6/20/12

 I’m not sure if it’s the heat or the almost ¾ point in the program, but my brain is starting to get loose. Loose nut on safety equipment, not loose and limber like a yoga instructor.

 Likened April to a shrieking harpy, argued against bibliographies, the kind of detail work that normally makes me go all gooey, and glued little green plastic cubes into a bigger white paper cube.

 On the plus side, my Model Lab Little Writer Fan Club now has a solid membership of one, even if my prose gives him that far away, glassy look I usually put on at about 2:50 pm. To that young man, me as a writer is a distant second to me as an audience. I am merely fresh eyes and ears and patience, my brain the blank canvas on which he splatters his vampires and flashlights, king cobras and black shoes.