

unforgettable Punk'd moments

[Pantone's colors of the year are PT 17-5104 (Ultimate Grey) and PT 13-0647 (Illuminating)]


[Roadrunner gets away]

L: What's black and eleven zero one O-five and red all over?

[no answer from E, watching a coyote cartoon]

E: You know sometimes he looks at the camera before he's about to fall? He stands right in mid-air for a second or two, no ground beneath him, and he looks at you. I keep wanting to look down too. *Gulp*.

L: Reading the newspaper I sometimes get the feeling something's looking back at me.

E: Does it gulp too? [E clicks 

L: Even that painting of mountains, the calendar, the sheets—

E: The sheets?

L: The sheets of ice in front of the window. And the water dripping off the roof, although it has no face—

E: It kept me awake last night, the dripping.

L: ...every face in those pictures. Hm, I find it comforting. I used to fall asleep to a clock when I was growing up.

E: Leave my family out of your musings.

L: What?

E: The pictures.

L: OK. Your aloe plant then. And that deer in the driveway we saw last night. The world looks back.

E: Your bag of old newspaper, too, then.

L: Let me see...Sure.

E: Pretty full that bag. You ever going to do something with it?

L: I'm thinking...Paper-mâché. At least I can make something out of mine. What happens to your videos? Gone forever huh.

E: They're up here. [E taps on L's forehead]

L: What the hell? Why would they be in my head.

E: Whatever. [clicks suggested video]

Top 10 Coyote Myths that Are Amazing: In ancient Aztec mythology, the coyote Huehecóyotl—literally “old old coyote”— is God of mischief and is known to plays pranks on other Gods and humans to relieve his boredom, although his pranks often backfire on himself...He is often depicted as male, but can change gender at a whim, and is capable of shape-shifting into other animals, as well as humans, unpredictably.

[silent event of continued explosion inside E and L]

L: You want to hear some obits.

[E clicks on *5 unforgettable Punk'd moments*]

[L recites a line from the funnies]

L: *There are two signs of aging. The first, you forget things.. I can never remember the second..*

E: That isn't actually an obituary is it?

Ashton Kutcher: We're going to punk Tony Hawk.

With long pauses in between, E and L continue conversation through morning and get a very late start to their day. E talks of a grandma with dementia, L talks of an interview with a psychologist on NPR, E talks of a “total mystery substance keeping the beat,” while L’s thumb keeps a spot on the page. Dead relatives—perhaps those once hallucinated by E’s grandmother—walk around and tie long strings to different parts of the room, connecting word to word, moment to moment, before tying together the laces of shoes in the hallway. All but invisible, they appear as the room itself: unchanged, except that it is as if it were made of paper-mâché. Like you could peel up the walls and reveal that the glue is still wet.

We blame fading recall for the increasing absence of memories, yet one morning in the bedroom the memories come and go with absolute freedom and detachment to any directive, as if you were sitting in the food court of a busy department store watching them shop and try on clothes.

E and L don’t frequent the same department stores anymore. The substance that separates each moment is dense like ink, and something about the house feels vacant. Like a volcano that’s gone completely extinct, but that we still call a volcano out of convenience despite it really just being a mountain at this point. It’s washed in a perpetual, white, LA-reality TV light. Ashton is free to do what he wants and assumes the role of the old old very old coyote trickster.