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**JUNE 2023**  
JUNE 2023

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**MY DAYS: VOLUME 1**  
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

14  
14

GAIA  
GAIA



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**E**ight billion of us,  
only one of you,  
you nourish us,  
provide us with wonder,  
we are not the only living beings,  
but we have the propensity to subtract, destroy, want,  
we need to drink in your grandeur, respectfully,  
Are we capable? – I don't know,  
are we racing toward the... line?  
The most destructive word is finish.

STOP

We must drink in your grandeur, give you a break, a deer walks by, let it be.  
Let's hope tomorrow the sun rises once more.  
That's how I'm feeling.

## The Prophet of Climate Change: James Lovelock

(Excerpts from Rolling Stone Magazine)

Here are quick snips from the article:

His step is jaunty, his mind lively, his manner anything but gloomy. In fact, the coming of the Four Horsemen -- war, famine, pestilence, and death -- seems to perk him up. "It will be a dark time," Lovelock, admits. "But for those who survive, I suspect it will be rather exciting."

In Lovelock's view, the scale of the catastrophe that awaits us will soon become obvious.

By 2020, droughts and other extreme weather will be commonplace.

By 2040, the Sahara will be moving into Europe, and Berlin will be as hot as Baghdad. Atlanta will end up a kudzu jungle. Phoenix will become uninhabitable, as will parts of Beijing (desert), Miami (rising seas) and London (floods). Food shortages will drive millions of people north, raising political tensions. "The Chinese have nowhere to go but up into Siberia," Lovelock says.

"How will the Russians feel about that? I fear that war between Russia and China is probably inevitable."

With hardship and mass migrations will come, epidemics, which are likely to kill millions?

By 2100, Lovelock believes, the Earth's population will be culled from today's 6.6 billion to as few as 500 million, with most of the survivors living in the far latitudes -- Canada, Iceland, Scandinavia, the Arctic Basin...

"Our future," Lovelock writes, "is like that of the passengers on a small pleasure boat sailing quietly above the Niagara Falls, not knowing that the engines are about to fail."

And switching to energy-efficient light bulbs won't save us.

To Lovelock, cutting greenhouse-gas pollution won't make much difference at this point, and much of what passes for sustainable development is little more than a fraud, to profit off disaster.

"Green," he tells me, only half-joking, "is the color of mould and corruption."...

...Lovelock knows that predicting the end of civilization is not an exact science. "I could be wrong about all this," he admits as we stroll around

the park in Norway. "The trouble is all those well-intentioned scientists who are arguing that we're not in any imminent danger are basing their arguments on computer models. I'm basing mine on what's actually happening." ...

...According to the accepted wisdom, life evolved here because the conditions were right -- not too hot, not too cold, plenty of water. Somehow, bacteria grew into multi-celled organisms, fish crawled out of the sea; and before long, Britney Spears arrived...

—

It's a fascinating article from a brilliant mind.

Is he right?

It's impossible to tell; I wouldn't bet the over/under on this one.

I hope he's not... if you take the time to read the whole article and do some additional research, you may find the one thing that scares you the most; it did "eye" his casual manner.

Where can I read it?

I am confident that you can figure it out.

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Lovelock doesn't seem to be an "I told you so" sort of man; he tackles this from perspective.

In light of that, I can't highlight this any louder; sure, do whatever you can to ease your consciousness on the pending perils of the globe, shop green. Just ensure the "green" you're buying isn't stuffing the corporate pockets of less-than-noble people.

EGO is our downfall, and when EGO is coupled with greed, the fall is unbearably steep.

Let me extrapolate; do you have a girlfriend, wife, partner, or best friend?

You don't; I'm so sorry for you... I'll be your friend.

Do you have a miniature pony---lucky you!

After inflicting your WILL upon each person, you "want" in your life, your loved ones.

**Translation:** seeing them for what they may become, instead of who they are... and then adjusting your future projections to reflect on yourself and your shortcomings.

Love me for who I am since I'll never be who you need me to be. Work on yourself if you want to accept me. I'll do the same if you're the one for me.

Good, you get it... love will have a chance if you do, anyway, and WILL withdrawn.

After financial quandaries, and unsightly hairs growing where they've never grown before, the things that have the propensity to dismantle relationships: trying to decide where to eat, or what movie to see, or where'd you like me to shoot my... my... goo!

Nice, I'm feeling sleepy now.

Where am I going with this, you ask?

Well, you see, once you subtract politicians, corporate heads, the Illuminati, Freemasons, religious fanatics, steroid-injecting role models (chuckle) and any other pompous individual who believes they are entitled. You break it down to you and me; how can we possibly change the course of the nearly 7-billion inhabitants on this planet when we can't trust our messengers?

I'm not a believer in the apocalypse or a doomsayer, so to speak; however, we have some bumps on the highway ahead of us, don't you think?

If you don't, you're maybe one of the lucky ones; sleep may come easy for you if envy wasn't a sin... I'd envy you.

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By the way, what are you wearing?

Hot, loosen your jumper, just a bit, nice, may I touch... your skin is so soft and silky.

Is it getting hotter in here?

I feel something rising...oh my... I love the feel of...

**SMACK**

Composure regained; where was "eye?"

Oh yeah, a 7-billion loved ones all in the same boat teetering above Niagara Falls; *it must be a big boat*, 4-billion of them living on only dollars per day and not reading the same news as us; they're, like us, just trying to survive, do you really think we can get everyone to agree on the same place for lunch or to go to the same movie?

Think back to your loved ones; scary, isn't it.

This doesn't mean we don't try!

It means to scale down the scope of the effort. Sure, do research; as said, go green for your

conscious; for most of us, it may be the first time we've thought of something other than ourselves, which is an excellent starting point and a sign that the world is becoming softer. That bodes well for our future.

The grand scope of things starts at one place, turning "eye" into something more substantive, something helpful to the bigger picture--- where does one begin without becoming overwhelmed?

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 78

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

Why did you put this in here?

I wanted to.

Okay.

Sparkly?

Yes.

I've legally changed my name Clampy-Clampy-Pom-Pom-Face.

Be okay, okay?

Okay.

I might have meant Glaby-Glaby-Pom-Pom-Face.

Are you concussed?

I did play football.

Oh?

Is that a question.

No. Sparkly, I think everything below the || is me trying to have the words finish lower on the page.

Less blank space?

Thank you, do you really think this is something.

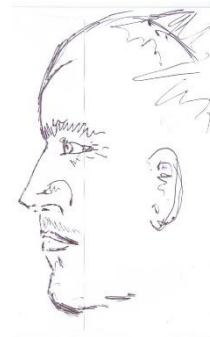
No.

Okay Glaby-Glaby, I am going to go now.

Where?

To the next page.

# HAIR HAIR



ON TOP OF MY HEAD  
ON TOP OF MY HEAD

I CUT YOU OFF

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR

I'M DIFFERENT THAN BEFORE

YOU ARE GROWING ONCE MORE

I RETURN TO YOU

WHERE HAVE I BEEN?

WHO HAVE I BECOME?  
WHO HAVE I BECOME?



# MY DAYS

MY DAYS

9

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

## My Days

**I**t's been 918 days since my career ended; fired on Day 1 of the pandemic.  
It's September 16, 2022, to be exact.  
Today, is the deadline for the company I worked for to accept or decline our counteroffer on the suit I filed against them.

It's a heavy day.

I know they will decline – a court date will be next – my aging life is on hold until this matter is resolved.

Are they punishing me for standing up for myself?

That's what I think.

I need to keep my mind clear and stay much-more-very-so-worry-free today – I do, mostly – I do on most days – stay worry free that s – I'm lying.

I keep my story close to the chest, rarely speaking of it.

I share updates with friends at the bare minimum.

Maintaining a calm demeanour is something I try to do. I try to bring laughter instead of wallowing. I'm good at it.

Today, my emotional bank accounts are going to be drained.

Hard decisions will have to be made.

They're not really hard.

A purge may be in order.

## STREAM ABOUT TO FLOW. FLOW

Flashback to the start of the month.

I'm waiting for my court case to be resolved.

I'm older.

I'm scared.

I am out of work.

I'm going broke.

I work diligently, daily, at my craft, writing. Creating. Being.

The days blend, and my routine rarely varies.

Vary it.

I can't. I'm depressed.

It's a sunny day. Beautiful. Hot. Like, most of this summer has been. I need to move. I'm trapped in front of the computer.

Break away.

No. I'm working.

Move →

Move →

Move →

Update the website. Move →

Click. Bait. Clicked.

I need to go to the Fitness Asylum. Damn. It's 7:37. It's too late to go. I'll go. Give me a minute.

I can't move.

I'm stuck here.

I move.

I go.

My heart hurts.

That's okay; I have a cardiologist.

I break free, and I make it to the asylum. Why am I here?

Vanity? Ego?

No.

Well, maybe.

Okay, a bit.

It's for my health. And to see if my heart will burst.

How?

By upping the intensity. If I collapse on the treadmill, someone working here will most-certainly know how to save me.

I'm fifteen minutes into my treadmill routine. A waif-thin woman with a cane is standing behind my treadmill, she's trembling, she's selecting a treadmill. She's maybe 75 pounds. If I had to guess, she's suffered; a stroke?

Why the question mark?

Because I'm guessing.

Damn. She selected the treadmill next to me. My pulse races. My BP soars.

She puts her cane on the arm of her treadmill.

I'm scared for her.

She starts at the slowest speed possible.

She falls on her face. SPLAT.

I don't know what to do.

I must help.

I have five minutes left in my workout.

I reach over to stop her treadmill.

I accidentally speed it up before I hit pause.

The guy on the other side of her jumps off his treadmill to help her. He must have finished his workout. Are you okay? He asks. She says, just embarrassed. I feel bad I didn't do more. I think one day she's going to be part of the belt.

A guy gets on her vacated treadmill. He's going about the same speed she was when she fell. He walks backwards. I laugh.

On the treadmill on my other side, a guy is doing spin walks.

What's wrong with them? Did their doctors tell them to do what they're doing? They're both in their fifties. I laugh harder.

I came home from the gym. I didn't die.

Duh.

I shower. Keep moving. I must read. I've read over 53 books this year. Damn. It's almost 10:30, and I'm late.

For what?

Precisely.

If I'm not reading by 11, I've failed.

I'm reading. Coke beside me. Maybe a McDonald's double cheeseburger. One page. Two. Over 100. I'm an excellent reader.

A lady approaches. You sit here every day, reading, she says. I say it's a good habit to have. I'm upset I couldn't come up with something pithier.

I walk 

Walk 

Walk 

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I will read more if I hit the bench, in Stanley Park, I like to sit on, by 1:30. I arrive at 1:15. I sit down.

I'm barely holding onto sanity.

918 days and dwindling life savings have seen to that.

There are two benches. Between them is a rock. I think 'sit, talk, learn, love' = is inscribed on it; the rock that is. Flanking me to the left of the bench I'm sitting on is a 500-year-old Red Cedar. To my right: the oldest tree in Stanley Park. I might have made the latter part up.

I crack open my book. I hear a dog bark. Coyotes? The dog's owners ask Rex, the dog, What is it, boy?

Rex barks again. I keep reading. Rex jumps on my lap and licks my face. Sorry, the owners say. I reply, no problem.

See, Rex, he's not so bad. Rex jumps off me and runs up the path.

**ADULT CONTENT (HEAVILY REDACTED)**

I return to my book.

I hear the crackling sound of steps on a gravel path.

I look up.

A young guy is approaching, slowly.

Our eyes meet.

I look down at the book.

I hear his feet shuffling.

I look up, again.

He's shuffled closer.

He turns down the path behind me.

He stops.

I return to my book.

I look up again.

He's barely moving.

I pack up my messenger bag and walk toward him.

He stops.

I approach him.

We brush up against each other.

He's .

I ask where he's from.

Before he can answer, I say, Japanese.

He says yes.

We .

My hand .

He's .

Our .

Should we go somewhere?

We amble . . . . . When we are

I

I reach

He

His

I want it

He lifts

He's slim. . . . . Sinewy.

I get

I take

I take

He

It feels good.

I feel wanted.

I

He

He then pulls

I get up.

We

My

The

Why am I ?

This is meant to be

I take

He

He

He takes

I feel like

I get back

He

He's

He pulls , and as I reach  
 , he chest.

His , like

I feel wanted.

He smiles. I like this is the only  
moment that matters in the world.

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I feel warm.

We

I ask

This was meant

Did I put this in the book?

We amble

I turn back toward the bench.

He does so as well.

He realizes

I turn up another path.

I look back.

He's shyly.

He a laconic wave and



I close my eyes tightly and count to ten.

I open them.

I'm sitting on the bench.

I'm still reading.

I turn the page.

What happened?

Is this real?

What have I done?

For the next two weeks,

What am I?

I keep walking down a trail in the park. Caterpillars are trying to cross the path, as if it is an 8-lane expressway. I wonder if the caterpillars sit on the path's edge, trying to time their crossings. I wonder if all the way across; they are ohhing in fear. Do they scream out, I much-more-very-so hope I make it.

I worry that if they come across the carnage of one of their own, who didn't make it (splat) if they are traumatized.

I wonder if they have trauma counsellors.

I wonder about all of this aloud.

On another day, when I share these thoughts with Jay, Jay asked me if I know humans are the only ones capable of thinking like you?

On the day of the encounter, I carry on. I come to benches in the park beside a concession stand. I read more. A young boy says, "Yay, it's open; I see human beings."

I laugh. The boy's mother also laughs, "He always says human beings; I tell him to say people—I guess he's right."