

Submissions for issue 9, before May 2nd, midnight
kNUUCklehead@marmorek.com

Come and create in community, at 8 pm Apr 29th [on Zoom](#)

A Library of Memes

A. D'Agio

Competition is not a
battle against our
competitors but a
struggle to understand
ourselves better.

”

A. D'AGIO



how limited the
imagination
finding one colour
to crayon their
lives

A. D'AGIO

ONLY
ONE
CHANGE

(MATTERS.)

THE CHANGE
THAT CHANGES
YOU.

A. D'Agio

Blessing of Connectedness (Wonder Blessing)

May this Wide World ever
Be New to you.
May the tiniest details around you
Be Clear.
May the noise
of the day
Recede.
So you can enjoy the Now
That is always near you .
May you leave
this Place with Space
in your Heart
For Wonder, Magic and Love.
May you be
One with all that surrounds you.
Blessed Be.



The Romans

Lou-Ann Shipp

I went to talk with mother earth
I found her in the forest
sitting by a singing stream
hearing bull frogs as they chorused

Mother dear, how do you do
I see your gown in tatters
my work is getting harder now
politicians are mad hatters

They want to tear my forests down
the fields are laying fallow
some animals have disappeared
my oceans have gone shallow

Our Origin Story

Peter Marmorek

Exactly thirteen months ago, Ontario went into its first Covid lockdown. At that point we were averaging over 1000 cases a day, and there was province wide concern. Thanks to careful management by Premier Doug Ford and his coteries of skilled advisors, we are currently at 4400 cases a day, with worse ahead. It has not been a good year for this province, by almost any metric one would care to use.

Almost any metric. But thirteen months and one day ago, I had my first face to face meeting with Lorna, one of a number of women whom I had met on Silver Singles, an online seniors' dating service. I was attracted to Lorna by both her creative practice (she was an artist and writer) and by her history of solo travels in Asia and Africa. Her blonde hair and blue-eyed photo was almost too lovely, the polished look seemed to belong on the back of a book cover. Later I would learn that was in fact where it had come from. We decided to meet for a walk in Humber Bay Park, accompanied by chaperone Acre, a golden Labrador service dog Lorna was dog-sitting for the day.

Acre liked me, but Labs like everyone, so that was an easy hurdle. Lorna and I had a good talk, in which we shared our hopes for a relationship, our histories, our deal-breakers in relationships. Later, looking back on the conversation, we would share the red flags each of us saw in the other. Lorna saw how much I still was in love with my wife, Diana, who had died two years earlier. I saw that Lorna warned me she didn't talk about relationships, which was one of my deal-breakers. But our easy conversation, shared creativity and love of travel made it worthwhile

meeting again. I suggested I meet at my house, and have dinner in the back yard. (Not liking the food I cook is another deal-breaker, one Lorna had no trouble with.)

By then Lockdown 1 was on. I had downloaded and read Lorna's book about Bali, the one the photo came from, and had been deeply impressed with her candor and intrepid courage in solo voyaging. We sat six feet apart from each other and talked further. Even without Acre, we seemed to get along okay. By the time of the third meeting, Doug Ford had created bubbles, a limited group of people you were allowed to be close to. Lorna and I decided that as neither of us were bubbled with anyone else, we could be bubbled with each other. This was a step forward. Lorna's daughter Alison, a clever and creative woman, had created a device consisting of two turkey basters in rubber gloves, connected by six feet of rubber tubing, which was supposed to allow us to hold hands from six feet apart. We found it amusing, but while we hadn't fully explored what we wanted physically from our relationship, we agreed that turkey basters weren't it.

How would our relationship have developed without Covid? Obviously, an impossible question, but we would have seen more people (perhaps more Silver Singles?), shared restaurants, art galleries, concerts, movies.... all those things people used to do in burgeoning relationships. Instead we share each other's houses, and go for walks. We did briefly have a few meetings with some of our friends. I think it was between Lockdown 1 and Lockdown 2, but maybe it was between Lockdown 2 and Lockdown 3 (at this point I can't even remember how many lockdowns there are till Christmas.)

But covid defined us: a pair of people linked together, isolated from all physical contact with the rest of the world. We shared our private walks with each other. It became joyously clear we were both physically and emotionally compatible. Lorna's unwillingness to communicate diminished as she learned I didn't judge her; my love for Diana turned out not to be a barrier to my loving Lorna. At a time of extreme isolation, it has been an unspeakable comfort to be held by each other, to become each other's emotional support person. We admire and reflect each other's creativity, and have found a way integrate our lives that works for us: six days apart, and one day together. But when we are together we are completely together, while the rest of the week we run our busy lives. We refer to our day as our oasis, after the arid stresses of the six-day desert, we get to relax in a rich place of luxuriant sustenance.

In the meantime, about 25,000 people have died of Covid, the economy has spiralled down the rabbit hole, depression in North America has tripled, and thoughts of suicide among Canadians have increased by 150%. And yet here we are: happier in our relationship than either of us would have believed possible 13 months ago. It is a strange contrast, and we feel deeply blessed to be the silver singles lining on the pandemic's cloud.

Mind Drift

Karen Richards

to hear Karen singing *Leah* [Just Click here](#)

Thursday afternoon mind drifting
wonder what the residents would like
Roy Orbison's song "Leah" pops in
Yes!

whoosh...

I am 11 years old and singing along to "Leah" playing on the jukebox

corner store/fast food with an extended open area to the side
it's screened in with a dirt floor,
4 picnic tables and a jukebox

4 girlfriends each with a bottle of
Dr. Pepper and a bag of chips!

I play this song after school everyday.

Remembering this I drew a rough memory then
looking at it...
Pow!

I'm hooked!
where was this place?
was it still there?
what was the name of that school?
(went to 3 separate elementary schools)

Google Dive!

Start with my school it was across the street from the store
Elementary schools Houston Texas 1960s
Woh! too many
as I scroll I'm thinking I will recognize the name
quickly got scroll fatigue and stopped
then the word Broadway comes to mind.

Dive again this time shallow waters
J. R. Harris Elementary School
YES!!
recognized immediately my dad's name Jack
Richards J.R. ... remember thinking that was cool

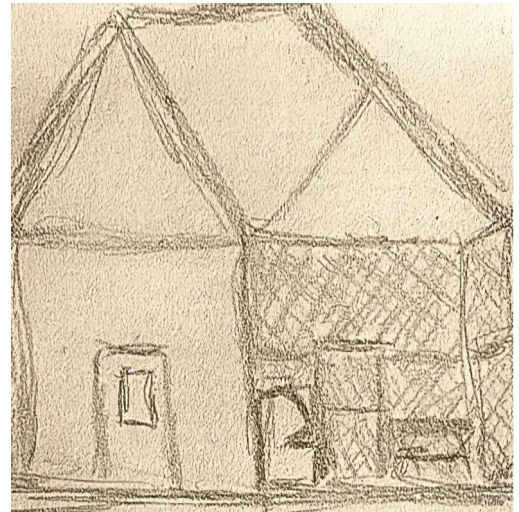
Google Map right there saying dive! dive!! and I did.

Corner store now a restaurant but the structure is
still the same.

A deeper dive into their website has photos of a family business as it has been
passed down to today's grandchildren.

A happy ending and their food looks very tasty too!

Leah



The Sound Page

Homo-Robotus Kurt Thomsen

[Just click here](#)

A parody of humanity's ... possible evolution. In these times we are incorporating technology into our lives more, and more. What will our "NEW NORMAL" feel like. Maybe this? Or something more ridiculous!

My Rainbow Race

[Just click here](#)

lyrics and music: Pete Seeger, 1976
piano, percussion, vocals-Susanne Maziarz

*One blue sky above us, one ocean lapping all our shore
one earth so green and round, who could ask for more?
And because I love you, I'll give it one more try
to show my rainbow race, it's too soon to die*

Green Shadows

[Just click here](#)

Music and lyrics: Malvina Reynolds, 1969
Pianos, organ, percussion, vocal: Susanne Maziarz, 2021
Vocal arrangement: Alan Gasser
Images and Video: Gordon Thorne & Peter Marmorek
Editing: Peter Marmorek

