

OLEKA - the awareness of how few days are memorable

forgotten slip opportunity seize body memory memories hoping eureka
moment stretches breathe night song current remember tides difference

"Your life is a highlight reel: a gradual search for a handful of _____. We like to think that every moment has potential, that there's something transcendent hidden all around, that if you'd only stop to _____ the day, you could hold onto it and carry it with you. But the truth is, most of life is _____ instantly, almost as it's happening. Chances are that even a day like today will _____ through your fingers and dissolve into oblivion, washed clean by the _____.

Such is the rhythm of ordinary time: the featureless stretches between one _____ and the next, the thousand acts of maintenance you do every day. You keep your _____ going, hauling it back and forth from one place to the next. You _____ in and out. Things fall apart, you clean up the mess. And it all washes away in the _____, to be built up again in the morning. You throw the week against the wall to see what sticks, _____ you will remember something that happened today, anything.

Most of our lives are spent in the hinterlands, the empty _____ we fly over to get to the good parts. And you wonder how you could spend so much time just pushing back against the _____, trying to keep your small boat afloat, watching for a glimmer on the horizon, waiting for those moments when you can finally say, _____! "I've found it!"

But it's all happening—it's all real—whether you'll _____ it or not. So you might as well say oleka!—"I've lost it!"—as if to mark the passage of yet another _____, flushed down the hourglass. A final toast to the endless _____ days, whose humble labor has given you everything you have, at least for the _____.

As the _____ says: long live the high tide and long live the low, but above all, long live the _____."

OLEKA



"Your life is a highlight reel: a gradual search for a handful of **memories**. We like to think that every moment has potential, that there's something transcendent hidden all around, that if you'd only stop to **seize** the day, you could hold onto it and carry it with you. But the truth is, most of life is **forgotten** instantly, almost as it's happening. Chances are that even a day like today will **slip** through your fingers and dissolve into oblivion, washed clean by the **tides**.

Such is the rhythm of ordinary time: the featureless stretches between one **memory** and the next, the thousand acts of maintenance you do every day. You keep your **body** going, hauling it back and forth from one place to the next. You **breathe** in and out. Things fall apart, you clean up the mess. And it all washes away in the **night**, to be built up again in the morning. You throw the week against the wall to see what sticks, **hoping** you will remember something that happened today, anything.

Most of our lives are spent in the hinterlands, the empty **stretches** we fly over to get to the good parts. And you wonder how you could spend so much time just pushing back against the **current**, trying to keep your small boat afloat, watching for a glimmer on the horizon, waiting for those moments when you can finally say, **eureka!** "I've found it!"

But it's all happening—it's all real—whether you'll **remember** it or not. So you might as well say oleka!—"I've lost it!"—as if to mark the passage of yet another **opportunity**, flushed down the hourglass. A final toast to the endless **forgotten** days, whose humble labor has given you everything you have, at least for the **moment**.

As the **song** says: long live the high tide and long live the low, but above all, long live the **difference**."