

## SONDER FOR SMALL THINGS

This afternoon I

felt Sonder for small, insentient things-

borrowed nostalgia from a stranger

while eyeing their kitchen

The kitchen

that has housed generations

To get the chipped tiles that shade of sage

And perhaps those stain-glass windows have seen a child with light feet and  
persistent itch for dancing

grow into someone's gaiting grandmother

since the popcorned ceilings didn't bother keeping a journal

I'll keep wondering-

who will tell the stories of *things*?

In the bedroom

the silver trinkets and compacts

sprawled on the vanity

Leave an outline; the stain of personhood

whirred by constant velocity

yet they sit unnerved in their plastic and preservative glory

How many borders have those rings and empty packs of gum crossed,  
unchecked?

Have they seen a matrimony? A drug induced punch up?

Who will tell the stories of *things*?

In the bathroom

someone puts their toothbrush in an etched stainless-steel caddy, befitting a  
chalice

I place mine in my childhood happy meal-cup

their soaps and capsules dressed in orange, stand like soldiers in a phalanx

Mine are falling from a yellowing tuber-ware like the French at Waterloo

they decorate the hallway walls with a desolate antique frame

mine are sinking in post-modern art

-the glories of acquired taste and sentimental nothings

it's all evidence, evidence of life.

If only you lived vicariously through a stranger's kitchen more often

Or their bedroom

Or their bathroom

A twofold pursuit

Of a philosopher and a stalker

(Or maybe just the latter)

—The duality of a girl

who looks too closely