

Needing To Be Productive

Milt was a writer who wrote about writing—and if not writing, reading writing (which he found enlightening.) He thought he was right so (despite some insights) he continued to write (often into the night.) Insights? He had few readers, wrote only on online blog publications, writing every day as if an obligation.

Milt felt it important to write something every day—but it was important only to him.

He could paint, create music, crochet, sculpt with playdough. People liked him, found him unassuming, invited him to dinner. None subscribed to him on Substack or Patreon. None asked what he wrote that day. What he wrote was little noted, he was never quoted, no one doted.

Milt wondered how important it was to do something important. In the right hand, sculpting with playdough could be important. Why was what he found inspiring leaving others undesiring? Another question: how had he evolved to be so self-involved—had he dissolved into a demeaned typing machine?

Frankly, Milt had so much fun playing with words it did not matter who else read them, which was why he kept writing—it was fun.