

now you're one of us

i have to say i don't like life with a television. yes yes there's a pleasure in tabitha's takeover.

otherwise i find myself on this couch.

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there's a time in spring that is sometimes hard to manage, because the entire cycle of human life is compressed into three days. those three days can be like a safari.

this year was a little better, but

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my mother makes the distinction between watercolors and oil paints: one curdled her early life as an artist. what would have happened if she had tried the other?

"i don't belong to the woulda-shoulda-coulda club," she said.

i've never heard that term used, ever, but i don't doubt the club's official title. i may even be its treasurer.

the club can be joined by collecting proof of purchase points from generic brand cereals and pickles. cut out the points from the labels by using a knife inappropriate to the task.

look for an envelope for three days. mail the points away to an address (of your choice). soon, the club will contact you via an email account you forgot you had.

there are no meetings. as a member, you conduct your own meetings from your couch. the meetings are always the same but can last all night.

you ask *is this right?* in different intonations and accents, until you have reached the point where there is no answer but you are tired and want to go to bed, or until there is nothing left to see on the box plugged into the wall that shows you the images of people who sort of look like you but do things that you do not.

there are yearly membership fees. they change every year.