

## **DEEP THOUGHTS, VERSION 4.3**

I sat staring at a container of Cool Whip one night (while taking a break from composing yet another musical gem to add a cube of ice to my third or perhaps fourth Jameson's) and 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 material 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 "Big Brother" 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.

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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