

memo

Friday, March 26, 2004

To: Just Say Noh

From: Nough Thyself

Re: "It's funny but I've always thought of Christ as a lobster. When I eat lobster I feel more like I'm eating the body of Christ because a lobster crawls in the bottom of the ocean and eats all this dead stuff, it eats garbage. It eats shit. And then it converts it all into this pure sweet white meat. And that's like Christ to me."

—Spalding Gray, "Rivkala's Ring"

And hope.

I will stop taking the pill. I will stop taking the pill because *I hate the way it makes me feel*. I will still attempt to quit smoking.

Some good may yet come of this.

I think it's funny how the memo condenses time. Just yesterday I told you about the existence of a plan, but just now I'm telling you how part of the plan is being jettisoned like so much dead weight. The memo contains none of the inbetween parts.

I felt like so much dead weight.

There is little so wonderful as letting both of your legs fall asleep for the sake of a purring cat who wants nothing more than to sit on your lap and be scratched.

What could hope the size of a mustard seed accomplish?