

The Man Talks With Himself.

The man sat outside and listened to his wind chimes blown by the strong evening wind. He watched the pine tree needles, blown from where they had rested in the massive branches, dropping to the ground in their hundreds. And through those trees, he could also see the cresting, white-capped waves of the lake.

As he watched he contemplated on a feeling he'd been having for several days now, and, after curating his mind, he thought this:

“I believe everyone has something to offer. I've learned to gauge, reasonably quickly, what that is.

“Relationships are outside of me now. I keep them there, as do most people, except those with whom they're in relationships.

“Occasionally, someone will knock on my emotional door, and I'll answer, but there's not much I need. I think, nay, I believe, I could probably love, except I don't know what that is. Love was either knocked out of me or I never learned what it is. I am, however, happy and grateful for all that life offers.

“I’m pretty sure I’ve been loved, perhaps I still am, except when love leaves, I’m confused about how to behave.”

The cold of the late evening made him retreat into his warm cabin. Putting another log in his wood stove, he decided to make dinner.

He laughed as he walked to his kitchen, thinking, “My only needs are the ones I cannot supply myself.”

Written by Peter Skeels © 10-11-2025