

Gonadista Blogsdashiva

by Larry Strattner

“You can't just lay out what-is-the-sound-of-one-hand-clapping, shit and expect to build traffic for your blog, GB,” I said to him. I always call him GB because I can't handle his name, Gonadista Blogsdashiva. Too much of a mouthful.

In our national tradition I tried to hang a nickname on GB but Gonad didn't sound right and Shiva is a God so you might just get some bad luck if you use the name loosely. You never know. Look what happened to some of the assholes in the Bible who dissed Yahweh.

“You gotta' get more down on it, humor, pain or prurient interest builds traffic. Talk about sex, about how you do sex. That will hype your blog.”

“Sex is forbidden to us outside of marriage.”

“Bummer. Is that why all your girls get married at seven?”

“The wind is not moving, the banner is not moving, it is your mind that is moving. Seven year old brides only happen in the sticks, like in Rajasthan. Everywhere else it's eighteen. Get a grip my friend. Do not believe everything you see carved on a temple wall.”

“I just can't seem to get my arms around the whole nothingness thing. Shouldn't I be able to easily get my arms around nothing?”

“Nothing is too big to get your arms around. If a tree falls in the forest do they hear it in Tacoma? If Tacoma falls into Puget Sound do they hear it in Seattle?”

“You're fucking nuts.”

“I am Buddhist, my son, and my nuts are not at issue. I realize there is a semblance of them in my name but this is coincidence. If the sun is shining and the clouds have blown through, is the sky then blue?”

“The sky is what we cannot clearly see; at least it seems to be so for me.”

“Do not attempt a feeble Koan. Better none. Better nothing. Consider rather hot tea poured into the thermos. It remains hot. Cold tea poured into the thermos remains cold. The question of the thermos is: how does it know?”

“Is that some kind of Dhammacakkapavattana thing?”

“No. It is nothing. Everything is nothing. Nothing is everything.”

“Why don't you ever look at me when you're talking with me GB?”

“Because you do not exist. We are nothing. You are nothing and I am a figment of my own imagination. I am misled by my ego to believe there is substance to you.”

“Well, I think I'm going to take my ephemeral ass over to McSorley's and get a beer. He makes good coffee too, if you don't feel as if you have a mind wishing to be altered with beer.”

“Oh, very well. Your ways always lead to suffering. But the stools in McSorley's are comfortable. Why should not one's ass be comfortable? It is so detached from our consciousness, and hard to see as well. It dwells in nothingness. Unless of course you are visited with a hemorrhoid. That path leads to suffering.”

“Just come on, will you?”

