

## *DEEP THOUGHTS, VERSION 4.3*

I sat staring at a container of Cool Whip last night while taking a break from composing yet another musical gem. The ice cube I had just dropped into my third (or perhaps fourth) Jameson's had just begun to melt when I experienced the cognitive breakthrough that "Cool Whip" bears the same relationship to real food that "The Butterfly" bears to real music.

I think I actually had tears in my eyes as I slowly began to take my leave from sobriety as the world defines it (it had been a long day, alas).

As I sagged in my chair, I managed to knock the container of the offending "topping" off the table, and a little of it spilled onto the floor. I remember thinking "Floor, please do not cry - the dog will save you," but then realizing that the dog was in the living room watching "The Bachelorette" and couldn't possibly know that there was a glop of Cool Whip on the floor that she could . . . enjoy? (? right word . . . more uncertainty as the world receded from my sensibility).

I awoke a couple hours later (as humans measure time) and consoled myself for the wicked headache I seemed to have by reminding myself that never before had I plunged so deeply into the essence of a goopy white pretend foodstuff (which still lay undoglicked - sehr teutonisch, nicht wahr? - on the floor).

As the foregoing account of my somewhat unreasonable subsequent actions demonstrates, I was spiritually and physically unprepared for the burst of enlightenment. Perhaps it was once again time to get out my crayons and my Nietzsche coloring book,

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but dammit the burnt umber was still missing. The dog? . . . But why blame the poor beast? Better to blame "Fate" and move on.

It has snowed overnight here in Cape Cod ("snowed" seems like such an unpoetic word, so I have invented - and am in the process of copyrighting - "snown"), so I must contemplate yet another intense whiteness, real this time I hope (although I haven't tasted it yet. . .)

Yours for grabbing an insight wherever you find it  
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