

Dirt	Apple	
Dust	\$1,000,000,000,000	
Water		
Hands		
Heat	El Chapo	
Gold	\$1,000,000,000	
Glory		
Myth		
El Dorado	Tim Cook (Apple CEO)	
A ship, a man, conquistador	\$625,000,000	
A palace of marble, a palace of indigo, a palace of gold		
A palace of iron		
A palace for peasantry		
A palace for industry		
A New Deal		
“Progressivism”		
A palace of asbestos cement,		
A palace of asbestos cement A palace of asbestos cement, A palace of asbestos cement, A palace of asbestos cement, A palace of asbestos cement, A palace of asbestos cement A palace of asbestos A palace of Asbestos Cement A palace of...		
An automobile		
A noxious refrigerator		
A Pontiac with lipstick taillights		
A mobile phone, a handheld brick		
Then smaller and bigger		
Smaller and bigger		
Smaller and bigger		
Until the edges of the universe are hemmed in by a shiny metal edge.		



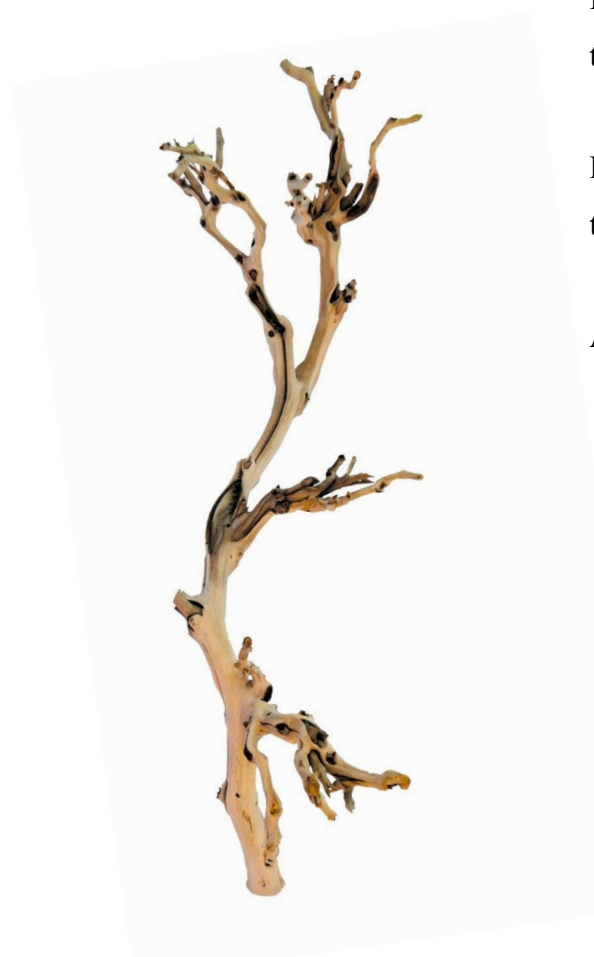
Lindsay,

I'm sorry about last night. I was out to dinner with a few of my friends and hadn't really been looking at my phone. I wasn't trying to ignore you or anything, I just didn't see your messages. I know you always say that it only takes a second to look at my phone and respond, I just got caught up and wasn't thinking of it. I'm sorry if I was inconsiderate or made you feel like you were unwanted. You aren't. I really like you and would love to see you again soon.

Maybe we could go to Starbucks and catch up a little bit. I know you've had a long week so if not I totally understand. But let me know ASAP!

I miss you.

-Richard



I've never been
to an abandoned church.

But I have been
to an abandoned Sears.

A dead mall, like on YouTube.

I see the shadow of a forgotten employee
dealing with my frustrated mother from
behind the jewelry counter.

Presence, though not hallowed.
Blue collar druids, lawnmower spirits.
Remnants of the old consumer
Walking beside me,
through the pews, down the aisle.

I got my first smartphone for Christmas when I was thirteen years old. It was an iPhone 3GS, though the latest model at the time had been the 4. I was happy, but also disappointed. My brand new phone was already halfway to obsolescence.

But I could still get the same apps. I wasn't allowed on certain social medias but Instagram was permitted. When I made my account I made an effort to post once a day for two weeks. I needed to grow my account to get at least one hundred followers, and to make sure my ratio was positive.

I had been using Instagram when I dropped that phone in the toilet. I cried when I told my mother. I was afraid she would say it was my responsibility to replace it. That would mean a month of phone-lessness, at least.

I reverted to using my old iPod touch in the meantime. I could still access Instagram, but I had no means to post—there was no camera. I downloaded messenger apps and ooVoo but couldn't help feeling abridged by my loss, relegated again to disconnectedness.

A few years later, I was allowed to use Snapchat, Vine, and Twitter, though by the time I'd gotten to them, they were already well established. I used Snapchat frequently, but it felt like I had no way in to Vine and Twitter. I just didn't understand how to use them. How to build an account. So I never did.

But I did use Snapchat frequently. It felt refreshing for someone as shy as myself to be able to connect so intimately to so many other people. Sending photos felt more casual than texting—it was something I could worry less about. Snapchat abridged the lengthy social interactions I felt little confidence in engaging in, and made it far easier for me to feel socially connected. It felt like a lifeline, an alternative to my quiet physical presence.

Now I feel like my Snapchat has come to serve as a catalogue of all the people I know. I have not opened my “Contacts” app in months. Instead I rely on the yellow social augment to deliver some semblance of solidarity as I go about my business, quietly, alone.

Avg. Income in US
\$59,039

Avg. Income per Household
\$9,733

Avg. Income per Capita
\$2,920

Cost of an iPhone X
\$999

