

## BIOSONG FREESTYLE (November 9, 2022) Mr Thought

*It is not the male or female that I refer to here,  
It is the mind of every woman or man . . .*

My mind has two special friends. Only two, you ask? Well, there are others, but just two that seem to be integral to my being. One of them I enjoy so much I can't let a day go by without her company. Her name is Madam Flow. The other, I hate! His name is Mr Thought.

Why is he your friend, then? Because I can't seem to do without him. I don't really hate him – he just annoys me, often. He haunts me wherever I go – rarely leaves me in peace. Even when I'm trying to sleep, in the middle of the night, he turns up with no invitation and we spend hours together, leaving me tired the next day.

But what I hate most (and also can't do without) is that he fragments my reality; he breaks it up into separate pieces, with a name for each one – so he can language it for himself and impress others with his explanations. As David Bohm said: 'thought is creating divisions . . . and saying they are there naturally . . .' He pretends not to notice that the dividing up was his doing. And when Mr Thought puts the pieces back together, with categories and logic, he often creates a synthetic 'unity,' which doesn't seem quite real to me.

He doesn't want everybody to know he's doing this. That would weaken his position as the self-appointed Prince of the 'kingdom of mind,' as he would define it. But I can see around him, sometimes, from my feelings. I really value my feelings.

When Mr Thought talks about my feelings he creates language that shows he doesn't really understand them very well. Madam Flow, who understands my feelings perfectly, reassures me that this is quite normal. No one can explain feelings completely in words. But I trust my feelings to give me my 'meaning.' That's a word Mr Thought doesn't like very much. He prefers things to be more clearly defined so they won't be misunderstood – but they are. I'm not actually talking about 'things,' but I doubt he quite realises that.

He tells me that the world is built up, piece by piece. from the tiniest particles; and also that my mind consists of bits of information, so the way to get more knowledge is to get hold of more bits of information. Madam Flow said that a scientist told her a particle can actually also be a wave – it just depends how you look at it. And I don't feel like a separate piece – I'm at my best when I feel complete in myself and I belong to something bigger that is also complete.

It worries me that when Mr Thought gets an idea, he is usually sure it is right. His idea is so clear and so logical to him – of course, it has to be right. I prefer to be a little less certain, because there may be more to it that we haven't seen yet.

But I mustn't criticise such a good friend, whom I need every day. Without Mr Thought I wouldn't have got this page written. I just wish, sometimes, he would stop running my life. He kids me that I'm running my life, but it often feels like I'm just following wherever he takes me.