

perhaps we should consider not fixing things anymore.
would there be more happiness
without perfection

just keeping things less broken.

if there is an eternal good

there is an eternal bad

but you never hear about the eternal less broken.

i am convinced the eternal less broken has its own paradise

with broken down farm implementation tools

rusting in the front yard next to the sticking gates of paradise

and trash that does not make it to the curb.

incomplete repairs bet on evolution fixing things first

no more broken knuckles

certain words and sailor phrases disappear

in happy morning humming.

fixing things.

wf.h.

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