

JUST DO IT

J.B. Drori

Write a blog, I was told.

What is a blog?

A high definition digital message to all cyber-space creatures.

What shall I write?

Anything you want.

To whom?

To anyone who wants to read it.

For what purpose?

So they all know we are here.

The first time I was ever told to write anything I want was in the second grade or was it in kindergarten while I was fumbling with play-dough?

Transmitting electromagnetic impulses everywhere into the ether to no one, and to nowhere, is a strange form of connecting.

To whom were the jungle drumbeats directed, their echoes bouncing off gray clouds drifting over tropical forests? Were the messages of the cave-drawings of giant beasts in southern France, pyramids engraved with hieroglyphics, painted reptile covered figures on high pointed buildings amid tall trees, stones stacked in mathematical configuration sent nowhere?

Were they meant for us?