

drawer
by shahan assadourian

I'm a drawer. That might seem obvious, look around you. But I'm also a drawer. You know, The kind that stores belongings. A hidden compartment. If you could toggle a switch in your mind to only see the things something contains it would be a bunch of stuff floating in the air all clustered together. On the outer and more visible crust there is; A random key, some marbles, an envelope that's been ripped from the side instead of from that part that gets licked (somehow it's more efficient), irreversibly tangled headphones, pens, screws, my birth certificate, an empty bottle, dust. Just past this outer layer there are various small parts of something that is existing somewhere else forever incomplete, and more dust. There's a secret third layer, but it's almost totally impossible to see through all the stuff. But something is undulating. And you sense more dust. The things I end up keeping and holding onto are often so unimportant versus the things I end up actually losing. Somehow I can't allow myself to part with this object I can not even properly name. There's always a way of orienting things to fit inside.

As a drawer, the kind that drags pigment on a surface, I am wondering about something. When I draw, when does it really end? The graphite left on my fingers, is that my drawing still? When I breathe in the particles after dusting off my desk. I touch him and it gets on his skin, is he my drawing now? I couldn't come up with a drawing that beautiful. I wash my hands. I watch the graphite dye the bubbly water and go down the drain in the lovely swirly hurricane way that I love to see. There goes my drawing, lingering on the pipes overtop of the layer of lead that has been there for almost a century. I read that graphite is non-toxic and highly stable. I like to think of myself in this way as well. I wonder if covering the interior of pipes with graphite would cancel out their innocently toxic qualities. I wish I could open up each pipe in the great underground of this city. Maybe the random key in the drawer that I envision myself to be can open them up. I'll open each pipe like a treasure chest, lifting its lid to reveal the nastiness inside. And I'll just draw on it. That would fix things. Instead of the black graphite texture, my instrument will scrape off the poisonous and waxy yellow buildup and reveal the original shine of these brand new leadless pipes. Just like the Mr Clean Magic Eraser. When I am done I will do one final unnecessary step, because I am an artist. I will paint words on the exterior of the pipes. "Don't be afraid of me. I am fixed. I am safe. Use me without paying a price. Trust me." and things of that nature. I had to paint the words from a first person perspective because I realized just now that I am not only a drawer and also a drawer but I am also everything I do and am compelled to do. I am also the entire plumbing system of Montreal.

When you are a drawer and realize there are things inside you you don't need anymore, you have to shed them. Let go. It's poison now. Bye. What you'll find is that when it occurs to you to get rid of that ripped empty envelope, the bottle, the marbles, and all the other things you don't need, you can get rid of them. I forgot to mention earlier that, and even though I am humble about this, I am also a member of the X-men. I'm actually Cyclops. And I have laser vision. I open myself up and gather everything I don't need from inside of me. I put everything on a giant novelty sized target that's laying on the ground. I remove my protective eyewear and with a zap, I blast the entire collection to smithereens. It left a pile of ash. I come closer and examine the remains. I'm not crying, there's just smoke in my eyes. I crouch next to the steaming pile of what once was me. I get some on my fingers. It stains, kinda like graphite. Maybe I can use this to draw!