

July 15, 2020

*“Suppose you just let that all happen...”*

*Have I ever just let anything happen? I'm not sure. Being not sure is okay. Okay. But it seems like I've been trying to let go of things for a while now. It seems like things are breaking off, even if I wanted to hang onto them: not least: my notion of what it is I make (“create”) and why I do it .. how did I get here? I don't want to write the way I've written for the past twenty years. I don't want .. Suppose you just let that all happen? Let what happen, exactly? Let it break off. See if it grows back. Maybe it will, maybe it won't. You can let go of the idea that you're talented. You can let go of the idea that you have something important to say. You can let go of the idea that the world needs your words. Maybe no one needs your words. Maybe (probably) only you do. Maybe the audience has been the problem all along .. the one not paying attention to what you're writing is .. wait for it .. you*