

Slow Wise Notes

by Jim Gold

“Nothing sticks, “ complained Seymour Wisenote, leading child of the Soflat family. “Like life itself, all passes through me.”

“And yet one needs goals to survive,” Grandma claimed. Seymour watch smoke from her ancient wisdom and history rising to the ceiling. “Without them, one falls into the black abyss of cosmic meaninglessness. And that’s no place for a good Jewish boy to be.”

“I agree, Grandma. But where else is there to go? That is the nature of life itself.”

“True. But just because long-range truth hits you on the head is no reason to submit. Never give in to this so-called truth. Knock it on the head, beat it, smash it, kill it, do whatever you need to survive it. It is mere fashion and often serves as an excuse to do nothing. Besides, there is always so-called truth and truth itself. So-called truth visits during moments of desperation. Pay no attention to this phantom. Like passing thunder bursting over your head, it may seem very real at the moment, but just wait awhile. Soon the bugger passes and a fresh sunny sky will appear. That is the real truth, the one you want to remember and embrace. The sun lasts forever. Clouds come and go.”

“That sounds so good, wise, Grandma. But who can believe it? We weak mortals daily succumb to cloud formations. What chance do we have in the rain?”

“Kick the buggers! That’s what I say. Never give in! Keep the cutting sword of goals straight in front of you. Attitude wins every fight--even if you lose!”

Seymour wasn’t convinced. “How can you be so certain, especially in this uncertain world?”

“Everybody needs a skeleton. And every skeleton needs a body.”

“. . .What kind of answer is that?”

“Support is vital in this transient world. Goals are your support team. If no one gives you one, create it yourself.”

“I like team sports.”

“Then go for it.”

from Carlos the Cloud

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