

Fuck dates.

The Gregorian ones.

I fancy the Medjool ones, though I find consuming too many, serially, makes me tum grumble.

I used to eat Tums semi-religiously to perform many a duty.

And she was writhing while she wrote.

And now: a word to the wise, from a crone.

When one commits one's self to Broadway histrionics, while living off Broadway, one may find one's self costumed in a hospital gown. The least dignified of costumes. Not that the infirmed are inherently deprived of dignity.

False.

The costume is rather drafty. Far too drafty.
To say the least.

We should be taught that lyrics are best kept in melodies. When extracted from song and taken to the stage of life, lyricism becomes a melodrama of DSM V proportions.

Histrionics are historically not tolerated by the Libra scales of life.

Be careful.

Bathe regularly, wash between your scales my mer-brethren.

Write in a spiral, but aim to walk straight. Back erect or bowed, it doesn't matter. One foot before the other if bipedalism is your thing. I mean, if you have two feet. Not everyone has two. I would love to meet a fellow with three.

And don't look back lest you crave sodium iodide.

Looking forward peppers one's life with joyous surprises.

Buy a spice you are pretty sure your mother never used to cook with. Be a spice person.

Sporty,
Freaky,
Adobo,
Whatever.

Write out your wildest thoughts. Commit them to paper, spare yourself.
I speak from experience.

Let Don Quixote, and your quixotic thoughts thrive on paper. Spare your holy vessel.
Get wild on the page, ignore dogma, lines, and laws.

But in life,

in action, beware of the above. Abide by the above. Boundaries, personal and federal,
exist for a reason. Some actions are best kept in the amygdala.

No one *wants* a gown of the hospital variety—the most repressive of uniforms, me thinks.

Too much ass, not enough personalization.

Buy chaps if you will.

That's all.
Any questions?