

Let us rejoice,
For it is Spring*



* at this latitude, and warmer than usual because of global warming



It is a time in which our dreams of having Skills in the Arts Herbaceous is recklessly Encourag'd by the rampant Growth of things Large & Small not yet having been dash'd by capricious Weather and wandering Attention.



MAYBE THIS YEAR WILL BE DIFFERENT!



[surprise iris, maybe?]

I marvel at the variety of stuff growing.



This is also the time for the Birds to Gettoth Busy because these eggs aren't going to lay themselves, am I right?

How have people already ID'd 18 different bird species on this trail today??





The excuses of winter no longer apply, so now I shall need to Pin my failure to exercise regularly on my own laziness... alas.

A

h, the Springtime of Oregon!
When I am remindedeth that
the weather here is the vanilla
ice cream of weathers. Wand-
ering through the Sun-
soak'd, empty streets of a city
under quarantine, whilst the
Synthesizer I have dreamed of
for months + finally ordered is
delayed in the Middle West
due to a blizzard





The rhythm of the days has been lost, for better or for worse. And at some distant Day when we Dust ourselves

Off and re-enter the world, perhaps it will be like waking from a too-realistic dream, fading as quickly from Memory as it came. Lol.



In the meantime, I'll be
busy remembering what
it is like to actually
call people regularly.
I hope.



Das Ende.