

What I Mean

I never knew writing was this easy. All I have to do is do what I'm doing right now, like saying "I never knew writing was this easy"—just saying it. That means a lot to me 'cause it means I can say just about anything I want as long as it's what I want to say. I guess it's the utter truth or honesty that is so attractive in language. The *virtu*, some say. It, for example, could go something like this:

I've thought and I've felt for a long time now that the title "Hockey Night in Canada" would make an excellent title for a book of writing. There's something to it that proposes all sorts of interesting possibilities of what to say. At first it was a long poem, epic perhaps, containing all the music of a hockey game, the movement over the surface of the ice, the satisfying accuracy of the puck slapped into a corner of the net, any of the action going on. Then it was to be a story of my own story, a spiritual biography containing images of my life, my father standing against the boards of the arena, both of us, watching the Swift Current Indians practice, my first skates, my first wound, anything, I felt, that could be a part of the blood. I still think it's a great title but today I just say it and you know right away that that's what I mean.