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On The Bias Gian Lombardo

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Gian Lombardo

ON THE BIAS

I know a man who thinks a perfect day is one that's wasted. No, not that one is *wasted*—I wouldn't dare say such a thing—but one in which nothing is accomplished whatsoever.

No events. No one pile (no matter how great or small) moved from one place to another.

It would have to be a perfect cipher with no exclamation of some beautiful thing or with no adrenalin rushing through your veins in response to some horrific threat.

Not even a morality play, without the tiniest degree of allegory, without a cat that might represent something else (say, the kitchen door or the roof or the third person in a *ménage à trois*) in the grasp of an owl that may be a sign of something else, but not—certainly not—of any reflection of boredom with its hunger.