MEMORY IS THE TREASURE HOUSE OF ALL THINGS

I have a miniature, silver shovel to push the apples—*words*—across the plate. Commotion floats safely beyond the small portions.

Plaster cakes are carried by diminutive figures with turbans and silk robes who unwrap the tumbling papers, paintings or handwriting interrupted by stars and geese. Sometimes I let my eyes wander across the four landscapes, borrowed ideas about emptiness, balance, longing, passing time. Familiar feelings encumber me while I concentrate.