The act of grocery shopping. It’s our civilized interpretation of the hunter/gatherer society. Grab your cart and prepare to slay the beast. Don’t forget your coupons. Be quick and efficient. Snatch the cans off the shelf before they know what’s hit ‘em. There’s no time to wander aimlessly. Scan your environment. Skillfully navigate the unfamiliar terrain. Then grab the quickest and the easiest. Or whatever is on sale. Fight your way through the daunting check-out and hurry home before the ice cream melts.

Knowing how to properly re-hydrate squid is not part of my culinary repertoire.

Fresh vegetables are also a problem for me. How do you get past that rind/peel/skin?

What do I eat and what do I throw away?

I took my parents to a Chinatown market. I didn’t recognize many items but if I did, I didn’t know what to do with them. Most were in a state foreign to my understanding.

Make it an event. A curious moment in our deliriously ordinary day. The everyday act of grocery shopping has the potential to do something. To eclipse the everyday? Maybe. For a moment. The everyday is important. It is necessary to appreciate those blips on the screen. There is no discernment between things in a homogenous environment. But a single moment within the everyday has the potential to startle us. Smack us around. Make us look around.

time...