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The Objects of Affection

John Bensko

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The Objects of Affection

If you guessed misery, you’d be wrong. What they invoke is more like regret, combined with desire, the openly awkwardly, grasping, inability to let go, and the aesthete’s pure love of worthless form. Thus we say,

I do. The rings are exchanged, the choir swells to victory. Rice is thrown, the church emptied. Where shall we go? To the nice and exotic, though they should be mutually exclusive. Once there, the object develops among palms and sand the panoply of habits we have known and ignored. Gracefully,

nostrils are picked. A drone of voice is perfected. Latent love of awful music finds a home.

This is not what we meant when we said, I do. Now, we don’t, and the affection, with the object, remains. Is this the perfect want? The having, yet the needing? The living body and the haunt? It flits down the hallway, receding.