

i try to apply myself this morning but it does not stick. everything
is lazy and everything is green.

i go to the field where i can fly a kite and think about
both ends of the string.

the new mushrooms are too small to gather.

the wasps are still drying their wings after the passing rain.

the goatherd scarcely notices.

i begin to laugh thinking about my grim determination to avoid responsibility.

grim determination.

wf.h.

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