

Between now and then and the afterthought of departure, one imagines the doorway as a frame within a house encasing the as-yet-living, and though any territory gathers space it refuses to fit in gaps between frames. Real myths of place are etched into celluloid and rolls of tape spilling over a breadbasket on the dining room table. Grandfather sits there now, hands busted open or bloated with penicillin. He reaches for butter forever in a house that floats in and out of time