

# Where the Wild Mind Dwells

by Jim Gold

“Dare I even write a word?” asked Sam.

“Don’t you miss your wild vision?” answered Mama Loschen.

Sam pondered that. “Yes, I do. But right now, I can hardly see straight, and my brain is dropping key words into the garbage bin of forgetfulness. There must be a solution to such a problem.”

Mama Loschen leaned on her thinking stick. Her wide body, heavy with thought, folded easily over her even wider stomach. “Indeed, my son, there is. But I’m not giving it to you. I hate this house and until I can move, I’m not giving you or anyone else a thing. Besides, if I did, it would be cheap, and your current sieve of a mind would easily forget it. Better to suffer quietly on your own. Pain will re-calibrate your brain, and eventually a new, vital personality will pop out. That’s what pregnancy is all about.”

“Is that why you’re so fat, Mama?”

“Of course. Mamas are always fat.”

“You wouldn’t be referring to saturated fats--”

Mama whacked Sam over his coolidge. “No, silly boy, those fats destroy both mind and body. I’m speaking about warm, vital, energy-producing fats, hot fats that will build up your habit-cooled mind. That’s why I whacked you over your coolidge—to warm you up, heat a few of your latent silly parts. You’ve become stiff and lame. Your funny brain has retreated into the dark corners. I haven’t heard a joke or pun for months.”

Sam shrank into a corner. Finally, he emerged and asked, “If I find this funny mind in my hidden closet, what will I do with it?”

“Many things.”

“Like what? And what about public consumption, love and acceptance? Why bother writing again if this will never happen? I don’t have the interest, passion, or energy to promote my writing. This is hardly an attitude with which to pursue fame,

acceptance, or fortune. I know my publication attitude stinks. I'm floundering in total discouragement. No one loves me, and no one loves my work. They don't even read it! What about that?"

Mama Loschen answered in dulcet tones, "Start with your own heart. Never mind the public--at least, not yet. Here's a beginning question: Where does your wild music dwell?"

The question stunned Sam. He sank to the floor, lay on his mother's rug of rumination for a while. Visions of storm clouds, wild rains, and happy sunsets brewed in his mind. Finally, he rose. "Does wild mind follow wild music," he asked, "or is wild music born in wild mind?"

"They are twins. It really doesn't matter who started what, or even where they are born. They are born to exist. And to be used by you!"

"Who will be the leader? My wild mind or me?"

"Your wild mind is you! Be true to yourself. As for the public, you'll eventually find your fans, and they will follow."

Years later Sarah Boswick bought three copies Sam's first self-published novel: Where the Wild Mind Dwells. Two were used as coffee coasters on her living room table.

A month later, after reading the third copy, she placed it, along with other novels and self-help books on the sidewalk outside her home. Her neighbor, Lace Hodkins picked it, passed it on to his son, Bob Hodkins, president of Universal Publishers. Bob loved the book, called Sam, and offered him a contract. Years later, while vacationing on the profits of his best seller, Sam was able to purchase a new home for his mother.

from Carlos the Cloud

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