

Robots

Aromas that ordinarily elicit locked memories – the smell of a towel in the bathroom of a party host sends you back through a wormhole to a June day in Fairview in the basement laundry of your odd relatives' leaky home and helps you recall the day your cousin-crush asked you to do her frilly laundry mixed in with yours – or some diesel exhaust from a groany bus while you sit behind it at a long red light on your way to a heart-hardening job pops you back to the jet-fuel smelling tarmac you walked on as a boy on your first trip anywhere, to Honolulu, when you exited the plane and were so tickled to be in Hawaii you could already feel in your hot sneakers the ocean licking your toes – are, for me, some of life's most exotic surprises and comfort me when people, experts, write with absolute certainty that there will come a day that robots can do everything humans do. A robot will never be at a funeral and get a case of the titters or know how delicious it feels to be caked in mud after an afternoon romp with your friends through the woods in West Virginia in a blinding downpour or catch the attention of another set of eyes at a concert and share, if for an instant, the secret knowledge of what it means to have blood pumping through your heart when the band walks on stage.