

Let's Pick Our Myth with Care

Luggage carts crowd calves. Travelers scrape shins. Walls of tired bodies encircle an armored conveyor belt. Airports always, always, take far too long just like the *pursuit* of Happiness. We wasted a computer game decade, then started (no) to be fair, we wanted to start yesterday, or the day before.

Dortch says do your *work*. He says *aim at contentment, ignore little happies*. We talk *next right thing*, talk *doubt as useful fuel*. We talk *money as time, at current exchange rates*. Talk *useful wealth*. We debate Americana and efficient box houses. Why pretend to live a plastic laugh-track life?

Why pay for gates? Why aspire to vacuum-sealed American Loneliness, not vibrant street markets & hugs? Let's aspire (maybe) to help ourselves and one friend (maybe) to let life's conveyor belt bear gifts unexpected before cancer or car crumple.

While yes, we see that dark, wool-scratch weight of winterdark in another lazy brown box. The front porch of my emotional landscape littered with sad Amazon packaging. But look, we also have butter-smooth pears in gold foil. We will smack relish them, my friend and I, as we both laugh.

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