

Words Poorly Used #43 — Luxury

I have been living on the farm for 10 years now, and I have had such a wonderful decade that congress would outlaw it if they knew about it. But I have also had a purple big toe nail for practically all of that time. Every time it appears that it has finally grown out, something happens to gain another installment of the purple plan. Today, our second largest horse, Wyatt, decided to step on the big knuckle of my purple big toe. ... I used to think that a luxury was having a big yacht and a net worth that made the tax hawks salivate. Now I know that having a non-purple toe nail is a luxury. In fact, having a big toe is a luxury, after 71 years. Luxuries are just things that one might want. The things that make life possible are the needs. Everything beyond that, in terms of wants satisfied, is a luxury. I am willing to forgo many such luxuries, toes and yachts alike, to continue to live here in nature's bosom. *Update:* Did I say step? Yes, sort of like when Hannibal stepped over the Alps or like the tax hawks have stepped up their aggressions on the common man.

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