

Nook

Nook as essentialist

A small space that is hidden or partly sheltered.

As a squeeze

In a house as open and vast as the cosmos, it is difficult to find a nook. A tiny little recess away from the busyness and frilly bits. You find yourself clambering into kitchen cupboards for respite.

Note: Laundry detergent is not a substitute for stardust.

As particulate matter

Can you sit between two halves of a conversation? Follow after the words dangling like dewdrops in the air. Mind out for their globules. Quietness hums and twiddles its thumbs, waiting for the next tongue to become restless. Here is your shelter.

As existential

What makes something hidden? In the absence of light, every small space can be a nook. There is one underneath your ribcage. Tell me what is buried in the hollows where no one looks.

As mine, not yours

Find me a space that is secret. I want to squeeze into a kitchen crevice and crackle under the weight of walls as thin as tissue paper. Let me slot myself in amongst the crumbs and the sweet little dust mites and know that here, I will never have to talk when words feel confusing in my mouth.

As ubiquitous

In every house on every street there is a perfect you-sized space tucked just out of eyeshot. Search for it and find yourself there. Don't be put off by the soot or slop. What does it demand from you?

As an oral abyss

It is your first one. Cavity turned bad. They say it is because you are simply too sweet. It is quick and painless because your nervous system is perfectly dizzied by anaesthetic. You let your tongue get lost in the fleshy vacuum that remains – dancing between your gums, wet and salty like fresh oysters. Dawdle without purpose through the slippery void. Here is your shelter.

As existential, again

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As a dreamland

I find myself frequenting the Architectural Library. I imagine how it would feel to accordion-fold my limbs and tuck myself into the bookshelf. I long to go unnoticed, blanketed by the dogeared papers, their bodies swollen with Jencksian musings. I would find lullabies hidden in all of his sketches and sing myself into an infinite, solitary slumber.

As refuge

I am scared often. But here, I fall into the arms of my mother, joyous like premature sunshine at the turn of spring.

As a pardon

I come to the nook baring all. I could turn myself inside out and my gleaming flesh and fractured bones wouldn't matter because its walls would welcome confessions like a priest.