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## A Mad Man's Semi-Sane Musing on Love

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## Mad Man's Semi-Sane Musings on Love

By: Arden French

The young man looked up from his parkbench-perch and pondered the sky. He wondered why it was blue. He knew why it was blue. He wondered why what he knew wasn't something else.

He wondered *if* it was blue. It looked blue enough, but then, how blue could it be? It didn't know her. It must've seen her before. He was pretty sure she'd seen it. But it didn't know her like he did. It might've seen her boyfriend. He was easy enough to resist looking at. How had she wound up with him? Maybe he'd die soon.

The young man looked down at the grassy park surrounding him. He started to wonder why the grass was green, but decided that it was too early in the day to start re-running his thoughts. Then he started thinking about her again and decided that maybe he could re-run viewers favorites.

The guy tried to hate her for a moment, so that he could forget about her and not have to endure these dialogues with himself. He gave up. He wondered what would happen if he told her how he felt. He wondered how she felt.

Something welled up in him for a moment, but he couldn't tell if it was emotional or lunch-related. Either way, it resulted in a heavy, depressed sigh. What a loser he was. He looked around himself, slowly taking in his surroundings. It only took a moment to decide which people were like him and empathize with them, which people he didn't like and loathe them, and which people he didn't care about. About a moment -and-a-half later he admitted he was wrong about all that.

As he got up and walked toward his car, he began to think about going to her house. He began to think that if he could just talk to her for a few minutes, he could make her love him. Yes, of course. He *would* go to her house. He got in his car, and drove home.