Conversations with Micah

* Any new projects
* Anything you have put off, but would love to get into
* What’s a short list of travel destinations
* How are your parents doing?
* See any cool code recently?
* What has been chaffing your hide?
* What’s up with the bond fund?

2020 Thanksgiving Thank you

November 26, 2020

We are so thankful for our loving and supportive friend group. Thank you one and all!!

What a complicated year. Covid complications. Political tensions. Economic upheaval. Canceled sports matches.

Thankfulness suffuses all.

Thankfulness for good friends, supportive, reliable, considerate landlords (not to mention friendly and humane).

Dan, Tricia, Owen, Micah, Susan, Zev, Haas, betsy, Aaron, Esme, Helena

Turkey, Stuffing, green beans, sweet potatoes, rolls, brussel sprouts,

He potato shed his jacket and his eyes

Lemon rinds and eggs shells piled in the compost bin

Beside the motely leaves

Yam skins, pairs bean tips

Hard mushroom stem ends

Turkey innards, organs into the earth

Feathery celery tufts

Feather’s beak, eyes, feet, Phoenix claws.

Stately waddle, grandiose strut.

We took the Queen’s gambit and bet the feast on a full Lemon Chess

Molasses ginger snap, Rosemary and Rye

Witness to the rolls second rising, proved worth the wait.

Waxing gibbous moon, belly full, full moon plate made new.

Red wine sunset in the west of our nation

The Red sun leaves us with a benediction on the

Transsubstantial potential of cranberries.

Fleeing into the night with lights implicit offering of transubstantiation of cranberries,

Color spectrum diffusing up to blue heaven.

Beyond the mash potato whisps and the fat possum moon, Waxing gibbous, fat belly sunset, red wine sunset, Falstaff sunset, ascending into orange zest, lemon chess, green beans ascending to the sky.

While below where heaven meets earth the red fun departs with a parting benediction on the transubstantiaial potential of cranberries.

Sweet potatoes slip from the red and ascend to the skin

Through the pallor of the lemon chess and butter and salt

Of the long cut beans, and on and on us into the sky,

Orion standing by hunting for his plate, straightens his belt,

Affixes the moon, and then takes his shot.

None of this is normal.

Normal is taken for granted.

Normal has become an indulgence.

An irresponsible act.

An affront to civil society.

What’s a meal anyway?

Something, anything, to break one out of their tunnel vision work. Receiving an excuse to take the weekend. To pull together with friends and family. To break bread. To teach another generation what it means to be a family, to be close, to be together, to converse and communion in the multiplicity of our needs, perspectives, talents.

Turkey colors in the west blue and green and yellow and orange and red

What a complicated year. Something less than blue moon,

A gibbous bith

Gibbous moon

Giblet

Turkey feathers

Puffed up like a Lord after a bumper harvest

The crops plumped, the lord was extra lordly throughout the holy season. The verdancy of the land had increased the abundance of his flesh to an obscene level of health/robustness/prosperity.

07/12/2021

07/12/2021: MEAL -- Italian dinner whipped up by Micah-- course!!! (apertif, olives/ marinated artichoke hearts, pasta--, baked fish- some sort of mild white fish-- the girls loved it, cheese, desert, digestive-- Lemoncello created from Micah’s Grandmother’s Lemons)