Butter Tendons

Inspired by "Objects" from Gertrude Stein's Tender Buttons

A SMALL TUPPERWARE

Goods uneaten are good not eaten, if uneaten then become good waste. If uneaten save for later. How is good worth saving, do all deserve another chance, a second chance, deserve more than the first one. Where the stains, wear the stains, stains from wares and houses and warehouses. Maybe imagined a scent of leftover lasagna, a scent left over of lasagna.

A THIN RULER

A curve and a circle, a curve and not long enough, a curve and potted plants, a lamppost leaning and potted plants, empty spaces, empty of curves and curved plants and a slim grey slightly bent but empty, this means an absence, a great absence, a missing, a redemption.

Marry a queen, Mary, be merry in marriage, merry with Mary, so queenly but arranged. Is it merry love, is it married love, is Mary love, is marriage love.

IN THE CLOUDS

Squish, soft, shape, slumber. A cushion has such an ornament and many more. Suppose it was without, suppose it was an empty, suppose it was a shadow blue and emptiness unnoticed.

Through the door, the elevator, slam and shut her mouth soon or we shall never reach our destination. Shoes off, please.

A LINT ROLLER

From my pants from my couch from my sweater. From the sagging armchair in the corner and the jacket on the hook, but it is never worn, but it is never worn and now it never will be worn. Sticky smooth and smoothly sticky, bubblegum, slime and highway crime. Hand might be too small to handle, might be too small for the handle and again loud voices declare too small.

TO SEE YOURSELF

What do they mean by catching the current, what is a splash and why are there bubbles.

What do they catch besides dreams and baseballs.

What is a catch.

And what is a current.

Currently wonder by what is it powered, power about it, power what they may catch, only power is not real to catch.

A PLACE FOR WATER

The places to go, the places to be, the places you are, the places you've been. Is it here. Do you fill up quickly, does the quickness quicken does it cause a flood and when you've had your fill is your food filled quickly or flooded.

A representation, documentation, a blue top piece or crinkle cut fries to seal the germs inside. A tunnel, a chamber, a closing in not keeping secrets, torpedo segmentation unbreakable but of breaking, capable.

A BATH SPONGE

A fake, a fake, a something holey but not so holy.

PANTS AND NOT BRIDGES

Pants and not bridges fall down, and when they are fallen drown. There in the genes to be grated, a great conglomeration of shredded cough drop wrappers, crumpled currency, parking tickets and a deep black basin of liquid water.

GOOD TO THINK WITH

Furrowed, creased, crooked. Chin tilts down, chin keeps tilting until blank gaze locks the door.

A BAR STOOL

Swoop swing sleek slender sit six see soft stand stone sit sit stellar. A round pancake is hardly sufficient without character. Sit up, fold up, sold up street, stool is stand, stool to stay, safely safety sitting still, stale. Care taken not to tip, not to fall so as not to have to clean up the mess. And stand. Handed straws, striped silly and striking down for unnecessary casualties, deep see, slurp it still.

MILLER'S WALLET

A bright red and not the couch, a right, bread is near, bread is near. A holding, a value, and funny little prism left.

The time to cook is the same, the same time to cook is to wear the brightest sweater. The cook decides, the cook designs, the cook knows a dog's nose. See that you see to it, a car a walk a scooter, loud music but never forget about the bills, and not forgiven for the bills.

A THICK BLANKET

A thick blanket is no place for observing oats.

BROOM

Broom is hanging. Broom in closet. Enough, enough, the closest and closer a mop a Swiffer under the stairs and swifter to clean, closely. It was not a boy, it was not and yet making no noise at all, silent the whole time and who was that boy's mother, a rainy day or extra time and desperation. Slowly, slowly, the creep of urgency, a wardrobe and encompassed by a swinging vine, a slithering rope really.

To think of something interesting, to not be relaxation, to look inside and say I feel, to chant when you are asked. Within your walls inside the mind and there no living normal no nothing ordinary.