

I try my very best to pick up all that you have left behind; a bracelet, a locket, a key. I put them in an envelope. I kiss them and hold them tight. I stitch them back together, tie them up - a nice big bow. A thing or two to be remembered. I hang them high above my head and pull them taut. Appendages of my devotion. Like the plat of a mane, no tuck or yarn can be loose. Your hair woven tight with tongues of silk thread.

I put upon you a veil. It shimmers in the sun as I stare it straight in the eye. I can't help but see it's wholeness. It's insides. I want to grab hold of everything that I cannot. The more delicate and difficult objects. The ones less visible to the eye. No matter how hard I try to pin things down, they always slip away from me. Straight from the seam of my pocket. I want to hold everything that I don't know in the palm of my hand; whisper to it, caress it, adorn it around my neck.

Some objects carry with them their own kind of death. They flake off of you and shrivel up. They shed and leave nothing but a shell. They break down, erode and disintegrate. They're awkward and shy. I breathe into them; I perform a surrogacy of sorts. They are containers of my grievance. Objects of rebirth. Relics; heightened, venerated. They are love objects, from me to you.

I never quite know where they will take me but they always seem to bring me nearer. Never quite reaching but close enough to see. Maybe I'll never arrive, or understand for that matter. It seems that some things are so pure and impenetrable that they must go in disguise. No matter how deep I go, there will never be anything true enough. Time is a loriner. He keeps you bridled at the door. Puts your shoes on and brushes your hair. You run together, blinders on, his hand in your mouth. A heavy weight in the rein.