loves it when I pull out all the stops and then top it nicely. That's really true, isn't it? Play it straight, for once! / Guilty as charged. I love my wife too much. / Kinda hung up on the wife thing, aren't you? / The way I love you would be wrong, otherwise. / I thought you were going to play it straight. / Guilty on all counts.



The wife thing is a big ask, but I think I understand. I mean, I got the fun part but the serious part is out there. / We'll need the rest of our lives to see where *this* goes, so let's skip the inevitable and get on with it. / Skip? Seriously? That's the best you could come up with? / Ya. Lame. But explaining love is kind of boring, no? / You're the one who wrote a metaphysical mathematics of it. / Yea, I got that for free along the path of figuring out my problem with getting the outer consciousness to follow the inner consciousness. / That. That

relentless pursuit of me. It's kind of a turn on. / Now we're getting somewhere. / You going to write it down? / The brain fades to black when I think about writing that stuff down. / Classified Top Secret. Eyes Only. / Oh, John. You're such a dork! / Bon. Juis ton dork. / Ouais. Passion. Brains. Smart. Dedicated to my wants and needs like a madman. Yep. Clean him up, I'll take him home. / Ooo, classified leaks! You gonna get to the good parts, now? / Brain fades, again. / Hm.

So what's the problem?

Modulating a judicious balance between inner and outer where the relationship from inner to outer has its normal force. Too little and it's just a sensory introversion. Too much and it's terraforming mars. Not the stuff of this.