

## Objects In Spaceterenberg

La Dispute

Yesterday alone I laid everything out on the carpet  
Books, kitchen things, objects  
With specific purpose or none  
Arranged them sideways in a grid  
On the floor there, unmoored  
Out of context and then considered it  
First the whole picture, then everything individually  
Humming along at the deadest pace imaginable  
One object, then another, and then the next  
And I wondered what they meant there  
If they meant anything still

Found notes,  
Camping supplies,  
A book you bought in the desert,  
'Identifying Wildflowers'.  
Pictures from vacations,  
From parties,  
Kitschy gifts we bought from rest stops  
On that road trip out West  
Objects,  
Everything itself  
And then memory

All of it laid out there  
In the dining room  
The living room  
The hallway, and the basement, and the kitchen  
From that room we called the office  
But never used  
In the bathroom  
Everything laid out there on the floor  
On the carpet, out of context

And I sat there for hours

Today I moved everything from the floor  
To the table in the dining room  
Placed each thing carefully without reason  
Or at least without one I understood or could describe  
There, on the table, together and when I was done  
I stepped back I realized what I had made  
Keepsakes, pictures, letters  
Ordinary objects all collected there

A memorial

And I thought of ones on highways or set by gravestones  
All the things you see there but don't understand  
But still bring a remembered thing back vividly  
Invoke someone's reality when there together  
In that place in that way out of context  
And I knew I had to take it down  
Before anybody else saw  
Tomorrow I plan to put them all somewhere  
Those things  
In boxes

Side of the road  
Attic maybe  
All these things that push and pull me through history  
To places I once was, places I might have gone,  
Places I ended up going

Postcards  
Ticket stubs from one thing or another  
A personalized coffee mug neither your name nor mine  
Phone cards and old phones  
A page from an old calendar I bought once  
At a thrift store and insisted on hanging  
That cycles of the moon print  
Photos  
Old boots of mine

Put them in boxes

And I sat there for hours  
In the living room first  
Then in the dining room  
Moving things around  
Picking things up and seeing where they took me  
To what place in history  
What moment on our timeline  
Where we were, where I was, where I thought we'd end up  
In this house or on the highway  
Driving somewhere near Christmas  
In the desert or anywhere else

And I put them in boxes