

Binoculars

Binoculars bend time-space. They open the world, cleave it into two, and round the edges. Binoculars offer the illusion of intimacy, and they do it at a very low price. A price I can't pay, but I know someone who will help us out with our troubles. Binoculars rest on your elbows. They flatter and dismantle the friends and lovers and birds and out squirrels, rushing out of the circle eye into a fully fleshed rendered tree, away.

Binoculars are slow moving semi-automatics, letting you move in a gradual, ballet kind of way. Binoculars give you the choice, but those on the other end do not have a choice. Those include Legos, and they include long legs bent in the window. They include windows. They are windows themselves, only rock tumbled. They lens out everything, and they give you what you can't undo or unsee--the world, as it could be, over there.

Porkchops

Are sculpted pieces of human meat, are long lost gray hams. They're straw bone play food -- they're a flat wedge for us. If you say you'll do anything for a man, you have to follow through. If you want to be seen. You'll have to pick up. A knife and fork, and of coarse salt grinder. Without salt, there is no pork. A porkchop is a belly slap, a fat log, a slop chap, a slap chop pork roll pork pie belly laugh hat clap. It rests like a jaunty man, taking all the time to go in and disguise friends. This chop is a slow chop, an easy pan fry from the top down. It opens up a new segment on earth, in the field of the plate. It also takes a vision and transforms it into a reality for the senses--for one sense, that is. A sense of chewingness. This pink form informs with a good, deep laugh. Porkchops do not hold grudges. They open themselves up for your enjoyment, knowing you'll pay the price to someone else--you have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford one, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights?

The Ginger

The ginger appeals to us all. It uses a rhetoric of its own, crafted far from the far-flung corners. Like so many other women and men, it knows itself only as a casual being, an erotic exotica, kept in a curio cabinet of the Spanish aristocrat. From behind the glass it puts its hand on its hips. Elsewhere, a man says, she looks like she needs some help, and eyes the ginger, thinking only of himself. How can a food have any tastes of its own, when it is there to taste--for us, I mean. You say the ginger has an angry taste, or a determined taste, and what of itself? What does the ginger prefer? How strange, to assume that a woman has desires of her own. Yet still a piece of candied ginger moves smooth through the sphere--moves with a yielding insistence. Where did you learn to touch a man like that? We like to think the ginger has the inborn knowledge, but it has heard that question before. Of its blonde gold love. Don't ask questions like that, as it rubs a thumb joint into the base of your throat.

Pills

Pills with a wide open. Pills give you a thermonuclear chance. Pills like a flying LSD horse, pills. Pills flying off the shelves. Pills are from nature, in the end. Pills contain, and they represent. Pills capture and deliver. Pills symbolize and prosthetize. Pills, within us all, inserted. Pills are the small shades of humans. We made them in our cavity image. We decide, and we control. But pills have a stubborn streak, filled with their own plans. They save us but bring messages and agendas. Thus, they cannot be trusted, any more than you might trust a child messenger, or oh fuck. It's fine. A pill will fix me, until there's nothing left to fix. I will be taken by pills, since I am pills. I am excess chemicals, made for the consumption of hormones and additives. I myself am a round shaded pinky tip, a colorful youth solution to your woes. When I work from the inside out, I take all my time, and I take whatever else I need. Your resources are mine now, because we are together, and we are each other.

Mesh

Mesh makes a decision on your behalf. It makes a decision to go dutch. In this way, mesh is a coward--in the way that some moderates are cowards. Mesh offers more than a hint--it offers a look back in, like a time-honored time traveling showpiece. It contains with minimal effort, with minimal style. It has other hopes for itself. Mesh offers a solution to you, but it does it begrudgingly. It is unhappy with its situation, wishing for all or nothing. It has hobbies, passions, dreams that nourish it, but still it appears on us and does its thing. No one is very surprised. We know it won't gather courage. How could it? In a way, mesh is not to blame. We made mesh; we dictated the role it would play for us and what we expected. Then, we let it live itself. The expectations were low: keep this, but let me see. Now, mesh, all grown and unnoticed, is deeply affected, deeply divided. We all hope--and do not hope--it follows through. We know it can't, or won't. Mesh made its decision for us, and we made the decision for it.

Tape

Knows what it can't do. Tape thinks of the world as a long seam, curling apart like the cut rind of an orange. To tape, it is everything all at once. How can I possibly? thinks tape. Not knowing that this is the wrong question entirely. Ignore the words CAN and HOW and POSSIBLY and that'll be fine. No one understands the principle of tape, the incredible morals and the burdens. The burdens. Tape doesn't have a choice, but it tries to consider everything else it could be, the exits. We are all looking for an exist at the same time we are desperately looking to define ourselves. Who am I, what am I here for? And also, how can I be someone else? Tape is nothing but itself. It rips off itself, jagged half-inch at a time, hoping to find instructions printed on the next layer. There is no layer. It is all the same, and there is no hope for surprise or redefinition. Tape can only apply itself and hope to look outwards in the future. The whole world is a running crack, a running joke that needs correction.

Lines on the Road

Lines on the road are obviously logical, and logically obvious. They are so pleased with themselves--but who is to blame? They are suggestions, not walls. Do they recognize this? Do they know their limitations? Over-achieving, hopelessly rigid. They are only relatable when they falter, contradict, or quit. A lapse, a squiggle. Then we feel we know them truly. Otherwise we hope for their failure. Lines on the road are so damn strident, so all knowing. Oh how easy it is to have all the answers when you only know one question. They constrict and stretch; they reproduce and represent themselves adrift like melancholy dashes, strict color segregations, prescriptive remedies for complex problems. I'd wager they don't even know. How could they? Should they? Simple, stiff old classmates, thesaurus in hand, calculator watch. You're going to law school? Oh you're going to join the Peace Corps? Is your GPA good enough? Are you sure you want to do this? Lines on the Road have ideas that others gave them. They found a wheel and think they invented the car.

Umbrellas

Umbrellas are extremely affectionate, if not totally paternal. They are protective, naturally, and claim an honor over our heads. They are servants with unimpeachable dignity, taking themselves out of the equation as soon as they can. They never complain, and you won't know of a problem until they die, completely, losing all the dignity they had maintained for so long. Umbrellas pretend to be playful, and never are. They know what you need before you do. They are charitable but never ask for anything in return -- is that so? Is that the whole truth? How do they claim this? We trust umbrellas without understanding them. When a person is sick, everyone is a doctor. Everyone has a knowledge. But no one can claim like an umbrella, who knows itself. We trust it because it works for so long, because it leaves us so satisfied, so renewed in our faith and the ideas of servitude. But I make a counterclaim--I make a claim that umbrellas protest too little. I don't trust a thing that works so well and asks so little.

Sponges

100% miracle sponge, soaking up rays of god and goat milk, all available for you, if you call now, call now, take your time, fill your tank, empty your pockets, start your engines. Do it anyway, oh you. 2 minutes or less. Oh god. Don't tear out your o-ring. What I know about sponges is this: A sponge is a form of protection, it is an insurance clause, it's a way out and a way back in. A sponge matters when you matter, when you go out & think you know--do you know? How can you? How could you? You take yourself out when you put a sponge in. It is the yellow field of obstinacy, of obfuscation. It is a yellow corn of a man. A sponge takes but it never gives. It holds grudges and life in it, it takes itself seriously, it is a gatekeeper to everyone great & small. It only knows itself. A sponge is not pure poetry, but it is a false prophet. It holds the answers, but it does not ever give them back, unless you are willing to lose.

Flies

Are not at all like women. They are doubled, in that they already must know what they don't know, double of that of before. They live in a 2-D world, mostly, until they have a good chance. Prod them, if you can. Flies skitter around, skipping too fast for the human eye. Flies die everywhere they go, and everywhere they go is a sign of death. Flies are ourselves, trapped. A fly makes a spider useful, makes a child understand. Flies work for themselves, and for those under them, helping to spread like passenger pigeons of disease and bad news. 1000 flies can appear at once. You see them before they see you, or before they know you. Flies feel the air, like guppies. They move back, pushed against the wall. Flies don't know the time, or that it is--they don't know space, only that it moves to throb, moves like a pane against them. They never see the ledge nearby but they will feel it if given.

This Room

This room has style and dark gray. It is cold and heartless, but it has a warm heart on the outskirts. On the inskirts, it is thematically sound, originally smart, emotionally mature. It amuses itself. It welcomes but perplexes. It offers warm and hot to those already inside. This is how it is uncharitable. The heart on the floor spreads wide, round, and thin. The room welcomes the odd assortment of people, ranging from odd to oddity. To an oddness. You are very odd. The books on the shelves--dwarfed, forgotten, only a minor earring on this. We all try, of course, knowing what we do with the knowledge we can bring up. It is almost a loss. The room gives us a fair, average boundary, but we make choices to fit it. It isn't an open house. It's a series of windows, countertops, and pillows, a comfort station of style and elitism. Is this the place for him? It is the place for a sense of place, for words and ideas and ellipses, and for thoughts filled in.

A Haircut

A haircut holds a person in. It takes the foundation, a shape, then it knows. You might have a control, but you can't completely. Haircuts keep track of everything for you. A haircut is the face you share with the world. Like a person, it can change every day. If you don't decide, a haircut can decide for you. It makes arrangement behind your back, against your wishes. It moves down, forward. Forward is down and out. It increases & gathers materials. It does not edit itself. You have one idea and your haircut has another. You choose your haircut, until you don't -- it decides. What criteria does it use to decide? Who does it keep in mind? Where does the mind of the haircut rest? Certainly. It curls and loops out, like Play-doh spaghetti. The force is constant, it is life. It keeps going. Unlike Play-doh, there is no hand squeezing the press. You eat, breath, and it keeps going. She is dead and her head has stopped growing. I momentarily forgot I was alive, but my hair did not. Like an unstoppable curse, like a thrashing Golem -- there is no safe word.

Bumper Stickers

Have no grace. No integrity! How can I be reasonably expected--but that's neither here nor there. A bumper sticker is entitled, like so many youths. They inherit their boorishness and wear it so proudly, squared on their shoulders like a mantel. They exist to communicate to themselves, not to others. An outsider only spurs confusion. They are enviable in this way -- self-assured, idiotic, broad dumb-smiled like the sun. And yet there is a line down the middle of which they seem unaware. Is it a split, or some sort of relief line? A trapped hair or wire, impossibly dividing the bumper sticker--it is the imprint of a line, a fault by which we can peel. Make vulnerable. Ahh, a new philosophy dawns slowly, like a flashlight with old, loose batteries. Bumper stickers are open, usable, persuadable, though it is not obvious to them. All pitiable. They have themselves, they cling to themselves. In an honest way that we detest even before accepting its limitations. Still--leave the girl at home, if you're going to be embarrassed by her.