The appeal of the dramatic is not about it becoming a reality. I think it’s more about its potential to become real. I’ve found that it’s always a letdown when it does come to fruition and is instead more exciting when left to my imagination. It’s better to leave it churning in the gray matter. Maybe I need to be surrounded by Ordinary to get my imagination jump started. And if I can speak and read Ordinary that can’t be a bad thing. I think if I was totally immersed in Extra-Ordinary I would suffocate on its coolness. It would stifle me and my brain might shut down. I would start to think that I couldn’t possibly do any better. But the way things stand, I know I can do better.

I wait. A lot. In fact, I can barely think of a time when I am not waiting. Whether it is for something to start, something to end, or something to happen. It’s not all I’m doing but it’s always a part of what’s going on. I wait for the water to boil, the phone to ring, for it to be 8:00. I wait in line (on foot or in my car but always in line), I wait for the show to start, for her to get the hell out of my way, for the light to change, for Mr. Right. I wait for my bus, my train, my flight, my turn. I wait patiently and impatiently. Waiting is the majority of our existence. We should have better places to wait.

wait until you’re older
wait until you’re father gets home
wait until you’re married
wait until the time is right
just wait
wait a moment
wait a minute
wait a second
wait for me
wait your turn
wait here¹

¹ Usually followed by please, for hostess, doctor, etc.

can’t hardly wait
wait until I’m done
wait until you see this