

The Psychoanalysis of Small Things

Begins with this: a mythology of impressions
coming together, a stitch here, some tape
there, under the edge so no-one will
see it, or me, a minotaur, sad, crying into a fountain
by the gardenias, in the middle of all these
criss-cross lines. The moon rises. The flowers
aren't drooping but I wish they would, fingers
tired after too much wine, eyes closing
from too much light. So many broken things,
the coffee mugs, dropped ceramic in exhaustion,
silver rings bent out of shape from too much nervous
spinning, books with dense marks on the sides
of pages from thumbs too sweaty for grace,
all these littered along the long, tangential hallways.
And most of all, notice the curious omissions, gathering
quietly and looking on from the edge of whatever
the thread and tape are holding together. Look, they say.
We're memories, too. Why are you leaving us out?



ABOUT SANTINO DALLAVECCHIA

Santino DallaVecchia is the editor-in-chief of *See Spot Run*, and his own work has recently appeared in *The Timberline Review*, *Sediment Literary-Arts Journal*, and *Peculiar Mormyrid*. He divides his time among Lansing, Detroit, and Grand Rapids, Michigan.

