

Where do ideas come from? I never know. But what I do know is that ideas usually come, at least for me, during the depths of despair, in the throes of anger, when the mind is not at rest, when there's a tempest sweeping through the mind, and the physical body knows nothing of rest or sleep. Today, things are calm, I am happy, fall is here, the birds are flying south. I am lost in nature. I have no ideas. No desires, no insecurities. Nada. Nothing. Rien. The mind is crystal clear - emptied of extraneous thoughts, knowledge and ideas. I am at peace.

Perhaps, it is the calm before the storm, but there is no forecast of what's to come. So I wait.

Cin-Ty

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