

Stream of Consciousness Warmup

When this you see, you'll think of me, tho' many miles we distant be, over the sea, wanting and wanting and wanting. Widows walk and gated roofs and disappearing horizons that fade into a blue and blue. For the weary winds began to rise, and I am all at sea - for the low, lands of holland entwine my love and me - one half of the ring is here with me my love and the other's at the bottom of the sea. Can you think at the bottom of the sea? Could a tumbling ring in sand and weed and oyster shell think - who will see this next, and who are we to think of? Rings and wind and the cycle of wave and the tumble, and never thinking but always thinking, it'll always think of who gave the box, many miles distant.

Close Looking Notes

- Two handed receiving, prepared a surface for the thing.
- A confusion as to side - the upside and the downside of the lettering, immediate feeling of 'this is the wrong way'
- Exploration of the sides, following the curve for any text, but finding none.
- Encountering the crack, the spidering, the exposure of the copper, the similarity to ceramic
- The wear of the bottom, the scuffs on its convex edge, the slight dirt worn into the rougher surface.
- Instruction or 'okay' to open the box, the slight press and feeling for a click
- The cradling, unable to put it down
- The mirror - focusing first on the surviving section, internally questioning mercury, then looking past
- Tilting, feeling the dust and separation of the back, glimpsing my own eye.
- Looking to the bottom - dust, dark cracks
- The corrosion on the internal edge versus the polish of the outer.
- Closing the box, returning to the lid, getting the joke.
- Post-rationalisation.

Physical Observations

Box broken cracked on the foot, spidering from the front and right side, revealing the copper of the base. Chips significant and on the right have progressed to the inside of the box.

Interior mirror backing has become detached, perhaps mercury or silver - cracked to the right, and hazy to the left, but with some reflection.

Corrosion on the interior of the hinge, but none on the exterior - edge polished.

Considered Writing

Diminutive - trifling - inoperable, easily lost. A small flirtation or obligation; they were either at the beginnings of knowing, or the drudge of having known too long. Kept on the side or quickly lost like someone given too many love letters, there may have been tens bedraggled in the draws or bottom of the pocket, tumbling in the sealing wax and string and smatterings of blotting paper and pomander.

'None I Like so well', note the like. The field still open, the first step of zeroing down - or a tired gift among gifts already given. Tender but tiny, easily lost, perhaps too small even to put a crack into properly or to even open the lid. A hurried present or airport Toblerone of a gift.

Tenderness in the ephemera however. Hand painting, brush made dots, even if they skate over the edge of the lettering in hurry - a colourist cursing the letterman at the next enamel. A base that could just as well say 'to a loving wife', but this one is mounted with a lid only to like. Like among like resting on the toy traders belly, and shot from there into a pocket or a handkerchief, and into some young hope - a fear of too serious an intention, of putting it all the way out, of exposing.

Excised from the pocket, proffered unwrapped, bumbling, with a red faced, received gratefully with a pursed lip or placed into that draw from the getgo, among too many sheaves of paper - not wasted but made less significant by the mass, at once reams and reams and reams treasured but stuffed in the back of the draw.

Becoming something or not, or moving on and bumping into that thing in that draw in the middle of the papers from time to time, either with or without, and stretching into a wry smile or a sarcastic one, or shaking the head. Testing the edge of the lip with a fingernail and finding no leverage - empty but unopenable. Giver doesn't even think of having bought it - receiver doesn't even remember where it's from.

Final Output

Trifles or toys or jewels or fancies

That scream to be loved and missed and put away in tissues

Sending your own eyes back at you and imploring you to desire and be desired, and in a fey way that they are sweetness and remembered and clasped.

Trifles and trifling, however,

and trifling things, and the turn of the head and the sneering wife, and getting the wry joke and the greasy wink

And you're 'liked', not 'loved',

And it could be any lid of fifty sayings, any eyes

And any other of the 50 on the toy-seller's belly, or any other, or any of your flirtations knocking around at the back of the draw in the old love letters.