

Really old now

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Falling apart

My ankles are another material,

beautiful skin gone, a different beauty, old eyes and no teeth to speak of. I'm the same, was born wanting to work like this, learned how, did it and got old. My purpose to help people via art. What kind of purpose is that ...? You have to want, make something. I could blame everything on the sugar, but I wanted to help others.

Eventually they storm you like the locust children in Suddenly Last Summer, bottomless need or greed to succeed, the helpless knowing they can't be helped. They bother the generous more than the rich, so I learn from the proud musician who carries her instrument to every gig and relies only on her tone, her rhythm, no more on charm.

Old now and may still change a mood or shape dreams. Now with painful legs, less able now, more in need, myself about to annoy the generosity of others.

RMc 4/15/11 early a.m.