

Human Nature

Convinced that I cannot possibly be one of them, I sit and puzzle over how human beings change their behavior toward one another as the wind blows. An unsuspecting alien like myself can be full and bloated like a happy windsock with a sense of solidarity one moment, and then empty and flapping in a wind that comes from an entirely new direction the next.

I come from a place where emotional connection, once established, is hard-wired and doesn't disappear into a mysterious haze unless there has been an abduction or a catastrophe or something plausible. Not to say that my planet's ways are better. Perhaps humans behave this way to avoid becoming stodgy. Maybe everyone only wears navy blue on my home planet. Maybe no one dares wear white after Labor Day back home, and all the men wear socks with sandals. This will be a shock to my system, but when I get home, at least I will have the solid ground of that emotional continuity under my feet, a nice solid bedrock, no matter which way the wind blows.

I believe the thing that causes such dramatic shifts in the emotional wind patterns here on Earth is fear. What else could it be? And anyway, doesn't everything boil down to either fear or love? All those tremendously wealthy motivational speakers who have workshops in Italy and Hawaii for rich misfits say so. It *must* be true because people pay a lot for those name tags. But where does the fear come from? That's the part I just can't figure out. Maybe it's fear of continuity? Is there such a thing? What a strange planet.

On this mission to Earth, I have learned that nothing is guaranteed to be here tomorrow. Not a damned thing.

I think navy blue is an OK color.