

Temporarily

August 5, 2026 or thereabouts (I'm usually not enough connected to the world around me that the date means a great deal.)

Temporarily, I've lost a large part (71.5 percent) of the driving force that feeds me energy and ambition to begin a new creation or to work on an existing, partially-created essay, poem, song, or to practice playing my guitar and singing or to work on my website.

The air is very smoky here. Smoke has hung heavily for weeks in our part of the world, still hangs heavily close around our house, everywhere in the small town where we live, in the pastures, hayfields, farmlands around us, and that shamefully-dirty air, a consequence of humankind's lack of reverence for life and the habitat we are freely given, depresses and concerns me.

Depression and concern contributes to the 71.5 percent of driving force I have temporarily lost contact with.

I am intensely connected to and conscious of life, habitat, this planet we inhabit, and I am intensely conscious of humankind's failure to take good care of life, of our habitat, of this planet we live on.

August 9, 2026

But, however, nonetheless and regardless, I circle back to determination to keep my website going.

I organize files to possibly sell some ebooks from the website. I keep my guitar practice going in hope, intention, that I will record more of my songs and put them on my website.

Long story there.

But the short version of the story: I practiced for a long time a guitar accompaniment style that sounded good to me as I played and sang, but when I got around to recording some of it, didn't sound that good.

I started slowly working out another style. I am still working on developing that style as accompaniment for my songs. I am making some progress, but who really knows when or if?

It's just and mostly only that my moods are up and down, impacted by deteriorating condition of the environment, personal pain from ancient injuries combined with old age, and personal vagaries of varying knowledge, varying moods, varying circumstances, all the meanings of "vagaries."

But I will put more on this website, essays, fiction, poetry, songs, books.

It's a matter of finishing many pieces I've started, being sure they are the best I can make them at the moment, going through all the steps to put them into files my website will work with, and linking them into the website.

Simple, yes, but it does take some time, so excuse me now, and I will get back to it.

You understand what I'm saying?

You hear me, sister, brother?

Do I make myself clear?
And variations on that theme.