

as an aquired piece of art

raw  
spontaneous  
moving

i would choose the left shelf of the second room in the basement as a place of my own storage, taking the occasional sneak peek at the korean stewardess as she looks the other way.

at times, i would hear sounds from a movie playing in the room next door, imagining the visuals to go with it.

rarely, i would recognise your warm voice, telling a visitor about the incident of the bare handed stewardess. i would imagine the one in a million touch of the visitor's hand on my cardboard shell, asking

*what's in  
here  
?*

and your patient answer

there are  
more important  
matters on my mind  
than remembering  
every single piece  
of my collection.

every once in a while, i'd unwrap myself and move to the first floor for an extended bath. i would set the tub under water as well as some of the mosaic floor, adding fluorescent drops of essential oils from italy.

after hours of bubbles and aquatic sounds, i'd leave myself to dry in the dishevelled sheets of your bed, witnessing my aging appearance in the distortion of the Jeep.

replenished, expanded, i'd tiptoe back down the california stairs,  
right past the voices in the room with the fireplace as they are trying to figure out the *exact*  
cause  
of the  
water  
damage.

through earl grey,

past apparatus,

i'd swiftly take the last set of stairs back underground into the stuffy warmth where i belong.

i know i am the lucky one.