

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY

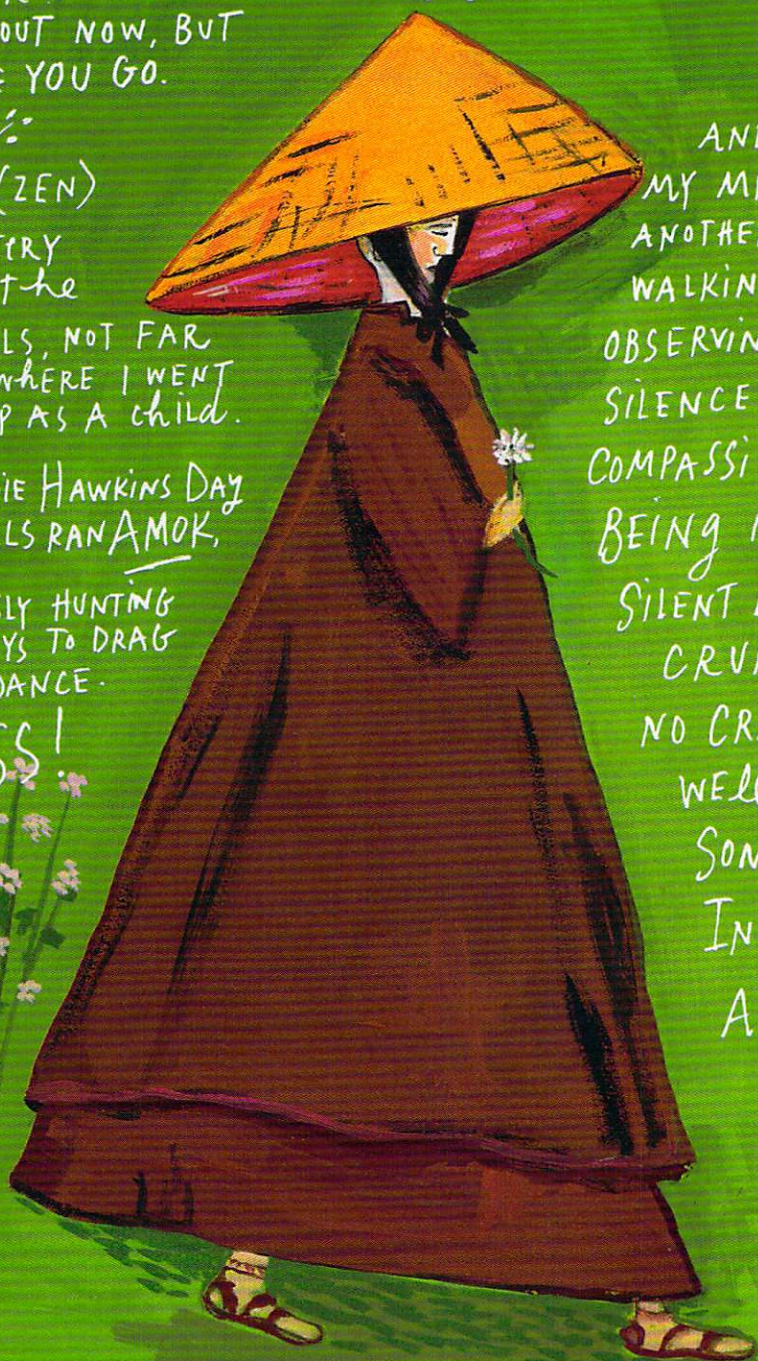
FOR A DAY OF MINDFULNESS. WELL, HALF A DAY, BECAUSE I REFUSE TO STAY FOR SOMETHING CALLED "THE SHARING CIRCLE," WHICH I FEEL BAD ABOUT NOW, BUT THERE YOU GO.

THE (ZEN) MONASTERY IS IN THE CATSKILLS, NOT FAR FROM WHERE I WENT TO CAMP AS A CHILD.

ON SADIE HAWKINS DAY THE GIRLS RAN AMOK,

MERCILESSLY HUNTING DOWN BOYS TO DRAG TO THE DANCE.

BLISS!



AND NOW MY MIND IS FULL OF ANOTHER KIND OF BLISS. WALKING MEDITATION. OBSERVING NATURE. SILENCE. LISTENING. COMPASSION. KINDNESS. BEING IN THE MOMENT. SILENT EATING. VEGAN. CRUNCHING. NO CRAVING. NO ANGER. WELL, SOME CRAVING. SOME ANGER. Hmm... INSATIABLE CRAVING. A LOT OF ANGER.

STOP IT.
REALLY.
YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN.
AND THERE YOU GO.