



A supermarket in Goa!?

Description

Last Friday I met a friend of mine in the supermarket. Hi-hi, kiss-kiss, whatâ€™s up â€“ whatâ€™s going on, you know. Those moments when you meet a friend in the presence of The One and then your attention gets distracted because youâ€™re with him and youâ€™re together, and youâ€™re on a mission. You canâ€™t just like â€œhey, I have just seen the light are on so I came inâ€. On the other hand, you cannot ignore your friend, it is not polite. In the meantime he has vanished deep within the supermarket lanes advancing towards the dairy department, and you are way back by now, not really paying attention to what she was saying since youâ€™re busy thinking whether the grocery list is with him and whether he is on the right track doesnâ€™t miss anything, or if the is list with you and he is just wondering aimlessly in the supermarket space, and that would be a pity.

Suddenly she says to me, listen, Iâ€™m really impressed, you really are shopping together! I stared at her for a moment. Hold on, what does that mean?? This is a supermarket, here we are, the trolley is full, what is the great wonder?

And still she insists. How come you did not write this post until now? She asks. Going to the supermarket together on Friday, itâ€™s not obvious, she points out.

So there you go- a post about us shopping in the supermarket together. I remember when we first started living together. Back then we loved going to the supermarket together and plan what to buy and then cook together. Yes, we cook together on Friday, it is extremely pleasant, and just for the record it is important for me to note here and let it be clear who the chef is (me) who the sous-chef is (him).

There, I noted it.

I can imagine us a year from now, but then it will not be in a supermarket, instead it would be in insanely cool authentic markets, in South Goa or South America or South who knows where, and my head will pound all the way from the market to the kitchen and the tips of my hands will sting and signal me to get up, lay out all the ingredients in the kitchen and start cooking, and whatâ€™s most cool is that it would be the only thing I do that day. It will no longer be those tiny time fragments I am stealing in between. It will be the time of going to the market, thatâ€™s it, or cooking, thatâ€™s it. Not â€œby the wayâ€, not â€œnext to lifeâ€, not stealing from the realms of â€œneed to â€ and of â€œno timeâ€. These will be life. I cannot wait.



Our friends the Tabacs came to eat! Oh, how I'd love to be feeding the beach in Goa.



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Today I had a shit day at work, a lot of bureaucracy and forms and getting poor service. I cried. You would expect people to grow up, get tough during life, but I'm just becoming more delicate and vulnerable and especially cry a lot. When I took the kids out of school today, one of them misbehaved to his sister, and I cried again, and they asked why, so I said I'm sad to see a child of mine treating another child of mine in a manner that he would never want to be treated, and that if in our world everyone would behave to others as they wanted others behave to them, so we would probably had a world more pleasant and beautiful to live in.

Then a friend wrote me a text message that soon I'll be in a completely different atmosphere where my heart could be opened without fear of getting hurt all the time , and I wrote that I cannot wait .
PS Sometimes I go back to the first post on the blog to remember why we do this.

Category

1. The Red Pill

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Author

wetooktheredpill