

Why should I pay attention to that?

So I spend my nights alone now. I read a book, or I look out a window. Sometimes I hum to myself or do a crossword puzzle. The nights can be so long.

My television and I are no longer friends.

#### PERIOD PIECE

I put my plastic card in the slot and punched in my Secret Number. There was a whirring sound and letters appeared. Hello, said the letters. Do you want to make a withdrawal? I pushed the yes button. From savings or checking? I pressed the savings button and a new sentence appeared. Enter the amount, it read. So I entered the amount. I waited through a complex series of clicking and whirring sounds from deep in the interior of the machine. Then money appeared, one bill at a time, at the bottom of a plastic hole. I scooped out the money and put it in my wallet. Do you wish another transaction? No, I pressed. More whirring sounds. Then my plastic card reappeared, like a tongue sticking out at me, along with a slip of white paper, a little souvenir of my visit.

This all may seem mundane to you, but a hundred years from now it will be so quaint, so charmingly old-fashioned, so typical of the period.

— Thomas Wiloch

Canton MI

#### STAIRWAY

I think there is downgrade  
I think there is downstairs  
I think there is upgrade  
I think there is upstairs  
I think there is the upperworld  
I think there is the underworld  
I think there is a soldier on the stairway  
I think there is a stairway amongst the stars