
Aphorisms

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When asked for contributions of anecdotes, ideas, interviews or positions for the *PSC Journal on Writing Across the Curriculum* quarterly, I decided to submit a few of the aphorisms that I write for my own pleasure on a daily basis.

“To struggle uphill takes persistence.
To struggle downhill takes resistance.”

“Something there is about a thorn that sticks and pricks and drives home a point.”

“Close one eye and you’ll see more clearly what you’re aiming for.
Close both eyes and you can be there.”

“People are like sodas in that the more they get shook up, the more they have to let off steam.”

“Someone told me the other day that they had been getting some crank calls and wondered who was doing it, at which point I laughed and said that I had been cranky but I hadn’t called.”

“The surface of the deep reflects when it is calm, but not when it is agitated.”

“My son has very long hair on top of his head as if he’s growing as much now as possible, as a hedge against recession.”

“My son keeps shaving his head. It’s a hairy situation for a mother.”

“I enjoy the lines drawn on the night snow by the moon. The moon must have fun drawing all night while few people watch and then erasing the patterns by dawn.”

“Wrestling is really a fantasy sport. Those you wrestle with are always your own weight.”

“Tonight God’s brush painted the moon on a wet sky. Its edges bleed into the black paper that is the universe.”

“Flashlights were probably named that by someone who knew the life span of batteries.”

“Don Johnson couldn’t smoke many cigarettes with a ‘slow boat to China.’”

“Cuba. The designated smoking area for cigars in the Caribbean.”

“Ladder back chairs climb the space around our table.”

“I extend my hand to a friend in order to suspend time long enough for our hearts to beat in sync.”

“Tires. An appropriate name for something that has to travel so far.”

“There’s a Dalmatian that patrols our neighborhood on a regular basis. Unlike a policeman, the spots on his uniform are greatly admired by the local folk.”

“All of his life, my older son has said, ‘Wait a minute.’ Just goes to prove Einstein’s theory that time is relative.”

“Judging by the name, Dartmouth should have a great debate team.”

“The question is not whether you have feet of clay, but rather how they will come through the firing of life.”

“The mountains outside my glider looked like huge, gnarly knuckles deeply rooted into the soil...as if God himself was reaching down for a huge chunk of Earth.”

“Last night as I prepared a carrot cake for a close friend who had had her second eye operation, my older son made the comment, ‘How appropriate!’”

“I guess even the nastiest customers don’t want to chance getting on Santa’s bad side by leaving him a diet pill or health food rather than cookies and milk.”

“There’s something so healing about someone telling you a story. The gift, especially when it is given to a child, is more precious than any toy or expensive brand of clothing. Thank goodness a label can’t be put on the exchange.”

“Life is a wrestling match. You wrestle with your opponents. You wrestle with yourself. Between the two of them, you are always in training.”

“In this age of preoccupation with youth, silver hair tarnishes your image.”

“Quietness is like a gentle breeze that clears the mind of rough drafts.”