

THE LIVES OF COMMERCE

*“At the origin of everything is commerce.” – Donna Stonecipher*

We were a pair of lonely and crowded sexual markets, each hinging on the social development of our various foreign outputs. Everything for me was a dilemma – imports and exports, the rational anti-rationalization towards the inherency of free will and trade. You had the opposite problem: Incoming and outgoing, your goods had been accepted so easily for so often and so long that they were of little worth to you or anyone else. We came together like two gigantic icebergs mired in a children’s empty wading pool. Nothing else to lean against, nothing else to touch. *It’s a joy selling quality products again to someone that actually appreciates them* you said with a smile. *My how money has the power to change the world to the point where now I’m finally able to see it* I lovingly replied. So much is paradise, marketwise and fleeting. And the problems that never start never stop. Then behind every window another potential partner or secret admirer, everywhere in sight a more alluring sale or possible trade.