

thanks mr circuit board

we went out to 1997 comp usa and bought a weirdo chinese tablet with a coupon addressed to Guy. what can \$20 buy in electronics? you would be surprised.

as soon as we brought it home i didn't like it. it asked too many questions of me, immediately demanded that i give it power. uhh, are you going to pay for that? it suckles away on the too-short cord. in a dumb coma gathering strength. it has a seat on the couch next to me. i feel like i'm waiting for someone to come out of a coma so i can hold a gun to his head.

it has some positive attributes. i can read library e-books on it, so at last can borrow embarrassing things—things that i am so far removed from that i can not even reconcile holding a physical copy in my hands. is the damage it would do to my sense of self. denial is a craft like anything else and you have to practice your craft.

also, the thing cost as much as eggs benedict with crabmeat. we went to the museum today and had a fancy scarf meal, very well-balanced bloody marys.

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everyone else (in the world) is at a burger place. i have stayed behind for vague, pointless reasons. they roughly make sense to me but i keep forgetting them.

sometimes i go to google and type in things so i can remember who i am.

-this is a bunch of crap

-gotta get it together

-come on now

Guy likes to do his google searches in the forms of questions, because it's 1997 and ask jeeves did a commercial. i do question searches sometimes.

-who am i

-what the actual fuck am i doing

- well well, that wasn't what you thought it would be, was it? was it? was it?

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i start a movie on netflix. and then feel sad that i'm not doing what i want to do, though i don't know what that might be. so i stop the movie and look around. sometimes i torture the interactive search asshole program "max" who is only trying to help me decide. i want him to say, "i did the best i could, but you have to get your fucking shit together. you thought i could help you, but now you understand that isn't likely, is it? is it?"

oh max. am i in the worst noir movie ever made? all world weary hats with none of the sexy warehouses?

max are you related to siri? related to jeeves? related to the chinese worker who made the parasitic little windowpane sitting next to me on the couch? now i don't mean to get all emo on you folks, but i have a real live question that so far no one can answer, so i'll throw it to the machines: am i still here if the lights are out and no one sees me?