

Editor's Journal

December 27, 2022

I have much leisure time in the winter now passing. That's so fine, all that time, almost divine. I make poems and songs and essays and put stuff on my website and practice my songs almost every day. Most days, I do.

Many days.

Anyway, some days.

I try hard to be ambitious more often, practice my guitar and songs and make new songs and revise everything I find in my stuff that needs revision. Some days. Enough to count. (Count in the sense of meaning something, having weight of existence, mattering, not count like one two three. I don't even want to count how many days among the days there are, because that action could be depressing. Could be. Sometimes is.

Even staying out of depression could be counted as an achievement for a day, and I do count that, more and more often.)

I want to hold all six guitar strings down in various positions all the way through a song with no buzzes, no unintentionally-muted strings and I think I do, on some songs. Sometimes. I think so.

I don't really trust my memory the way we revise memory to better fit what we think our life should be like, maybe would be like if we worked harder to make it like it should be. Does everybody think like that? Well, most of us do.

Some of us?

Just me?

I don't talk to many people, with the pandemic on the world and me getting older and more limited in places I go, more limited in people I talk with. I really don't know much about how people think.

But I read, and I watch a few movies, and I know, oh, way too much about how the world works and how people seem to operate and what kind of stuff they make, like, look at the world and see what ever-busy people have done to it, oh my, what humans do to their own, our own, habitat, oh my.

It takes practice to hold all six strings down, no buzzes, no unintentional mutes.

I should practice more.

I should write less so I have more time to practice my songs. Writing takes concentration, too. I can hold all the strings down on the fretboard. If I practice enough, I can do it. Probably. That's probably right.

Thank the Lord for the leisure time I have in this slowly-passing winter, with snow on the ground, ice, sudden rain, wind, and a good computer and everything I need to record, to write, to put up a website and keep it moving forward.

Then I wander off and practice songs. I leave my entry for my website unfinished and hanging there.