people used to save for years to give their kids that once-in-a-lifetime trip to disneyland. old men, like moses, refused to die until their eyes had discerned the unique configurations of fenway, wrigley, or the house that ruth built.

now you can probably see more african wildlife in san diego than africa

you don't even have to drive to westwood for a first-run movie.

and the croissant and the quiche? isn't there some way to deport them and renew their romance?

can you imagine bothering to smuggle back a dirty book from denmark?

i heard a guy order pernod in the reno room.

today, wherever you are, you are everywhere, yet no place special.

LIKE SLEEPING ON A GYMNASIUM FLOOR ON AN ISLAND IN A TYPHOON

when my wife refers to anything as "an adventure," my children blanch, because, from past experience, "adventure" has become synonymous with "ordeal."

THERE ARE MORE WHERE THAT ONE CAME FROM

i am reading good morning, midnight, by jean rhys, when a moth alights on the table, just to the right of the book

i think of moths in history and literature, the gypsy moth, for instance, the moth and the flame, virginia woolf, emily dickinson, sylvia plath, ann sexton ...

I smash the moth.

i return to the novel pleased to have discovered that i have retained one of my few physical gifts: fast hands.