

*enters the room*

The man who enters her room to walk around it walking around picks up an object to inquire after and lays it down, and then another, and another, failing each time to find the thing that he is looking for——for he has only his arm by which to know the real weight of it, his palms the shape, his whole hands the texture, turning each over until he has touched every surface), making acquaintance with a merry array of objects, and all the while with a little edge of wry because of the certain disapproval he holds for every object contains within it the question of why she had selected it, which weighs on him a little, or that's how she looks at it, watching him, and imagining how he would undress her, article by article, examining each part as if it were emerging from a sleeve, or bra——that brass elephant, for instance. Sometimes he asks a question; the tile, she offers, was purchased in Amsterdam, and over there there's a clay egg the color of putty.