

# Aphorisms

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Beds. We can't help but make an impression on them. Like a child's finger-painting, the chalk outline around a corpse on the pavement, they retain an image of us.

Think of all they contain—skin, sweat, semen, blood, all the puke and spume of life. Beds are fossil records of our lives.

The pressure of ourselves in passion and at rest carves out a hollow over time, one shaped like your body, one shaped like mine.

All our earthly burdens accumulate there where we have lain, layer after layer, compressed into a single, us-sized stain.

No wonder they're a mess! After all, so much happens there.

We begin and end in beds.

Money is both intimate and abstract.

Virtually alone among physical objects, it is freely given to and accepted from strangers.

It is the substrate of our daily lives, but increasingly takes no corporeal form.

When at rest, it is an inert solid. It can lie fallow for centuries, guarding its awesome potential for growth. When properly stimulated, it makes more of itself, like mould growing on a stale bread loaf.

Once in motion, it becomes a liquid, the world's most powerful solvent.

Everywhere it is a popular spectator sport; in banks, people watch it accumulate with interest.

Like energy, it can neither be created nor destroyed, achieving its maximum force only when spent.

We suspect that somewhere there must be more of it than we can see, like dark matter, since our world would fly apart without it.

It is cold and hard yet also the perfect material with which to feather a nest or cushion a blow.

Too often, though, we have no idea where it goes.

Waiting. It happens so often, so imperceptibly, and in the strangest locations: at elevators and intersections, by bedsides and telephones, in dentists' offices and train stations.

Stop whatever you are doing, even for an instant, and waiting instantly takes its place. It leaks in, like water, to fill up every available space.

But waiting is not a passive state. Is a seed waiting before it germinates? Is a bird waiting as it incubates its eggs?

These little intervals—between one breath and the next, between a missed opportunity and a second chance—are hard work, periods of intense activity, frantic preparation.

What we do while doing nothing cannot be done in haste.