

SCOTT GARSON

Silt

I sharpened my pencil and circled myself into frames of possible usage.

Bookkeeper. Public Relations Associate. I considered how I could be billed in these ways, estimated my capacity for drive.

It was a time of great struggle. I felt that I had to bid myself up for what seemed, to the admittedly variable degree that it could be imagined, a life of demented composure, hummed in the jaundicing key of tube lights.

If I was, as I feared, a joke at which my betters would be above laughing, I found no hold in the injustice of that. The mirror in my bathroom shone filthy with paste. The pallor and damp of identifying skin, these accruals—they read off as mine.

I was basically a problem.

And you, with your dying wristwatch, your cough: were you not also looking to get solved?