

The cups are clean again, you can come back and fill them even though there aren't enough to hold it all and once the liquid is loosed we'll have to use our own cupped hands.

A little ruin the size of a shoebox, who will love that, squeeze it til it's unhappy and still won't leave. Who will love this world, eager to be taken apart, smuggled away in bags and handfuls. Who thinks they can keep it.

The most recent feeling with Felix's candy was that there was too much to take, the 700 lbs of black bullet-shapes in clear plastic wrappers having been distributed in a shallow rectangle about 20 feet long on the short side in the center of a cement floor instead of in the typical body-sized heap. It wasn't Ross; the only peace was at the perimeter, an even path on 3 of 4 sides. It was a war one. A body thrown apart into its molecular components and spread like sod and even that too wishful.

I sleep next to someone but still wake up sometimes underneath our heaviest pillow, my hands on its hips, smiling up past its head to the ceiling. There's a water stain, a blister that swells when it rains but never opens, my old ceiling didn't have one but it was starting to crack and we both pretended it was a river not a wet river but a river on a map and no one knew how to get out but you, and then me, years later. All animals hate being woken up.

We don't fall out of the sky, or expect to, or hope to, or even want to anymore. Tools are the body's extensions: sharper longer teeth tearing up the excavation site, spitting the dirt into neat piles, the operator himself maybe chewing, stronger more rubbery thumbs and hundreds of them, claws to open things (the teeth of the fingers), an image given edges, held outside of time, perception excerpted, finite and portable, language just a blister around the cry, a pinprick enough to make it leak, to feel the world inside, red and hot. Here, a foot is hurt, an actual thumb goes in and out, a hole is made that isn't a passage. The tools are scaled back to the small body of the kid on the floor between the bed and the wall, destroyer and repairer of worlds. The wound is a way out, and in. You live long enough to learn that all bodies are small.

Long ago we speculated that the human eye emitted actual imperceptible material that wrapped around its object of study, sensitive feelers, a web, a trap, an embrace, brief habits, that a look might hold and release, survey, tighten, get tangled up on its way out and pull half of the world with it, making a ruin. Cheerful, small, hurt, very strong. The fingers on the soft surface draw a face, part of a word, wipe it away. Nothing that matters is gone. This is what there is to love.

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for Raphaela Melsohn: Uma casa feita de chão

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