

In Short

I like tools.
I like spatulas.
I like good shoes
and Kikkoman soy sauce.

I like the thing
that fixes that
other thing and
the other thing
that fixes that.

I like tape dispensers
and staplers
and paper
and rolls of stamps
and paperweights
and envelopes
and photographs
of old typewriters
I no longer have to use.

I appreciate good scissors.

I like extra virgin olive oil
and cast iron skillets
and onions and garlic
and not-too-cheap cuts of meat.

I like old cameras
and competent socks
and pants that fit
and good guitars
and good-enough coffee

and swift razor blades
and pretty-good sweaters
and claw foot bathtubs
and candles and oil lamps
and fat blankets.

I like fireplaces that work
and antique rugs
hung from walls
under paintings
by obscure child artists.

I like hourglasses
and magnifying glasses
and cheap reading glasses
and prisms and
fossils and
stamps and
arrowheads and
things made of brass
—skeletons
maps
old coins
foreign coins
falling-apart books
and stairs that lead upstairs.

In short:

actual externals that in holding
or beholding ease our access
to actual internal selves.

—Matt Dennison



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