

Samaritans | Ekphrastic Press Release

By Izzy Casey

The day I lost my peanut butter sandwich was the worst entire day in the history of my worst entire life and the worst entire part about the worst entire day in the history of my worst entire life was not that I lost my peanut butter sandwich, but rather that my peanut butter sandwich was found where my peanut butter sandwich was found... but I digress.

Before my peanut butter sandwich was the peanut butter sandwich I lost and then found, my peanut butter sandwich was wholly in my possession.

When wholly in my possession, all the peanut butter sandwich did was lie face down on the table and just sit there, not watching me as I wept and rubbed prescription ointment all over my back.

It didn't once offer to hold my bags at the airport. Not even the day I intentionally asked the blue horse, the green horse, the grey horse, and the brown horse to run over my humerus... and then broke my humerus.

Or the day I cracked my spine in the red elephant stampede?!?! It didn't offer to hold my hand! Or offer to buy me a single red rose at the circus (which was the whole point of going to the circus in the first place — that, and to watch the lions stand up on their hind legs one by one!!!).

When I found my peanut butter sandwich, it just sat there and made eyes at me. It didn't even bother to compliment me on my perfectly healed arm!

I interviewed for that peanut butter sandwich back in 2020. I was initially drawn to the peanut butter sandwich as it operated under the premise that where there is no contradiction, there is no growth.

Now, I just wear all black and drink too much brandy as I stand up straight in my godmother's ball pit, trying my hardest not to cry.

Before the peanut butter sandwich left me, I tried to make it into what it was not.

I tried to make my peanut butter sandwich into my godmother's ball pit, but it objected.

I tried to make my peanut butter sandwich into a tray of cupcakes.

"Everybody loves a tray of cupcakes," I said after spreading chocolate frosting all over my peanut butter sandwich and sticking my 30 birthday candles in.

"Do I even have any friends?" I asked, blowing my birthday candles out.

“My cupcakes are my friends,” I said.

More than I liked eating them, I liked giving them their own names.

A name, I thought, could imbue a thing with a sense of wanderlust.

My peanut butter sandwich had always lacked, I thought, a sense of wanderlust.

But then it left me. I was happy to bid my adieu.

I mean, sure, my acrobatic license was suspended, I got a terrible haircut then shaved my head, I put my blue horse, my green horse, my grey horse, and my brown up for adoption, then instantly regretted it, I hired a school of mice to give the red elephants a case of the frights, my cousin died in hospice, I was let go from my mystery-flavored lollipop making job, I paraded my nervousness around like a best-in-show pig, and I misplaced my purple felt hat. But I was happy.

Yes, I cried every night in my pillow for six weeks straight. Yes, I lost contact with 47 of our closest mutual friends.

Who could blame me? I mean, I interviewed for that peanut butter sandwich back in 2020!

I was selected from a highly competitive pool of 25+ candidates!

“Congratulations,” said the Executive Project Manager from the Board of the Peanut Butter Sandwich Consultant Committee, “you have been selected from a highly competitive pool of 25+ candidates!”

Still, in spite of it all, I hold the peanut butter close to my chest.

I know I have betrayed myself when I feel that I am beside myself.

My father was a peanut butter sandwich.

My father’s father was a peanut butter sandwich, too.