

She closed her eyes and absorbed the conversations around her, the two women in a business meeting drowning out the middle-aged couple on a blind date, the man in the softspoken voice telling his harsher voiced date about his private history, arrangements and relationship, and they found agreed that life didn't come with a manual.

Jaz poured out, the clinging of fishes from the kitchen, the tea of the espresso machine, she found herself overwhelmed with the overstimulation and longing for the quiet of the world out that door. When she took that thought back, realizing it was only dramatic and that instead, she could use this sounds to feed her imagination and her work. [at first she typed this without looking, her eyes closed and her head lifted slightly upwards, a stream of consciousness exercise on many levels. Later she realized the nonpracticable aspect of this.

Reluctantly she knew she would have to leave soon, as her bus departing for the airport would be arriving in an hour. She didn't want to abandon the blind date, learning much about how to be open and honest about your past and your expectations and what kind of self-growth you want to bring about in your life. She appreciated that the two were not exchanging small talk and getting to the heart of the matter, the crux of the subject at hand at once. She wished she could be more like that, but then again, few things were more horrifying to her than the notion of a date. She was afraid her mind would be thinking, Why am I listening to you? Why should I care about your life? I just met you five seconds ago.

And when she knew it was time to leave so she packed up her laptop and did just that.

Failed closed-eyes-stream-of-consciousness exercise that also reveals that apparently I am not the awesome typist I think I am.

Written while at a place I like in Boulder

THE LAUGHING GOAT

Actual arrow photographed from actual street sign in Boulder.

The poetry of street signs

Photographing the horse on my way to DIA while imagining all sorts of things as I gazed at the back of the head belonging to a handsome young man in a bus.

(I can never get my arrows to be consistent #**@@#)

This page is not as thematically tight as the other ones. I think I'm trying to avoid writing my pages for today (in the other novel). The Summer of Montana is off to a bad start.

**Under a starry sky,
A toad was about to die.**

When I was a teen, my best friend and I would make up little poems for the pure fun of the way the words sounded.

FYI, I lost the mauve color I used for the asides. Don't know what happened, but I can't find it anymore. So now I'm experimenting.

(I guess I did find it)

Today, May 2, 2019, I am starting what I like to call The Summer of Montana:
-work
-write
-work out
-walk
(the 4 Ws)

Meanwhile, nobody is rushing to buy my gorgeous bookmarks, so my plan on making a sizeable side income is also off to a bad start.

The stars and the moon that Celia sees out of her window in Buenos Aires.