

Two Stars, and a Sliver of a Third

Is there ideology behind your veganism?

Is there psychology behind your Buddhism?

Is there chemistry behind your depression

or prescription behind your medication?

Is there certification behind your certification

or frustration behind your masturbation?

Is there inference behind your meaning?

Is there a way to google this vague dread we all feel
mucking up our veins and throttling our bandwidth?

Worry not, good people of this flailing era!

I have read all of the big books and

I know the answers you seek.

Bring me your doubts.

Bring me your Top Albums of 2008 lists.

Bring me your favorite dollar menu items.

Don't forget to bring me your doubts.

I have spread a colorful blanket upon this hilltop
overlooking the city. There. We have started out
with a true statement.

Information, then, is impassive.

Stimulus is impassive.

I am so fucking impassive.

And yet, good people,
you hang your perceptions on things
like heavy coats on hooks.

It's a nice coat!

But I don't care. Here,
have some wine.

Did you know that the stars in our galaxy
outnumber the atoms in our universe?

Of course not, because that information is a lie
and doesn't care. Good people, perhaps
we are no longer moved by anything.

We catalogue information,
examine it like a colorful object—a doohickey—
log it away into our files,
conjure an appropriate
emotional reaction
and then move on. God,
it's terrifying. I don't want
to think I just need
more wine.

But we have no respite and the feed is always fed.
Does the sun set for political reasons?

Yes, but I can see both sides of the issue.

Did you read Huffington Post's thinkpiece
on racial politics written by a tropical lizard?

Of course. A commenter took issue
with the fact that the author of the article
was "just a lizard."

Is your iPhone powered by sickle cell anemia?

No, actually, I have an Android and hemophilia.

Which rapper co-branded with Lean Cuisine on Labor Day?
The best one.

Did you catch the hilarious viral vid of that guy
setting fire to his grandmother's toolshed
while listening to ABBA?

That was me.

And for the record it was a boathouse.
Which Sex and the City character are you?
I'm
 like
 totally a Miranda.

Good people, can I even call you Good?
What is that word?
Who invented it?

Are we filtering this world through a bad filter?
I want to decrease the contrast
 until everything is swallowed in a light
 the color of milky beige but what is beige
 without brown and yellow reference points?
 If I average each review on Amazon.com—
 each opinion on kitchenware,
 each position on two-sided duct tape,
 each view on the latest big book,
 each judgement on a dog kennel—
 the result is two stars, and a little sliver of a third.
Information! It's worse than impassive,
 it actively doesn't care whether we react or die.
 We are at peak shrug.

Our shoulders just keep going up and up
 to stars that aren't bright enough,
 casting a weak, sour glow on this hilltop, reflected and
 warped
in my wineglass.

I give those stars
two stars out of five.

I give this glass three stars.

I give this wine four and a half.