

Thoughts

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (March 2025)



Man Thinking (Geoffrey Arthur Tibble, 1932)

The Interview

When asked whether I followed the Kardashians, I answered truthfully, "I don't follow them because they don't follow me. Now I can't be 100% sure that none of them follow me without my knowing, but I certainly haven't received any Facebook friend requests from any of the main members of the family."

Then asked if I would accept to be a Facebook friend with any of them, I replied, "I seriously doubt it. In general, I don't think I'd have much to say to any

of them, nor them to me, and I certainly wouldn't want to watch a lot of home movies of them sitting by the pool or at the dinner table complaining about how they seldom get a fair shake because there's prejudice against the family."

I admitted there are a few other rich and famous people that I wouldn't mind being Facebook friends with so long as they agreed to follow me and my life equally. That there definitely would have to be a clearly stated contract before I'd click the accept button to add them to my list...

To Tell You The Truth

I don't really know who are more dangerous—homosexuals or straight people. I guess it would be determined on a case-by-case basis and the situation that the person was in.

In general, it seems that women are less dangerous and volatile than men who are inclined to use weapons that draw blood, whereas women are inclined to enact revenge using poison.

With that, I find it interesting that I just used the word enact as I don't remember ever using it in a writing context but probably have used it in speech on a few occasions in which I no longer remember...

When The World Ends

there will still be some people around. The most famous television personalities, movie stars, and sports heroes will survive, as will the top entrepreneurs, international billionaires, and the cleverest sociopaths and psychopaths of the time.

Many businesses will still be open, even though there will be no human workers inside, but there will be robots who've been programmed to smile and say, "I love you 'cause you're you!"

Other than that, most of the animals will have expired except for hyenas, scorpions, a few komodo dragons, a couple of anacondas, and the most virulent of mosquitos.

The remaining people will interact from time to time and try to pass off counterfeit money that they stored away for a special occasion like the end of the world.

Out of courtesy for one another, most will accept the other's money, and wish each other the best for the coming days...

The Answer

The sign read, "You no work, you no eat!"

And so, being in the mood that I was in, I crossed out

the second half and replaced it with, "then find someone who'll take care of you!"

Smiling all the way home, I wondered what others would now think of the sign.

Around an hour later, there was a knock at the door.

Opening it, a stern faced, professional looking guy in a suit said to me, "Sir, we have you on video defacing a sign that does not belong to you. What you did is a punishable offense. Besides that, we suspect that you could be a communist."

To which all I could think of saying was, "I'm no commie, but I am a swami!"

"A swami!" the man responded excitedly. "I've always wanted to meet a true swami!"

Bowing to me, he then said, "Oh great one, please tell me the true meaning of life!"

After thinking for a moment, I answered, "The true meaning of life is to get all you can and keep it from those who would readily take it away!"

Bowing once again, he then tried to kiss my hand, which, fortunately, I pulled away just in time...

The Disappointment

I could accept not being included in Time Magazine's 100 most influential people of all time, but not being included on the list of the most influential people of 2024

made me very upset. So, I wrote to one of the senior editors, voicing my displeasure and dismay, and specifically asked how they could include Dua Lipa over me.

A written response was soon to follow:

We want you to know that you were a serious consideration, as your writing—mostly poetry—is worthy of the highest praise, but in the end we felt that Dua's songs and performance ability—

not to mention her looks—impressed us a bit more. Please keep writing, and don't forget that there's always 2025!

With that, I decided not to respond even though I do think that her song, "Levitating" is superior to some of my poetry—but certainly not better than the best of my best...

As Usual

I can't tell you why males have dicks and females muffs, but I do know that if it were reversed, males would say something like, "You're not putting that thing in me without a condom on. I can't take a chance on having another abortion!"

While females would say, "Look, you don't have to worry. I'll pull it out in time. I've never messed up once. You can trust me on that!"

And life would go on as usual...

The Door

Surrealing around until I finally came to the door, I slowly opened it,
and there was God sitting on a toilet.

"Would you mind coming back in a couple thousand years!?"
he said to me. "I haven't decided yet what to ultimately do
with the human race!"

Looking deep into his eyes, I responded, "I didn't come for
that!

I just wanted to find out if I'm going to die of natural
causes,

or whether I'm going to be the victim of some crazed Mofo
who thinks I look like their older brother who tormented them
as a child."

"I haven't decided on that either!" God replied. "But if you
donate

lavishly to my cause, pray to me consistently, and stay off
the hard stuff

that turns people into the lowest of animals, I'll seriously
consider

your making it to a hundred and five—just like your mother."

"But my mother was no saint, so why did you allow her to live
that long? And don't forget that you made her go completely
deaf

at around 92 which prevented her from being able to play
bridge

with others at the facility."

"She was better than most that I've known!" God answered.

"And as to her deafness, I wanted her to have a decent
challenge

like everyone else. Your mother had spunk and was an idealist!

I liked that about her. Now if you'd go get me some toilet

paper,
I'll keep you in my thoughts..."

Wondering

I was half-way through dialing an old friend's phone number when I remembered that he was dead, but out of curiosity I decided to redial and see if anyone would answer.

"Hello?" a voice said, and I responded, "How are you doing? It's been awhile. Am calling to see if you'd like to get together and play some hand drums. We could go over to the park like we used to."

"I no longer have blood in my hands!" he confessed, "And I'm afraid that I'd break the bones in that area. I'm just trying to stay pretty much intact, but thanks for the call!"

With that, I told him that I understood— then asked if he'd like to meet for a drink at a bar.

As there was no response after a solid minute, I gently hung up the phone, wondering if I offended him...

The Simple Trick

The headline of the e-mail read, "Harder and Longer."
Below that, in smaller print it said, "Any man can last

2.5 hours in bed by following this simple trick.”

And without opening the information link I said to myself, “Big deal! I can easily last 10 to 12 hours in bed, especially when I’m feeling depressed. Heck, years ago when I went through some serious bouts of depression I would sometimes spend whole days in bed only getting up to go to the bathroom or to quickly down some food.

As to harder and longer, I never want to be a hard person ever again. Especially, the past few years I’ve been striving to be a much softer, sensitive, caring person in general.

So, all I can say is that I’m glad I didn’t waste my time reading about the simple trick because I have no doubt that the information would not be for me...

[Table of Contents](#)

Jeffrey Zable is a teacher, conga drummer/percussionist who plays for dance classes and rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area, and a writer of poetry, flash-fiction, and non-fiction. He’s published five chapbooks, and his writing has appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies, more recently in *Sufferer’s Digest*, *Ranger*, *Sein Und Werden*, *Midsummer Dream House*, *Red Eft*, and many others.

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