

## **Create to the Future**

Create to the future tapers to little in its influence in my pool of motivations, because questions loom large in my thought.

1.) Is there any?

2.) If there is a future for humankind of this earth, will anyone living in that future care, read, think carefully, accurately perceive, live wisely enough to respect all life? Will all?

3.) Define the word, "aesthetic." Integrate all its actions into the contemporary world culture. (Please.)

Does the part of our existence that needs aesthetics include a religious or spiritual dimension in that area of perception and thought? Is there a moral dimension of aesthetics? If there is, does that mean religion is part of aesthetics, or is aesthetics part of religion? Do moral values grow from religion or from aesthetics? If not, where do they start, and what are they?

It's cloudy and cold today. There are no rough paths, moss on rocks, running rivers I can easily visit. Studio B, where I work now, is warm, quiet, with familiar odors, familiar colors and motions and sounds, rhythms of motions and music.

Less defined motivations than creating to the future will easily carry the weight. I continue creating. I sing a song and write an essay.

Music shows its results to me more immediately than writing essays, poems, or fiction does, though unrecorded music vanishes instantly.

Does it?

Ronan is four. He lost a favorite toy in his travels. "I have the memory of that toy," he says, when we all enumerate reasons for going on with existence in a cheerful and hopeful direction, even in times of lost toys.

Thus also with unrecorded music. It did exist. In that rhythmic moment, its active vibrations filled the air. I

touched my guitar's strings right and sang right. In this performance, the song came out closer to what I want it to be than it ever has before; I remember that. The song exists in my memory. It assumes less dominance in my thoughts as time moves toward my next work, but the satisfaction of knowing that I performed a song well in that moment and said something I wanted to say stays with me and flavors my place in the universe with a cheerful feeling of positivity.

Thus with writing that disappears into my computer. I've done it. A few might read it and get something positive from it. I hope so, but hoping to share what I create doesn't alone fuel my motivation. Heard or unheard, read or unread, there is joy in writing a song, in singing a song, writing a story or a poem, joy in creation. That joy may be the largest reason I create.

I work consciously, constantly toward joy. I'm rewarded by a higher level of joy than I would otherwise achieve and a greater amount of positive creation than I would otherwise achieve.

I won't work on songs or writing more today. I'm reasonably joyfully satisfied with what I've done.

I'll sleep better than if I had decided there might be no future, so why try to create anything? I sing songs that fade quickly into walls, carpet, ceiling, every piece of furniture. Songs I sing to this moment stay in my mind a long time, hum outward into the universe. I sing testimony of existence, expression of joy of existence.