

December 2024

# Digester

David Ingard's Gazette of Entertaining Sexual Thoughts and Errant Ramblings

**Without meaning to**, this issue of The Digester is shaping up to be the "poetry edition." No less than 3 of them made the cut. It's been a long time coming. Prose has been my mainstay but you can get away with a lot more in a rhyme – something about the effort needed to conjure up a mental image that suppresses the judgement cortex. I just made that up – see it's working already.

Ok – cut the psycho babble and just get to it, David!

## ***A robin hops up to me, stops at a crack***

There's morsels of goodness - in my sidewalk, a snack  
Our eyes lock or do they - I imagine a lot  
'Cause for this moment I say, you're the companion I got.

## ***The Dog Sitters Lament (when the dog goes back home)***

I look to the right and no one's there  
The couch is empty - no paws in the air.  
I gaze at the spot on the kitchen's clean floor  
Where a dish held their kibble - not spilt anymore.

When I vacuum I discover a ball by the door  
The slobber now dried, not disgusting no more.  
It doesn't matter I fear as I lay for my nap  
They were here for a moment - I was a lucky old chap.

**This year I had the wonderful**  
opportunity to join members of the  
Rainbow Chorus of Waterloo  
Wellington in three concerts including  
one with the Guelph Symphony  
Orchestra. This group constantly  
challenges me with music and ideas  
that come from the heart. If you're not  
able to hear one of our performances,  
I suggest you try to make it to a  
concert in your own community –  
there's a lot of talent out there!



## **Cleaned out my house again** -- third time is the charm.

Among the mismatched tupperware and sticky cassette tapes I found a 53 year old receipt from a doctor who charged \$5.50 to mitigate a bout of pharyngitis. As far as I can tell 50 cents is still outstanding.

And

There was one report card from grade 2 where my teacher couldn't even give me a mark for the first term because, "David was absent for so much of it." It amazes me I made it past puberty sometimes.



February 29 2024... feeding the chickadees on the Starkey Hill trail... and inviting my disciples to never hunger for the love of Birdseed?

## **A friend of mine organizes hikes.**

Every month our motley crew trudges through dappled forests, rain or shine, tired or manic. It's mostly to earn a hot coffee reward at the end of our outing – to share stories or just listen.

I try not to sing.

**Merry  
Christmas**

## **Haiku 4 U**

A job that God hates  
Is to allow the first frost  
Yet Love still warms me

Swam in 3 great Lakes this year, (Huron, Erie and Ontario)



## A/C or No A/C

The air conditioning in my car died in June. My mechanic gave an estimate of \$1000 to fix it. I had trouble justifying that sum for my 15 year old Honda. I told my tale of woe to anyone who would listen. A new friend had a four word suggestion: "Windows Open, Go Fast!"

I went with that.

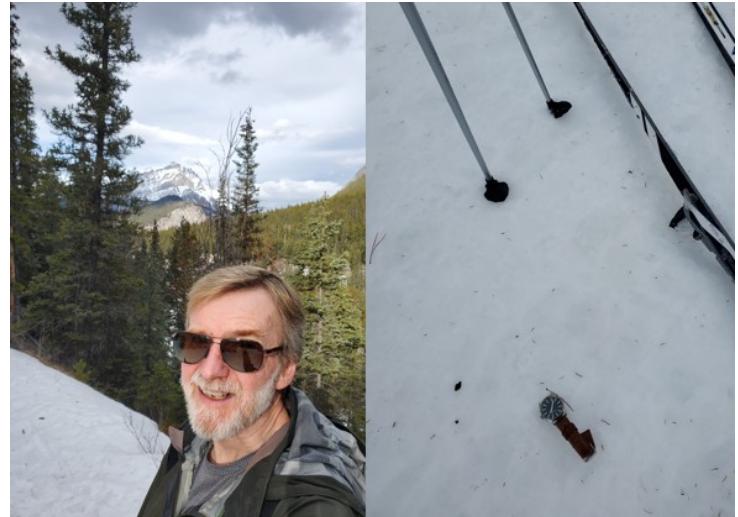
### Banff Ski Trip

#### Journal Entry Thurs Feb 1, 2024

Decided to try X-Country – so after frif-fraffing in the morning headed over to Banff Springs Hotel on the “Roam” transit and looked at the Spray River West Trail. Not inspiring – icy – the track set had withered away in the +10 degree heat of the past few days. Went anyway.

I began skiing – a walk, ski really. Sometimes walking literally sans skis down the icy hills or prayerful snowplowing - scraping the surface with a haunting screech, (the skis, not me). Met a group of seniors coming the other way – a couple of whom thought me “brave” to take on the journey solo -- “crazy” maybe.

Every snap of a twig was a bear or cougar – I looked back often. 5K in I saw the bridge over the Spray River – my lunchtime destination. I shared a bench with a Whiskey Jack (or Grey Jay) – he seemed a bit lonely as he picked around at my feet. We said our goodbyes and I started back. Not far along, my best snowplow wasn’t enough and somehow my skis crossed and I went down. When the dust settled I found my watch laying on the ice – ripped from my wrist by some unknown force of impact. I got up, collected the remains of metal and leather (& pride), stuffed them in my pocket and continued on my way.



Before the Fall, (Tunnel Mountain and Cascade Mountain in the background)

Better my watch than my arm.

**In June I had a chance to speak at my church.** “Reading Between the Lines of the Prodigal Son” exposed the congregation to my take on a timeless story – kind of like Las Vegas or Ripley; choose one. I was told it was like hearing one of my letters in person. Oh well - the coffee was hot.

