On The Bias
Gian Lombardo
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.