Herd

by Jill Chan

When some thought comes to me out of the blue, I snare it just like that. Pretty soon, there's a herd of thoughts climbing into my mind like animals grazing or charging the wilderness.

What is this herd? These animals goading me along, or guiding me.

Then I stop and a particular animal lies down to rest. As I stand up, he looks at me and growls. Until I tame him, I am nothing. Until I think of him as a part of me, I am no one, nowhere.

To understand what I am doing is what this current thought, this animal, is. He is hungry, in motion as my thought is being thought.

To think is the easy part. To organise my thoughts is the hard part. It is like writing with your finger. It is silent. That is what we're doing to the words, to our thoughts. Unless we let them live.

This is not just about writing. It is about bringing thoughts to the fore.

Think about rain.

We may think about so many things and thoughts about rain. We may think about where it is going, where it comes from. We may chase origins with our thoughts about rain.

We may run after someone in the rain. We may delight at the sound of rain. We may go out; we may come back in.

We may suppose.

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