

I get to the page, and it's blank. As usual. Nothing comes to mind from before. I'm blank too! Zen mind win! But it returns, creeping with the characters. No protagonist, antagonist, no plot, just ebb flow of moments, tide reminding me I'm so selfish.

Takes time to pin it down, pin this down, following brief examination in the Killing jar. Collection is for me anyway — what do I care if I miss some specimens? Some fine examples we'll never see again, slipped right through the net — I can't be bothered to finish the job. Got things to do. Busy.

You too, I bet, the other side of the equation. How dare I presume to waste anyone else's time when I'm so particular about how I waste my own? No, I must urge you to reconsider. Go back to whatever other pursuits had you amused.

There will be no point to this, you see. Neither of us will come out on the other side with any insight, no thing to show for it. We'll not be going anywhere. We won't grow. No aha! Just more time, and that reminds me of the contradiction, where I started.

Not going to share with you, see? Swallow it or let it seep out of my ears when I go to sleep. As I said, quite particular about how I waste my time, and it's not like there's anything to keep either one of us interested.

Enough to enjoy the sound of my voice in my own head, pause, shrug, get back to the business of consumption. Put the production out of the way. Keep it on the down low. Keep it to myself.

No different than what I was doing 30 years ago, every bit as self absorbed.

Zen mind stares at me, shakes head.