

I rearranged my work area. I moved this over there and then this to here and that to the other room, this and this from the other room into here, moved that table, changed where I keyboard stuff into my computer and where I practice guitar, threw away some stuff, more neatly stacked various things, put papers and envelopes into my filing cabinet in order as I've meant to do for months, dusted and vacuumed as I rearranged, all like that.

My new arrangement gives me more open space, which I need for my daily exercises and for a sense of greater openness and neater living. My new arrangement improves acoustics for my guitar and singing practice and recording.

Now, I read from my computer and keyboard into it from my blue recliner instead of from that office chair with a cushion on it, for a less tired and sore butt than I had before I rearranged for more efficient work and more efficient and aesthetically pleasing living.

Yesterday, I rearranged. I've thought about doing it for a while, for months. I still need to vacuum part of the carpet in studio B. Some stuff still needs to be arranged more neatly than it is. I intend to go through several stacks of notes, throw away what is no longer relevant, decide which projects I'll never get to even if I have made notes for them, dispose of notes related to those projects, and enter some of my notes into my computer for more space-efficient storage.

But I've made much progress. I practiced some of my songs this morning. I used part of the morning for spiritual study. I continued reading a book I'm reading. I'm writing this journal entry, this entry for my website. I'll finish cleaning and rearranging this afternoon. Or tomorrow. Or next week. There isn't much left to do.

This day is dark with clouds, white with frost on trees, houses, yards.

I haven't listened to music as I write, much. I'm listening more lately, music largely without words. The music can still wear on me, and sometimes I shut it down and work without intentional background sound.