

The idea of “cafe” is no more central to the theme of BM than the shape of the ball is to one’s favorite sport.

For me the Paris cafe, for you the sunny springtime sandstone shelf in Shawnee, and for you, the summer wind blowing fields of tall grass on the the skirts of the Badlands.

It’s those singular, perfect moments that inaugurate our adultish senses of joy and wonder (maybe by returning us briefly to the childhood wonder we still remember and crave).

The Cafe, The Shawnee Sandstone Shelf, The Dakota Grasslands, the U.P. trout stream all serve to key us into the transcendence even simple moments hold when the stars line up just right. That sunset at the Needle’s Overlook. That morning we listened to the rain out the April bedroom window...

Initiated, we seek out the sensation, travel far and wide to track it’s whereabouts, stalk and ambush the feeling of transcendence until, eventually, we experience The Cafe, The Sandstone Shelf, The Badlands Grasswind in all of our daily moments. And that’s when we can finally begin to fathom the perfection of a Parisian bistro or the sunny sandstone shelf--they’re all happening all the time whether we’re there or not. And even more miraculously, we’re all happening all the time whether we’re there or not, too.

When we get into our particular zone that way, the colors are all a little brighter, more saturated...the music sweeter, the olives saltier, the wine a little more like liquid dirt. That special beer appears...you know, the one that makes you thirsty. The mental windows open and a fresh wind blows in like April. It’s an accurate joy that settles in. A blissful regimen presents itself again. There’s work to do, if you call this work...getting the songs and poems down, relating with the ones you love, sipping whiskey and remembering when life was like it once was. Just *playing*, really because what else is life *for*?

Transcendence comes clothed, to me at least, in this particular form...this music, these ornate golden light fixtures and voluptuous silk wall hangings, the cream-and-scarlet woven cane chairs and small gray marble table tops, the Gypsy guitar arpeggios, the tangy bleu cheese, the walks in a beautiful city, the chocolate and cognac, the pad and pen and endless sidewalk afternoon, the wine.

Reminds me of a story...A Bohemian and a Scientist walk into a blissfully anachronistic, wood-carved, wine-soaked, smoky, sensuous 340 square foot bar with 7.3 foot ceilings containing 23 other humans many of whom appeared to have a blood alcohol content somewhat north of 1.6. Bohemian beams broadly and says, “Dude...is this perfect, or what?” Scientist shyly grins and answers, “Name you poison.”

Which reminds me of another...Old fish swims by small gang of young fish, says, “How’s the water, boys?” Gang of young fish all say, “Water? ‘The fuck you talking about? Water?”