

Oregonauthor.com  
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Webmaster's Journal  
Ramblings,  
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### **Ramblings, 8-10-2025**

Tumbling about in my mind, I have a million ways to think and write and sing about three hundred and thirty-three thousand and thirty-three past experiences, to think about, write about and sing about newly-developing experiences.

I have other forms and colors and smells and sounds of ideas blossoming in my memory, in my mind.

Visions move through my mind, vision of colors, blues, morning blues, evening blues,

mule-skinner blues,

greens, soft, swirling mists of white fog and pastel movement, forms in motion. Flowers, soil, smell of mule manure and soil, dry soil, wet soil, flowers, colors, shades of lavender, lavender flowers in clean sunshine, smell of lavender flowers in clean sunshine, flowers and green grasses,

flavorful food and pleasant odors for a thousand pounds of muscle and bone,

my favorite mule,

who pulls metal to open fertile ground so I can plant corn and potatoes and beans and squash and grass and flowers and grains, wheat, rice, oats into foods for tomorrow, next month, next year, eternity.

The world cools toward night, smells of night, movements, growing plants, movement of growth, smells of growth, soaking sunshine into smooth movement of long muscles in my back when I bend to work, work toward

moonlight,

bursting-open-mushrooms smell,

smell of cutting mushrooms with sharp knives into fresh  
wicker baskets across the face of the living mountain,  
flowers red and gold, gold heavier than stone, malleable,  
the butteryest of all metals, malleable, smell gold. Hot gold.

And

I want to write them all.

Down.

Or up.

Memories. experiences, ideas, visions, colors, ideas.

But I won't. I haven't that much time.

And

I also have these, maybe a hundred or more songs, and I want to  
sing them well, I want to sing them well, already, I want to sing  
them well, as precisely as the songs I hear in my mind.

I write the words onto paper and build sounds from my guitar and  
my voice into the room around me, into the air, into the universe.

I hear them in my mind and see the colors flow like mist and  
smells of flowers and of forbes and trees and soil, brush, brush,  
acid, insects, sunshine, caressing. I want to touch them well, I want  
to touch them all.

And

a question for you, if somebody plays and sings a song so far out  
into the forest (or upstairs in my room, my studio room, studio B.)  
that no one hears the song, is it a song?

Was it a song? In the moment of play

voice singing into sunshine

joy in this performance, Did it get sung and played? Does a song,  
recorded and played millions of times and heard by millions have  
more reality, more existence, more presence than a song sung in the  
wild wild wood and heard only by the singer, the dancer

dancing hands and feet on instruments of golden tones, on golden  
soil, dancing animals, wild animals, dancing plants, stone, soil?

I lift keyboard of white plastic letters from my lap and place it  
onto the table, and monitor and speaker.

I push everything back, toward center of table

I shut off monitor and speaker

I pick up my guitar, golden guitar, golden tones, colors of tones,

golden, soft silver, colors of sunshine, all glowing colors  
alive

life memory in song, memory of life, music life. Black guitar, and  
brown and white, brass, color and sound of brass, of steel. And gold,  
sound of gold.

Gold.

My neighbor starts her lawnmower

Another neighbor

trims straight

where her grass and her concrete meet

uses ignited, exploding gasoline vapors for power

to turn the blades that cut grass edge

brush concrete

steel blades ring tones against rough concrete

This machine has not-much muffler

is very loud.

An airplane flies above me

up in the blue sky, louder than a lawnmower.

Airplane exhaust gasses spew into blue

clear blue sky, join my concert.

Without my consent.

as Chip often says about unwelcome actions in the world around  
him, "Oh well."

or sometimes, despairingly,

disparagingly

"What you gonna do about it?"

shrugs shoulders, upturns palms, raises brows toward sky.

So what could anybody do about it? Stop singing?

NO NO

Never

Never never never. NEVER!!!

Having said, explaining why, there will be gaps

there are gaps

in my website,

at time when practice, practice,

practice

of my songs

does not yet quite come to recording,

but will.

There have been gaps.

There will be gaps,  
but Maybe and Maybe,

**eventually**

I'll record songs and make them available from my website, this website, that are better-performed than I have previously been able to perform and record.

**Ain't evahbody thrilled?**

Check back. Meantime, explore everything else on this website.

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More on this Subject Next Time

If there is a next time

for me

for you

**for the world**

**...Next Time...**