

Night observations

The wicker plant pot was the first to be in this room. I had years ago bought it from an elderly couple who loved wooden things and bamboo. I had put it by the big window so that the sky would somehow always lay on it. The pot was pale yellow like lion, cylindrical, meshed, with four little arched feet. The now, the new palm rose out of it in spikes which in my sight though were being haloed in the curves of the calathea that had stood in there before it, round before sharp. It lasted no longer than a year, during which I saw it move once, I looked quick, of course I'd look quick, so as to catch the sound of its leaves instantaneous with the scratch across the walls, and when I looked, quick, immediate, which scratch came from which leaf exactly, I only found a still contact to the wall. The glance is always too late on the leaf. Like how a doll stare is dull and suspiciously direct, a trite terror, a bright error under the bulb back on. Her eyes forced open because someone sat her spine up in the shelf, not even puppet, simply perpendicular doll, decided her tilt and with it the angle of her lids. I remember the shaking of the dolls to make the lids click. Up and down, their lashes hard like rain clouds, the lid opening clink other in sound than the closing. Louder plastic somehow.

But in its daily stretching my calathea satellites, continues with its subtle strokes toward that inbuilt sky outside this window which is always all and all what I catch from the couch, a touch on the wallpaper, not so much a leaf touch, rather an early, earlier touch, my touch, maybe my, as if again fingernails ran down each grain in the bumpy structure of the tapestry while you make me bite the pillow.