

Lunar New Year's Resolutions

Stop being so normal. Start with this list, and end with a monkey.

Curate a museum. Tell every patron that MFAH stands for Mother Fucking Art House.

End more sentences with prepositions, such as.

Fragment.

Invite a small man to sleep on your couch.

Give the best of your heart (the left ventricle, probably) to your chem professor or that girl in your chem class or the very small man who is sleeping on your couch (Great scott, he's getting smaller by the second!). Or the homeless man in the park who takes your five-dollar-bill and uses it as a toothpick as he tells you about Katrina. Everyone he knew killed by water or by looters.

(Back up. Describe the man on your couch. Is he old? What is he wearing? Why does he need to sleep on your couch? Do you know him? Why are we only given an unhelpful, boring adjective like "small"? This is left to the reader as an exercise.)

Observe that though he texts in a different language, he writes the syllable for "ha" almost a hundred times under his best friend's profile picture. It really is a goofy picture.

Eat fewer potatoes.

Laugh out loud. Visit the Morgan Freeman Animal Hospital and disobey every sign. Especially the one that says "do not laugh loudly near the lemurs."

Read poetry inappropriately loudly. Put "Advanced Poetry Writing" on your resume under the "Relevant Classwork" section in order to seem goofy but practical, and when employers ask about it, pretend you are a famous Zen Buddhist monk who writes poetry and lives in the hills but who also has practical experience working in the computer science industry. Yes, I've worked with Java. Yes, I can write a poem about that. No, not in English. In Java.

Drink the java, drink deeply, let the dregs fill your mouth and the molecules slowly tumble into your stomach. Imagine life as a caffeine organism, free from taxes and sexual tension. Actually maybe just taxes. It's unclear how living caffeine would reproduce.

Stop thinking about sex in a pool of coffee with a tax collector.

Spell potatoes wrong, and pretend not to notice for almost half a page.

Give something up for lent, like useless art, or flying around like a bat at night and drinking people's blood, or working part-time at the Metropolitan French Artists' Home. Instead of using your newfound freetime to contemplate God, use it to contemplate cannibals.

Write a short story. Write a thousand words a day about a cannibal who writes a thousand words a day alone in a cabin in the woods and then one day he falls in love with his gardener whose name is Román (with an accent mark on the a) and then they drown together in a lake.

Use "them" instead of "him/her". Disobey grammar rules because once grammar rules ran over you're cat and youv still never forgiven him/her.

Don't confuse your reader. Don't set them up for an important message and then change potatos on the next line.

Put more stuff on this list, dammit.

One day, go outside and notice the leaves for the first time. You know that feeling? Like when you're at the movies and you realize you've been sucked into the movie for so long you've forgotten you're at the movies and then once you realize you're at the movies you can't go back? Do that, but with leaves.

Eat less potatos.

Sleep strange hours, such as 14 and -4.

Become a monkey.