

ELEANOR STANFORD

existence adds nothing to objecthood

Is there anything redeeming about the institution of marriage? you wonder.
Your long fingers rolling a joint on your copy of *Appearance and Reality*.

Beyond appearance and reality, memory: how the glass shattered under my
husband's heel twenty-one years ago. Keeps shattering.

You seal the paper with spit, with your beautiful fingers, brush the residue from
the book.

My tongue betrothed to silence. Unable to say *yes*.