Yes: Lauren Bacall.

A landmark, watershed moment of loss, finality.

End of an era much adored.

End of a storybook, starry-eyed romantic pair.

End of a warm, playful, and sly sort of style, grace, wit, charm.

End of a role model and path-maker for women, for people.

Too many ends.

Too many irrevocable lines drawn in the sand.

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If I were to deeply contemplate the double default lines and jagged cracks in the planet this week -- swallowing up Lauren Bacall and Robin Williams -- I'd be a wreck, and for many differing reasons...

... whole sheaves and shoals of them.

As it is, I briefly note both their twin departures and the resulting increase in gravity -- the heaviness of the air on my shoulders, the creaking complaint of my old shoes unused to this much weight on their soles.

I quickly sketch the factoids on the inside of my forehead, on my skullbone, using thoughts alone. Thus, the attempt begins, to not let these tectonic cracks and crevices get too deep inside my mantle, or assault my bedrock, or rock my core, or fissure and force their way inside my *me*.

This is the thoroughly modern, earthquake-proof way to live: try not to notice, try not to let anything go deep, try not too care too much -- try not to nod, wink, or blink in acknowledgment. Leave it for someone else.

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Factoids:

One: Distractions are great tools for not noticing, for not letting it show, for not letting it in, for not letting anything get too deep.

Two: Humans are tool-using animals.

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America, as you have no doubt noticed by now, has an overabundance of distractions. Let us not dwell on this, but, *really* now: This should not come as a surprise.

I mean, *look around*.

Nor should it come as a surprise, who we have become.

Mission accomplished.