

Mark Cunningham

[quantum]

Light might be “the great organizer,” but things keep getting in its way. We were going to call our new cartoon character Hegemony Cricket, but Disney put a stop to that. My rock garden petrified. I told her I was never sure if she was kidding, and she said you must be joking. When the interrogators asked if she thought speech was what separates humans from animals, she knew better than to say anything. Those antibiotics didn’t save the cow, either.

[quantum]

I said it was my big day, but they said that, after a certain age, people start to shrink. Though nothing happened for a whole year, the physicist proved our bodies continued to give out personal information. The news anchor gave good plausible denial, but her dentistry was totally unbelievable. I pointed out a vacuum was a gestalt, too. He said she was fast-forwarding her shadow at him in a subliminal fill-in-the-blank; she said she was materializing the trace of her delay.

[quantum]

The light indexed in a photograph is still moving, since you see it. They told me the “right here, right now” line formed over there.

[quantum]

When I said, “At night, everybody has a black eye,” she punched me. He said, “Depth leads to projection,” but I didn’t understand that, so I figured he was just another idiot. We voted to “oppose the formation of a new cliché that would make us sink lower than low.” No point having three copies if you’re going to keep them all in the same place—this statement used to refer only to inanimate objects. She wanted to clarify whether they said they’d see her *inside* or see her *insides*.