



I can now sense the full impact of the age-old expression “feeling blue,” the light refracting off the glacial hillsides, the crisp clean cold, the briskness of purity, the sublime unthawing, the blue of depth, a blue beyond the abacus of monetarism, the soul-preserving blue of celestial permafrost feeling blue in a best, most uncified manner the blue of transcendence, the blue phosphore-essence an essential blue of life beyond life, the afterlife of the living the afterthought of the thinking twitching blinkeness of the unblinking but not yet unblinded, the unpoetics of negative entropy, imitations of an imitation imitation, an insignificant minor, minor blip of the radar screen of ineptitude, ersatz pseudo-prattle by art-stars of the nanosecond what is this in the face of this blue feeling the career of this swinging sphere? an individual hype-unit seems all the more terribly absurd in the extreme, nature is at once so very humbling and ennobling and in a round about way both enabling and paralyzing but in the long run it is the utmost form of inspiration because it can and will let you down and buoy you up by its formidable unpredictability, its unrelenting intensity, its fortitude and harsh lessons of wanton destruction and rebirth, the survival of the “fittest”, i’ll root for the underdog in any match. the feeling of blue, or i’ve got the blues deep down on my soul and it makes me whole????????????????

Dan Asher,1998





