

SINGLE MOTHER

Moving On is Hard to Do Sale: June 15th

Dining Table: I thought we would be in this house long enough to get a chandelier, one of those big ones that hangs from the ceiling over the dining table. But I never got around to it, and now we're leaving. Seats 6. And of those six people, one of them usually mentioned the lack of light. I sat my son on top of this table and let him play with matchbox cars because he said please with the sweet voice he knows will break any rules I've made. Also because I'm a cool mom and cool moms don't mind someone sitting on the table and playing with cars because cool moms are too busy figuring out how to rebuild their lives to worry about little things. There's now scratches on the table top, I imagine they're easy to fix, but I'll never know because I'll never bother trying.

PLATFORM OBSERVER

To the couple dancing on the platform of the L: you were both tall, elegant, composed; your very presence on the dim, thick-aired platform imbued it with an air of accidental grace. you, ivy league-posterboy handsome, wore a black sport-coat over a white collared shirt, yet seemed miraculously devoid of sweat. her face glistened a bit, which only added to her loveliness.

a bit farther down the platform, a subway performer sang "somewhere over the rainbow," in pure, melancholy tones. you engaged her in a silly, impromptu dance, spinning her, pulling her towards you. she giggled deeply, you beamed. you were both so in love, a love so pure, so genuine, so removed from the base, sweaty, violent lusts and conquests of your average subway denizen (myself included) that i was overcome. with sadness, longing, joy? i'm not sure.

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Coffee Mugs (Set of 4): For years, I had only one coffee mug. The movers broke the others in transit and so I had just the one. There was only a need for one: one cup of coffee in the morning, a splash of milk and two cubes of sugar. He knew how I liked my coffee; it was one thing I loved about him. A friend

came over one day and laughed at the single mug in my cabinet and then forced me to order more.

"There will be other people in your life that drink coffee, hun." That's what she said. Hun.

Anyway, I quit drinking coffee the year I finally quit him. I don't miss it—him or the coffee. I won't miss these mugs either. (Sold as a set because even if you're single, there will be guests...guests who don't want to leave you alone, and so they stay up with you all night while you mourn all that you've lost and plot out all that's to come and before you know it, it's 3 am. They'll stay the night and in the morning they will want some coffee.)

MUSIC THRIFTER

I was looking for blank cassette tapes at the thrift store to make some mixtapes of my own when I found yours. Labeled only on the tape itself, The All Mixed Up on one side and Fall In Love With Me on the other. These are the kind of thrift store finds I always dream of. I bought your mixtape plus a blank one for a dollar and went on my way.

There was no track listing, which made the mystery all the more intriguing. You never know what you're gonna find on a blank mixtape.

I definitely fell for you by the time I started side B, A Smiths cover song leaked over from side A. And by the time the Yo La Tengo track started to play as a parting gift on side B I knew I had to find you.

I'm not sure how your relationship played out, or who that tape was meant for, but I feel like it's only fitting for me to give back to you. Mix tapes are very sentimental. And even if you don't want the tape back, I want you to at least know it's in good hands. You might not even exist, or you might exist in a completely different time. And that's ok. I found your sonic diary in the same batch, bits and pieces that go on for 20 minutes, travels and sounds you've heard. This might not be you but I believe in the power of mysteries.

I might not ever find you but I'd like to. Tell me who else was on that tape. Tell me which artist you put on there multiple times, I found another cassette mix with just that one band too. I'd like to hear what else you can make, and maybe make you a mix of my own.

I'll be waiting...

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Children's Wooden Globe: One spin and we picked a place. Funny how life can work that way if you let it. There are beaches where we're going, and I can't explain to you how desperately my toes have missed the touch of sand, and how my tongue has missed the taste of the sea. Even though I'm scared, I know this is part of the plan. Live. Hurt. Heal. Repeat. New York City is no longer for me; I've done what I came here to do. I've grown up and I've outgrown it and now I'm tired of stepping over shed skin.

"You are not a tree, move." I read that on a graffiti-covered wall in Chinatown. So that is what we're doing. Moving out. Moving on. And if I can do it, maybe you can too.