

## The Archivist

is in the kitchen,  
folding laundry  
and days away  
from our week.

All these images—

you, well-dressed  
and uncertain,  
finding the core  
of your bicycle's  
balance. You,

well-dressed, this time  
more casual, choosing  
spices, bare feet  
on linoleum floor. You

and me, well-dressed and summery,  
walking the dog  
together on Saturday afternoon  
to pick up some sandwiches

and eat them in the park,  
the sun in the flowers  
like stacked wineglasses

—folded

very carefully  
and all put  
in cupboards:

canvases,  
earmarked for storage,  
in the dank back rooms  
of an art gallery.

DS Maolalai