

## food for thought

according to physicists, and perhaps any especially poetic furniture salesman, she is a curtain made of individual strands of strings / the threads knot together, twisting and twining, coming together and breaking apart of their own volition / the nature of which no one is able to ascertain / her legs have been shaved with occam's razor, which she'd broken in her grip so she relented the onslaught and resigned herself to other tasks / she knows Zeno derides her, scoffs at her, and she scoffs right back / a fork is exchanged for a spork, a plastic object with curves in between the drastic divisions / a portmanteau, where an object's name is a representative combination of the names of two objects / the same cannot be said of her own name / sometimes, she does take on the literally definition of portmanteau / she wanders around and feels like an empty suitcase, gradually filling up with experiences, emotions, food / she ruminates, literally: is she a mere object or a place? / the nonexistent wind wafting into the room propagates the vibration of strings / perhaps it sounds like violin music, sarasate? but there is no audible noise / she realizes, amidst the multitude of sensations: there are more things to be cut by than there are things to cut with / too many dimensions that do not exist on this earth but perhaps on other earths in other galaxies where the foo—Cassandra, stop playing with your food! / sighing, she twists her spaghetti around her spork, mutable and stringlike.