Leisure

Leisure is a complexly simple to describe moment of opting out from the incessant rat race of life in society. It's when you simply kick the desk chair back,walk gently to the porch, pull up a porch chair, lie back, and half dozen as you track the slow outline of a freighter on the horizon. Perhaps you pour a gin and tonic. You have nothing to do to be there. And is just being there really something to do?

You double down on your leisure mood, expecting, it would seem.to be it increasingly as though it were an assignment. But then a metaphor entangles itself in your awareness process. You find that the more you press down and into your leisure, to be it, the more .you are not at ease, the less you are what you assumed you should call 'at leisure.'

To be in a condition is very different from wishing to be in that condition. Perhaps the key to what seems desirable, in the present instance—that is truly to be at leisure—is to ban from your mind the thought of 'being at leisure,' of 'stepping away from the rat race.' But banning is a highly conscious act. The banning act may be what led to your recent disastrous vacation to Jamaica. The more the family thought about how much fun the vacation was going to be, the more the planning for it degenerated into contentious details. Was there no way just to be in Jamaica? Perhaps there was, but then there was no way to plan to get out of the rat race.