

Because it is impossible to know when, exactly, the middle of my life is, and therefore impossible to know when to have my mid-life crisis, I have decided instead to have an ongoing crisis.

We are all standing in a large group, waiting for the crosswalk light to change and the cars to clear so that we can cross the street and get to wherever it is that we are going—a large, monochromatic group because it is almost five and everyone is getting off work, flooding the streets in a flash mob of black suits and gray pencil skirts—a large, monochromatic, *impatient* group, checking phones and watches and a few people talking on those Bluetooth earpieces that makes it seem like they're crazy and talking to themselves and so you're always walking around unsure where people exist on the continuum between crazy person and asshole businessman (although the two aren't mutually exclusive). The man in front of me has one of those Bluetooth things and also one of the longest ear hairs I have ever seen curling out from underneath said Bluetooth thing. I am standing way too close to him because the man behind me is standing way too close to me, and the woman behind him too close to he, and on and on in a sort of perpetual crowdedness that never goes away and so you just have to resign yourself to the fact that you're always going to live with a stranger's elbow jammed in your ribs because that's just the way it is, *this is how I live now*, and finally the light changes and we move across the street *en masse*, the herd of businessmen and women continuing briskly straight ahead as I turn left down a thoroughfare that's more alley than street.

This morning I woke up to find an eye floater entranced in the vision of my right eye. It hangs there and lazily drifts around, trailing wherever I look, like dust in front of a lens, except that I can't actually ever look directly at it or else it just darts away, infuriatingly, my *objet petit a*. I asked my coworkers and they say it's permanent and so does Web M.D., and while I'm not sure I trust either of them that doesn't comfort me when I consider the possibility of having what looks like belly button lint permanently tattooed onto everything I see for the rest of my life.

Floaters themselves have a vaguely Latin scientific name that I don't remember, but the act of perceiving the floaters is known as *myodesopsia*, from the Greek *myiodes* and *opsis*, which mean "resembling a fly" and "eyesight", respectively. Every time I blink they shift shape ever so slightly but they have never once looked anything like flies.