

Enclosed

What's a room? What's an heirloom?

To contain something. To define its size by the perimeter, parameter. A room is an act. A performer, a room does. A room is vowels, consonants, a constriction, a making, a formulation.

Rooms are temporal, a construct, an aberration, a mirage. There is a false sense, a flask, a flash of security in a room.

A room is a baby. When a baby puts baby hands over a baby face and hides you. The room are your hands over your face. A room is pretending but a room believes this.

Windows in a room are like a romantic comedy. As soon as you see them, you know the ending.

If rooms were actually rooms, why would you need another room to get a room in? Why would a room have more than one door, if it were really a room.

A room is a rum tummy. It sloshes. If it didn't why wouldn't you put rainboots into a room instead of outside the real room. Rooms are figments.

We have all been lead to believe that rooms are actual rooms when rooms are not. There are no rooms. Cells are the way we define matter but we also say cells are porous. Rooms are cells, yes even prison.

Prison is real, don't get me wrong but what are cells? Cells are structures of selfishness. Cells are shellfish. They mean different things depending on the person but they are not things in and of themselves.

Mandela made this point and reiterated it, time after time.

It is the uniformity around the cells, namely the uniforms themselves that made the rooms and cells what they are today. Give credit where credit is due. The creditors say those in cells are cretins and are getting what's due but I doubt it. No one is due cells. If not everyone is due a room to themselves, then no one is due a cell. That's just true.

Cells are uniform, a way of dressing, some say. I say some sing. That's what I say. Some cells sing despite the uniformity. Their own tones.

One can change notes in a charged way. One can chagrin. One can capture, catapult, complain.

In principle. The principal's office is a room a cell, a warning. It's "something." This is where it starts, if you're lucky: the threat of a room begins in elementary school. When you are too small to reach the door handle. When you can't reach the shelf. When the desk is eye-level, when the closet is on all fours. When you have to take a nap on a piece of square carpet in the middle of something. They tell you: that's a room. They tell you your bassinet is a room. They tell you your crib is a room. They tell you a breast is a room. They do not say a room is a womb because in the womb you are one with her and she is not anything but love to you.

Love is not a room. Love is wide open. There is safety in the outdoors.