

# PURITAN ROOTS

**ROB MACDONALD**

I've been suffering  
from the Y2K bug  
since the late '90s,  
when suffering was  
falling out of fashion  
and all of the worst  
walls had already  
fallen. The world is  
supposedly getting  
smaller each year,  
which explains all  
of the low ceilings  
in the downtown lofts.  
This, in turn, explains  
the rise in concussions,  
which explains why  
the bar isn't set  
so high at the finest  
academic institutions.  
If our undergrads  
are underprepared  
and overindulgent,  
that explains why

the stock futures are  
falling faster each year,  
like the prices of  
memory sticks, which  
it doesn't, unless you  
study all night, unless  
you connect events  
to sensory cues  
like the dumplings  
that accompany  
my fuzzy memory  
of our first date,  
Boston, so salty,  
or all the blood  
in the steaks of our  
second date—who can  
say how long ago we  
met?—which makes me  
wonder how long  
we've been suffering.