

# "What It Means to Exodus" Or, "Brrrrraaaaawww"

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"I have consulted the Internet," the man remarks, squatting low, sorting through a mountain of tablets. He snags two and stands slowly, confidently, and I realize suddenly that he is Moses. Two iPads, cradled surely in each wrist, glow with lists.

"I have not read the Bible, but I know what it means to exodus," he pontificates.

"Exodus can't be a verb, right?" Says the man next to me. He looks impossibly old, a fleshy statue made of thin wood. A totem pole.

Moses ignores him and continues. "The almighty Google, that which knows the answer before you finish the question, which knows millions of answers in fact. That which provides us with every possible answer to every possible question... which is billions upon billions of answers!"

My head is dissolving, filling with space.

Moses increases his volume. "And you know what an infinite, uncountable number of answers equals?"

"Not a fucking thing," whispers the old wooden man, conspiratorially.

"Not a fucking thing!" Moses whoops, pretending that he said it first.

I can feel the space in my brain, fueled by subtle electricity. Lots of different electricities, mingling at every potential level. The dream is suddenly more real than real.

Moses fixes his eyes upon me, and prods his finger into my chest, except he's standing ten feet away, separated by a few motionless people. "You," he says. "You know what it means to exodus, don't you? You're already gone, eh? More absent than present?"

I try to speak, but my lips seem to be encased in a thick dough. "Brrrraaaawww," I say.

"BRRRRAAAWWW!" Moses mimics, laughing and slapping his knee, and he starts swearing incredulously. Yet the air is suddenly bbbrrrraaawwwing of its own accord. I join, but I'm not laughing. No, I think I'm gonna drown.

The senses make their exodus. The words on the tablet are nonsense, commanding nothing. All religion is silly.

Brrrraaaawww.

