

October 4, 2012

Birthday? Again?

I can't believe I'm 34 years old.

*Pale rain over the dwindling harbour
And over the sea wet church the size of a snail
With its horns through mist and the castle
Brown as owls
But all the gardens
Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall
vales
Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud.
There could I marvel
My birthday
Away but the weather turned around.*

That's from a Welsh poet named Dylan Thomas c.1914-53 and the excerpt is from "Poem in October" (1946).

I haven't exactly had an opportunity to "marvel" anything, but I have kept myself busy with *The Vampire Jennifer* Instead of her birth being October 2. Or her leaving home.

She has instead wet her fangs on a more fitting day, I suppose--today, her birthday: October 4.

She should be the next post after this one.

I wish you a happy birthday Jennifer.

Hopefully yours was billions of times better than mine.

And soon, it'll be Connor and Eleanor's birthdays ... I wish I could be there. And not for my sake; but yours. Everything I do is for you. There's just so much for you I want to do, but this state won't let me help you. At least we have this blog though--a small but effective window into my heart and soul, when you wish to look.

Today I managed to buy a box of Swiss Rolls, a Dr. Pepper, a one pound ham (that I cooked with mashed potatoes, onions, corn, all topped with cheese). I had a pizza for lunch. And since we had a fruit drive this week, and today was an extra store day for our dorm, I managed to buy a pint of raspberry cobbler ice cream and cut up a couple of bananas in it.

And there's still other snacks I've stashed away for today to, but I'll wait until the new episodes of "The Big Bang Theory" and "Two and a Half Men" come on, plus a new "The Office" later.

I ordered a new Sony Walkman last week and it happened to arrive this week, and today of all days was our day to get property, so that turned out okay.

I got four birthday cards.

I ... even sent one myself to Jennifer last week.

It's beyond the border, where I could marvel my every day away, but it's not the weather that turns me around.