I woke up about 2:30 this morning and thought about Philip’s hat.

It is bright lemon yellow, with a little brim all the way around, and a lime green hat band, printed with tropical plants.

It sits on top of his shaved head. It upstages every thing & every body. He bought it at Walgreen’s himself. I mean it fortunately wasn’t a gift from an admirer. Otherwise he is dressed in soft blues. And in his hands a long wooden string of Buddhist Rosary beads, which he keeps moving. I ask him which mantra he is doing — but he tells me in Zen, you don’t have to bother with any of that. You can just play with the beads.