

THINGS*Robyn Groth*

*"There are no things, only relationships."*  
 —George Braque

*"This kind of show is made by squeezing."*  
 "Objects," Gertrude Stein

Throw pillow, as you sink, I sink  
 into myself. I shuffle step with you,  
 then do-si-do with side table, open  
 its drawer, I open too. *There are no things*  
 I haven't weaved into. I fill with warmth  
 holding my mug, I tremble when I hold  
 my dinner plate, I soap my hands and float,  
 land on a lamp and glow, disperse myself,  
 illuminating everything I touch.  
*Only relationships produce this kind*  
*of show.* I tell my stress ball it is loved,  
 & mutual feeling *is made by squeezing.*  
 Pillow, I hold you, and I feel embraced,  
 I slip into my shoes and I'm unlaced.