

Ari Wolff

## Any Object Can Become Memorabilia

Outside the storm shelter, there is a supermarket where I go to buy canned peaches. It's not really safe to leave anymore, now that voicemail has become irrelevant, all these rumors about the sun's complicated rays. Thin skin is a human condition. What with so many first loves turning up in elevators, outside my supermarket, baskets of shiny produce and spandex in their arms. Walking toward them, one senses the spikes of a white fence, routinely erected. I'm sorry, do I know you? Welcome. This is the planet where intimacy affects the weather. It's not vanilla unless you take the other flavors out. Didn't we have sex on a piano in the theater closet once? Everything is spelled wrong in the pamphlet about how the sun can heal. Handbill, mailer, call it what you will. I believe a soaked peach can be its own kind of sun. An exhausting tremor has overtaken me. Didn't you say you wanted to fuck me forever while I squeezed your neck with that leather thing? Yes, well, anything the couch catches is worth saving.