

So now I ask myself, "Why do I hoard things?—things that have no possible use or meaning for anyone but me?" I think part of it is that I am too lazy to clean out my drawers, but also I want to hold on to what I was and what I did. Faintly reminiscent of Proust's "thé et petite madeleine," I can relive all the sensations of a certain time, or place, or person just by seeing a mauled ticket stub or program. Typically, I have dozens of pictures of myself without glasses, though I have worn glasses since I was nine. So my past is a little distorted. I saved only the good parts and tried to forget the rest. But it is great when I feel like somebody's instrument of torture, because all I have to do is walk in my room and things rush out at me, and I know somebody remembers and cares about me—me! It is also reassuring to know that if I ever need a '56 Buick hubcap or 1 3/8 yards of char-treuse, velvet ribbon, I will have it.

Applause

Antonio Criscimagna

Above the many cancelled faces
a man.

A trapdoor appearance.

Through the stillness
the sound of bone
being broken.

No more a man
than a ham
with limbs tied
and head bowed

no more a face.

A black hood.