

AFFIRMATION

Encountering a woman selling her pottery
that she had placed on a table, I looked at her
and said, "Very nice pieces!" Which made her smile
and nod her head.

And as I continued on, I thought to myself, "I just lied
to protect the innocent, as her stuff is so mediocre
that I would never even consider buying any of it!"

With that, I hoped that she'd sell at least a few pieces
as she probably needed the affirmation...

MEDICAL ALERT

Recognizing the voice from previous calls, this time I say,
“Look, man, I don’t need a Medical Alert System
‘cause I’m planning on killing myself any day now.
Then, all I’ll really need is someone with a van
to cart off my body before my wife gets home!”

After a moment of silence, the guy responds,
“I perfectly understand! But if you botch the job
you’ll be able to use our system to get you to a hospital.”

“You sound like a very smart and caring person!”
I answer seriously. “I hope that you sell a million
of those babies! Good luck to you! And, once again,
please don’t forget to take me off your list!”

MY ATTITUDE

They had to cut me out of my mother
to get me here, which is probably why
she didn't want more children,
and I must admit that it was symbolic
of my attitude to begin with,
which I've pretty much maintained to this day. . .

THE INTERRUPTION

Sitting outside at a café a couple of blocks from my house, having lunch with a friend, all of a sudden, John -- the homeless, schizophrenic guy who I've given money to on numerous occasions-- walks up to our table and says, "I'm looking for Ted Bundy. Have you seen him lately?"

To which my friend—who also knows John—asks, "What do you want with him?"

"I can't tell you that, but it's very important!" John says matter of factly. "If you see him, will you tell him I'm around?"

"Sure... will do!" I respond, not being in the mood to continue any further.

But then, after John walks away, I ask my friend, "What do you think John would say to Bundy if he could actually meet him?"

To which he immediately replies, "From one wacked out mind to another, I imagine that they'd get along smashingly and have much to say to each other— kind of like how it was for us before John appeared and interrupted our conversation."

PAYING WHAT ONE'S ABLE

“Pay nothing—zilch—for twelve months, and then pay what you’re able!” she says in the commercial.

Which makes me say to myself, “Why isn’t everything *pay as you’re able!*? If it were, I’d own a forty-room mansion with a swimming pool, a fleet of sports cars, and certainly a private jet to whisk me away to my favorite locales—all this on my teacher’s salary, paying what I’m able...

AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT

Yesterday, the only thing that really made me feel better was the neighbor's dog coming up to me in a friendly manner, and while I petted his head, his eyes said, "I remember you! You seem like a good guy!"

As I continued to pet his head, mostly ignoring his human counterpart, I recalled that the last time I encountered him he wasn't friendly at all. In fact he snarled and didn't want any part of me.

This time it was all reversed, and giving a nod to his owner before she gently pulled on the leash and walked away, I wondered why he had such a change of heart.

And then I realized that it didn't matter. I felt glad to have experienced what I did as it made a difference in my mood—at least for the moment. . .