

Cozy

In a corner of my mind there is a chair. I like to go to the corner to relax and be comfy. Maybe I'll read. There are books there, but it isn't any work to read them. They look pretty on the shelf and they entertain me as well. I like to think that there's a hidden panel to a secret passage someplace nearby.

This place is very cozy without being confining. The rest of the world is nearby for when I need it. It is light but not bright. I am contented and not too stimulated.

What do I smell in my corner? Cookies baking, perhaps. Chocolate chip cookies...one of the best smells in the world.

I have a pet squirrel who comes up to me and puts his paws on the arm of the chair and looks up at me. He never bites or tries to steal my food, my chocolate chip cookies. Chocolate isn't good for squirrels, anyway. Maybe on a day when I have peanut butter cookies I'll share.

This is such a nice place. I like to think it will always be here for me, especially when I am old and have lost it. I like to think that I will come here and not go back to some of the other places in my life and my mind. There aren't any really horrible places like there are for some people. It's not as if I survived a war or a murder attempt or anything. I've had it pretty good, all things considered. I suppose I could even have it really good if I worked at it. But working at it is hard for me, very hard. It's not as if I'm crippled or diseased or anything. I just get tired easily. Very tired, very easily.

The chair in the corner of my mind, and the room in which it sits are much nicer than anything I've ever had in any corner of my real life. It's more like something I've seen in pictures in magazines. The ideal spot for a scholar or a writer to sit and read, perfectly lit and perfectly still. In fact, I see it like a picture in a magazine. I'm never in the chair looking around the room. I'm always looking at the chair in the room, and somehow I know what will happen when I sit down. I know that I'll smell the cookies baking, and that my pet squirrel will come up to me. Maybe someday, maybe when I'm old and have lost it, I'll sit down in the chair and look around. Maybe then I'll take down one of the books and discover the secret passage and go explore it. Or maybe I'll just read one of the books. And maybe I'll offer the squirrel some of my peanut butter cookie.

I hope that before I lose my mind completely, I'll go to that corner and be comfy. I hope I can remember where it is.