



Sitting at home, A after a long night on the town. The orchid in the far window, to the left, has set two new buds. I bought it at Home Depot, and had no expectations for it, beyond the three blooms it bore then. Now, many months later it has surprised me with this latest development.

I have better luck with those things I have no expectations for. That much is obvious.

Expectations are like arming the enemy, no good can come of them.

To the orchid then, cheers.

Listening to Flora Purim, *Nothing Will Be As It Was Tomorrow*.