

## **I AM IN LOVE WITH APRONS**

I am in love with aprons. Chequered, firm and ribboned. Tied behind your back, guarding, taking care. Unlike hands or wrists. You can move and shake your leg. Someone enters, you can hug them. Mind the stain, just happened. Salmon and a pea. What a thing to trust. I am the apron lover. Perfect. Goes as far as knees, wrapping and protecting.

Vertical space is tricky. It is not to be understood and obviously resents classification. Neighbors enquire, politely, after plans and scheduled behavior. Do we intrude, they say. But verticality pivots and turns on its side. And after that everyone is lost. We shouldn't have, someone notes. There is always later. And the horizon is appealing, too.

There is only little space between the bars. Framed by water and concrete, they are fixed and reliably yours. What a way to end a letter. You are writing someone in a different country. Someone pretty, with a nose and forehead, freckled and ablaze. Many days go by, and you laugh and return to your desk. Dearest. In Argentina monkeys speak.

Can you chisel yeast? And is there any point? Is it steady and to be trusted? Shouldn't consonants precede the vowels? I am in love with e's. E's are nice and horizontal. You can rest on them and find yourself, and climb from one and down. Have someone there to catch you. The light in May, then, and the weight of marbles. Yes, yes, now things happen.

Imagine being seminal. Always pertinent and spicy. Chop-sticks, glue and feathers. What a meal from heaven. There are stones in driveways. Cans in tuna. And that little girl from off and far away is smiling pleasantly, thinking Oona is pretty name. If you wave your hand, apples ripen faster. But two chairs, a kite and gloves make for a longer conversation.