

I Like

I like that they call the Pope's plane "Shepherd One."

I like seeing white-birch-tree bark flap in the wind.

I like rearranging my furniture.

I like the fuzzy pads on the legs of my furniture.

I like knowing lots of high school seniors won't be going to college right off.

I like spring for being able to see the contour of the landscape.

I like toweling off after a shower with a soft, fresh towel.

I like pepper floating on my tomato soup.

I like staring at wood grain.

I like being substance free.

I like not caring who wins.

I like beans even though as I age they become more substantial regarding digestion.

I like all things in support of lumbar.

I like yoga and feng shui, though I don't practice them.

I like stretching.

I like how the area surrounding my cat rattles when she stretches.

I like knowing clever people make things from white-birch tree bark.

I like the taste of earwax in small doses.

I like knowing I'll die someday, when someone I love dies.

I like those who don't like me.

I like the word pet used as a term of endearment.

I like going to the dentist, the doctor too.

I like it when a college president's residence overlooks the campus.

I like the Pope's white hair.

I like, as you have read, two things about the Pope, even though I'm not Catholic.

I like burping up sour bile every now and then cause it makes me aware that there's serious stuff going on down there.

I like it when a cat will bear down and hiss a good long hard one at an animal that could eat it.

I like hearing and watching babies crying in earnest.

I like using clipped fingernails as dental floss.

I like humidity.

I like liking.

I like looking at vacation photographs of people I've never met.
I like ownership of liking what I like and not having to share.
I like out of control laughter. Mine, yours, and theirs.
I like getting gift certificates to restaurants.
I like being alone as much or more than I like being with other people.
I like knowing the list of things I like is endless.
I like that I could spend eight hours a day, every day, until I die, writing down things I like, and still not have time to write down all the things I like.
I like that the two lines just before this one are the same but different.
I like the sun, moon, stars, rain, clouds, fog, mist, snow, sleet, and all things in the family.
I like the Popemobile. Three things.
I like shedding things. Things I own such as clothes, old school exams, my skin.
I like that my carbon footprint is two points below average, according to a study.
I like that my heart hasn't stopped beating since whenever it started.
I like knowing, when my heart finally stops for good, that all living things matter.
I like knowing things I like aren't necessarily things I love.
I like that you like things even though I don't like all the things you like.
I like to feel like it's not important for you to like all the things I like for you to like me.
I like understanding things you like that I don't like.
I like not being someone who says, "like," in the course of normal conversation because if I was one of those people this piece would be over the top.
I like taking time noting things I like. Try it.
Ask me about any of the above and I'll tell you why.
I don't like garlic.