

Was it always so difficult to get started? Once it took only the notebook, the pen, the moment. Now I must gather myself, find some gumption, stretch a bit. Ponder which way to go, where to start. At least one thing remains similar — when the steam runs out, it all stops. Just like that.

Last night, the absurdist wizard was the tale on tap. I managed to keep that gist, that alone. A couple of other impressions, maybe, but the story fled. Just drooping gun barrels, Dali goes to war with the mystics. Invasions and hostile takeovers no longer things, as intentions warp under the wizard gaze — three-piece suit execs suddenly taken with barking at cabs. Stuffy tenured professors of economics marking up charts in crayon, smiling suns, line-wisp smoke curling from identical 2D house chimneys. Politicians stripping down to wrestle pigs, losing, laughing... washing off to host

a vegetarian barbecue that everyone agrees is pretty darn good.

This one stolen: the ash turns to confetti (alleluia!) and bus drivers get off at their stops too, go pick up after their grown children, hand out magic quarters good in every jukebox and arcade, dredged up pasts in the face of inflation.

"Back to reality!" the wizards wink and in a flash things appear normal. Straight lines straight, the waves where they should be, benches, stands, corners, sidewalks, fields.

Friendly children enjoying days, it all seems familiar, though some eyes strain to remember more, having, being, taking. They'll adjust to the dream or waking up from it, whatever just happened. They'll give up figuring out how to get around and let the world take them.