

Start Today

by Jim Gold

I feel lost, alone, inadequate, and inferior,” Leslie complained. “Today is my first day as an artist,”

“Glum places are pregnant with growth,” her husband Roger observed.

“But suppose no one ever sees my paintings?”

Roger moved his wife’s easel in front of the window. “If that happened, would you still paint?”

“I don’t know--“

Leslie lowered herself into the red meditation armchair to ponder. Then she washed some dinner dishes.

Time passed. A month later a spark of optimism flickered in her eyes.

“The idea that no clients will ever see my paintings is actually quite freeing,” she said.

“Without the outside pressure of an upcoming exhibition, I could rediscover my style, my meaning, my purpose.” Excitement rose in her soul. “Time to try again.”

“Fading of the old,” Roger summarized.

“Yes. And beginning of the new.”

“When will you start your new path?”

“Today!”

from Carlos the Cloud

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