

By James Weldon Johnson

The Creation

And God stepped out on space,
And he looked around and said:
I'm lonely—
I'll make me a world. ///

...and then all hell broke loose.

“I’ll make me a world.” LOL. I know y’all think that your god is all-knowing, but they ain’ know THIS: Groups of y’all, SUCK. God didn’t know how **good** being SOLO was. They thought they were gonna be able to kick it with y’all, have friendships, impart wisdom, yada yada. But, soon as there was more than one of y’all, everything went to shit.

Because, first up: Jealousy. Get a group of folx together, and the best friend/boo/bae dynamic takes front and center. That’s MY best friend, no, that’s MY boo. Ooh, bae is life! (Then, everybody is looking around trying to figure out if they bae.) Adam was bae. Til Eve showed up.

Jealousy brings out the “she think she cute” haters in the group. And, y’know what? HELL YEAH, she think she cute. You think she came out with you losers to look like a loser?! NOPE. She came out to be the **cute** one in the group. Even God was sittin’ up at Green Gardens bar talmbout “I thought me and Eve was friends, but she got jealous of Adam, dissed us over the snake, and ate up the damn food. AND she think she cute!”

When you're SOLO, you're your own bae. You THINK you're cute, you ARE cute, and you're not mad at yourself for being at the top of your game.

Next up: The needy. Those emotionally, financially, time-and-energy-sucking people. The one in the group who, if they're not getting the attention, all of a sudden falls ill—like MY SISTER. Last time I talked to that heifer? 15 years ago. She pulled that shit at Bandera's.

Bandera's is my favorite restaurant. Don't fuck with my favorite restaurant. (She) Slid down the damn booth, ran to the bathroom, came back, sat at the table and moaned. She FUCKING MOANED through the rest of the meal instead of graciously accepting the offer to GO THE FUCK HOME.

Then, there's the one in the group who ain' NEVER got no money, but they don't tell you *that* until AFTER they've ordered five fucking appetizers and a Jameson. Then they wanna say, "y'all got me?" No, nibba. We don't GOT you! Or, ORRRR, there's the one that is at least honest enough to tell you up front that they broke, but that just means you wind up sitting in the apartment being sad with they broke ass.

NOPE. GO SOLO my friend. Go to Bandera's. Listen to that jazz band. Order another drink. ORRRR, stay home and order *in* because you CAN, not because your broke ass friends have stifled your plans and sucked all of the LIFE OUT THE ROOM.

Now, I know you group people, you tree huggers, you social butterflies who find the “joy” in being around other people. I know. You’re going to tell me you get your LIIIIIFE from your FRANS. Okay.

Ever had THIS conversation?

-Where do you wanna go?

-I don’t care. Where do you wanna go?

-Let’s go to the “funnest place ever” bar.

-I hate that place.

-But you said you didn’t care.

-I don’t. But not that place. I hate that place.

-What about the “all my friends love this place” café?

-Ugh. I guess. I’m not really crazy about it though. ///// ***BRAKES***

How about you gone be crazy about sittin’ your ass here while I go out. SOLO. You know? The nighttime-WHEREVER-HOWEVER-WHENEVER-because-there’s-nobody-to-bitch-about-it medicine?

You group people need to get a grip. I mean, you’ve always got the person who needs a ride or money, the one who hates going to new places but somehow suffers from FOMO, the person who is allergic to everything up to and including AIR, the attention hog, the indecisive

pansy, the loud/ignant jerk, the mope, the dope, the one who thinks they're funny but they're not and you wish they would sit the fuck down and shut the fuck up, but NO. 'Cause you're in a group and group dynamics dictate that everyone is special and deserves respect. And if you don't know who you are in this shit show of a list, YOU are the problem. /////*SNORT*

Breathe Think about the things that show off our talent/skill/greatness. It boils down to ONE: The solo. The monologue. The aria. The SINGLE act of kindness. Being **unique** quite literally means being the only one of its kind. You can't be ONE of a kind if you're all grouped up in an amorphous blob.

If you're still on the fence, I did some research. The interwebs--they don't lie—said, the benefits of doing things solo are

- 1) You get a chance to recharge (from being DRAINED by your friends)
- 2) You reflect more often (about how much time you wasted in a group).
- 3) You'll start doing things you actually enjoy. Listen. This is a big one. I was married once. This dude. Couldn't. Eat. Seafood. Wha-?!? I'm from LOUISIANA. Seafood is like WATER. It's a nutrient. It's in the food pyramid. But, I was married, so I had to STOP eating seafood!

\

\

\

\

\

Nah. I'm lying. I divorced that nibba and enjoyed a big ole pot of Cajun crab legs and shrimp with a red SOLO cup of beer.

4) You'll become more productive. 'cause you have no baggage. Nobody to pick up; nobody to wait on. Just take your little ol' solo self and--in the words of my first grade teacher--get ta gittin.

5) You'll get a break from constantly trying to make people happy. Remember that scenario from earlier? No more! It's ONLY where YOU choose to go.

6) No more awkward moments... Okay, this is **not** from the interwebs, but amIright or amIright? That FART that slips out? Let 'er rip. No judgement. No pretending you don't smell that. Anything that you normally apologize or "excuse" yourself for when you're in a group gets an unapologetic rip roaring GO FOR IT.

But HERE'S what you SHOULD find awkward: All the lame ass g-words—groups, goober, grifter, goofy, gassy, gross, gibberish, geld – heh heh – GELD. I've got more, but I only have seven minutes.

NOW think about one magnificent word that is associated with SOLO.

HAN. Ooh! The force is strong with that one, which leads us back to the divine.

I started with the divine by reciting an excerpt from “The Creation.” I’m going to end with the divine. The divine that is in the singular pronoun THEY. Now, THIS. This, is ***inspired***. THEY as the ***singular***, NOT representative of a group. Y’see, God, in their many forms, said they would create beings “***in their own image***,” not as a “man” or “woman” or animal or plant, but as the ***divine***, which encompasses and exudes the energy and beauty of ALL—the entire spectrum of possibility. THEY are INSIDE you. Your ONE, SOLO, SINGULAR, SENSATIONAL self.

So, you’re lonely? Your world is inside of you. You. Are. Enough.