

The Lake, Alfonse de Lamartine

So, it's like we've all been sailors together,
always going around, from city to city,
and sometimes we get lost
or maybe go too far in one direction or something--
we're really bad at looking at maps--
and so it ends up we never really stop--
why did I let you convince to buy that anchor?--
we never use it anyway.

I wanted to bring it up, because I was looking at the lake earlier,
and I was thinking about that girl, you know,
--we used to look at the lake a lot--
and I was sitting on that stone she and I used to sit on,
and I was thinking that even the lake missed her,
since I miss her,
and it all seemed pretty appropriate.

I mean, right now, the lake is moaning,
just like it used to,
near those tall rocks--
you see?--
and there's all that foam,
which I remember she was playing with,
with her feet.

So, I was thinking about that one evening,
when we were actually sailing on the lake,
and all we could hear was some guys rowing.

And I had this thought, which I think she had too--
it was a weird thought, though I'm used to it--
and it seemed like the lake was somehow involved.

The thought was:
I wish we didn't have to go to bed and wake up tomorrow,
and keep waking up,
since I know eventually when I wake up,
it's just gonna be bullshit--
you're not going to be there--
I'm not going to be there--
maybe the lake will be there, but I don't know.
The point was, I was happy, but sad, because I knew
that it was getting late, basically.

And I was thinking about how it would be great
if every morning we just forgot what already happened,
whatever it was,
since it all adds up in the end, apparently,
to me sitting here at the lake again,
and I'm not even having a good time.

And it's like every time!

Gotta go to bed and some point and wake up,
and it's all different.

So, I was thinking in terms of general advice,
since it was pretty lonely at the lake,
and I had no one to talk to, really,
and I came to the conclusion that
you might as well go for it,
whoever it is,
since every morning it's all different,
and you can't just keep circling around
the same lake again and again.

It'd be nice if being happy counted for something
more than being sad, but that's not how it works,
and whether you're happy or sad,
you still gotta wake up in the morning--
and actually, the more I think about it,
it's kind of like, we do forget a lot of things,
when we wake up, and what's more,
even if *we* remember, no one else does,
which might come to the same thing.
It's like someone's coming in and stealing everything from us.

So what's the point?

I'm looking at the lake, the rocks, the caves, the forest,
which is pretty dark, and they're not saying anything--
which is bullshit--
so I'd say if you're not thinking this kinds of thoughts,
which are pretty depressing,
whether it's because it never occurred to you,
or because you gave up thinking about it,
and went back to whatever you were doing,
then that's cool--
the one thing I'd say is that
it's good to remember stuff,

even if it's sad.

And if you look at things differently,
like if the lake is calm instead of stormy,
or if it is stormy, then, you could look at the
wind on the area around the lake
as tickling it and making it laugh,
and the trees and the rocks as having a big party,
like a birthday or an anniversary,
then that might cheer you up.

And sometimes, you can even see things,
like in a movie, where it's not either happy or sad, exactly,
just really exciting,
when a huge storm is going on outside,
and the thunder is echoing,
and there's a couple of stars between the clouds--
you can see them on the lake--
and you're not really involved, just watching it,
and at that point,
it's not really about you anymore,
you don't have to worry, since you gotta figure,
that when anyone else gets around to watching the
wind, the plants, that funny smell the lake has,
and pretty much anything around here,
then they'll feel the same way--
maybe what they went through will be different,
but it'll probably feel the same,
and the lake will remind them,
and they'll think, yeah,
that's how it is:
sometimes you fall in love,
and then you get all this stuff.

Untitled, Franck Venaille

You know that guy who always walking around,
around rivers all the time?

We like to say he carries the cold for us--
I don't mean he carries stuff that's cold, necessarily,
but he makes it feel cold, maybe emotionally,
it's hard to say.
But he carries around our spaces too, I guess--
don't ask me about it,

you had to be there.

I'll say this, though, that he doesn't like those spaces,
they freak him out, you know.
So he takes his head, which is made of sheep--
and I mean that like, he does often wear a fuzzy hat,
when he's walking down some river,
but also because he's got a head like a sheep,
he thinks like a sheep.
So he takes his sheep head and he'll freeze the spaces for later,
since there's just too much of it around,
and he puts it in the freezer for later.
So he's a good organizer,
though, I can't put my finger on how he does it.

He wraps it up first,
and we always think,
why is he the one to always been cleaning up,
and keeping track of things--
but we know the answer, which is basically,
he's the kind of guy that likes to keep things under wraps,
everything, how he feels,
if he's sad--
it all gets balled up and wrapped.

But you can't keep track of everything!
Things sort of wander off like cows
when the fence is broken--
they're just off doing they're own thing,
looking for grass,
not looking up,
and that's like our friend, too:
he hates to be distracted,
which can come off a little rude,
and he's got his own objectives.

I think the point is, you can keep looking for this stuff
all you want, and you can find some of it,
and keep it for yourself,
but even if this fence is broken,
there's more fences, and eventually,
since the earth is round,
you can walk around the whole thing,
and you just end up at the same broken fence.

I bet, he thinks of it, when he takes another of those walks,
I guess, where he figures stuff out,
and he comes to shore, and the tide gates are closed.
You just turn around.

Sometimes though, I bet it gets really stormy,
and the tide gates get flooded over,
and I think this is what really happened to him,
if you ask me,
he got to the shore, and it was really stormy,
and he just stood there, watching the water come to him
for a change.

And I bet he thought, this is just perfect for me,
this is a fitting ending, you know,
for someone like me--
I'm such an asshole to people,
and I'm always getting in their business,
and for once,
I can just let someone else tell me what to do.
He probably said to himself, I give up,
and then, once you think that,
you let your guard down for a second,
and then you're gone--
who knows if you could have gotten away at that point, anyway--
and I bet that water was freezing,
and he probably tried to swim to shore,
or at least I hope he did,
but there's no way you could get back.
The sea makes it own rules.

The Blind, Charles Baudelaire

Shit man, blind people are fucked up.
If you didn't know they were blind,
you think they were retarded, or something,
or someone playing a prank.
And then it turns out they can't see,
and then you're like,
I don't even know how you can live like that,
like when you wake up in the morning,
and it's too bright, and you're looking
for your phone, through really squinty eyes.
You just sort of knock shit around,
and then you give up,
and just lie there in a haze.

But seriously, have you ever seen a blind person?
They got dead eyes,
like they're always looking past you,
like they aren't listening,
like they're better than you,
like they're the kind of people
who just don't notice details,
who just have a lot of book knowledge,
and think they don't have to pay attention to what's around them--
or even if you're just appreciating the scenery,
stoned, looking around,
then that's important shit,
and I just can't see blind people doing that,
noticing shit other people don't notice.

And because they're walking around
or trying to
and not seeing anything we're seeing,
it's like what the fuck could they be possibly thinking about?
I mean, of course, they'll hear the same stuff we hear,
like someone singing, or someone telling a joke,
or yelling at someone,
basically all the normal shit that happens,
everyone having a good time.

But I get pissed off too when I hear loud people,
since, when you're just walking around and overhear something,
it always sounds retarded, no matter who's saying it.
So I get pissed off, but then I think,
well, I mean, maybe it's just me,
maybe I'm just confused,
since everyone seems to be doing fine--
maybe blind people are just the same as me,
confused,
distracted,
or maybe everyone is just like that.

