

Mornings

I have now reached that age and stage in my life where I feel it is somehow newsworthy to report that I needed to get up three times last night to go to the bathroom. To be sure, I am not phoning people just to tell them that, but I can't seem to resist announcing it at the breakfast table or mentioning it in casual conversation later in the day.

This indicates a significant shift in one's daily priorities, I think. In my earlier years it was not uncommon for me, most mornings, to lay out my plans for the day, be they only routine tasks, the undertaking of a household project or the beginning of some inspired masterpiece.

So any pronouncements concerning the workings of my bladder or some other malfunctioning part of my anatomy have to be viewed as a step down in my relevance to the world around me.