

Life on Plastic Mountain

What should I do? I said, after two glasses, to my old friend and only acquaintance.
In all the years I've known you, he said, *I've never had an answer that pleased you.*
We sat there, watching the representation of a man on syndicated television dismantle the life of his friend. *This is cathartic,* I said. *It is,* said my friend. *Because we were thrown into the world,* I said. *And abandoned,* my friend added, *by perfection.*