

The Archivist

is in the kitchen,
folding laundry
and days away
from our week.

All these images—

you, well-dressed
and uncertain,
finding the core
of your bicycle's
balance. You,

well-dressed, this time
more casual, choosing
spices, bare feet
on linoleum floor. You

and me, well-dressed and summery,
walking the dog
together on Saturday afternoon
to pick up some sandwiches

and eat them in the park,
the sun in the flowers
like stacked wineglasses

—folded

very carefully
and all put
in cupboards:

canvases,
earmarked for storage,
in the dank back rooms
of an art gallery.

DS Maolalai