

## Customer Service Ménage à Trois

Even as I am writing this entry, I am discovering a great alchemy of the absurd in simultaneously listening to hold music / messages on speaker from both a cell phone and land line.

The land line is piping a somewhat soothing simpatico of classical guitar and piano interrupted by a stark 'please hold while I connect you with an agent' served on a backdrop of silence. This line goes to a state government agency.

By contrast, the cell - an old Razr from 2007 with all of the acoustic charm of a tin can - chatters out an upbeat smooth jazz ditty woven into glimmering generalities about the merits of a particular service which then goes into a long instrumental section as though to grant a savory moment of stewing in my own excitement, the music embellishing the vivid imagery the voice has heaped upon my imagination. This line goes to a direct marketing company.

Never have I felt both so desperately placated AND also fiercely encouraged, as though I'm awash in an Irish coffee. Like Evel Knievel being cheered on by the crowd before making a disastrous jump, AND also the nursing team and family members who would surround him in the ICU at the same time. It's the phenomenal thunderstorm that results when a swell of grieving meets a lap dance. Maybe *this* is what Charlie Sheen meant by 'winning'.