

8 tall filing cabinets, some still have  
folders and labels

room: big open room

poem: tall soldiers, standing guard  
over past records  
made gluttonous, stuffed overfull



4 dense looking folders with paper labeled  
“enterprise communications server”

room: big open room

poem: some one read every word  
in every page  
of the teeth lined in rows



1 old phone with lots of slots for putting  
people on hold or for voice mail. some  
labels are; CHARLIE SUPER,PARTS,SUSAN  
,PERSONNEL,

room: big open room

poem: charlie called yesterday  
asking for parts  
wishing for susan



# 1 fat empty binder

room: big open room

poem: cusp of information  
creating empty space  
triangles of memory



1 plaque commemorating Randal Knibbe in his  
1st place prize in the international student  
paper competition

room: big open room

poem: Randal Knibbe was a great boy  
competing in the International Paper Competition  
displaying his prowess at what  
nobody remembers



1 empty biggby coffee cup

room: big open room

poem: Spotted remnants collect  
on the edge of the lid  
behind the orange straw



## 2 big binders with complicated looking contents

room: big open room

poem: Intimidation is embodied  
In a rectangle inflated  
with its own sense of importance



# 1 big mirror

room: big open room

poem: a layer of dust clouds our eyes  
piercing gaze straining  
to see our own faces





assorted what looks to be supplies to create cubicle  
spaces

room: big open room

poem: disassembled and rendered  
impotent, clattered metal  
bars and soft fabric walls  
engage us no more



# 1 large poster; THE ART OF RECYCLING

room: big open room

poem: Please show us the art  
that is to be found  
in the resurrection



## 2 mouse traps

room: big open room

poem: Death metal houses for those who are not as large,  
the undesirables.



# 1 unknown metal implement

room: big open room

poem: Ignorance confronted  
by physicality yields  
ambiguity



# 1 unknown plastic implement

room: big open room

poem: Ignorance confronted  
by physicality yields  
ambiguity in plastic



## 4 rolylly chairs

room: big open room

poem: Noble office work horses  
carry their riders to  
new Excel worksheets  
and a list of tax returns



## 2 boxes of cardboard

room: big open room

poem: One holding the other  
a meta image  
cardboard box holding the potentiality  
for more



# 1 paper shedder

room: big open room

poem: Confetti maker  
contributes to the best  
office parties





## 2 curtains

room: far kenzie room

poem: They are the only home-speaking objects present,  
but they speak home like a hospital blanket speaks  
home; halfhearted simulacra



1 pair of metal shoe guards

room: far kenzie room

poem: Cold feet lead to heavy legs

Clank

Heavy legs reach up to the next

Clank



# 10 brown chairs

room: leather floor room

poem: They have mold growing on their covers and begin  
to come alive, I watch as their surfaces break  
down; renew.



# 1 issue of the wall street journal

room: leather floor room

poem: Covered in plastic, its new, never opened,  
but these words are not eternal  
Old News.



assorted lots of blue prints not for this building

room: leather floor room

poem: Organized in rolls

Placed carefully upright

square spaces for rounded thoughts



## 3 rugs

room: leather floor room

poem: Fake oriental rug  
covers leather tiles.

Who thought this was a good idea for a floor?



# 1 unknown plastic alarm looking thing

room: leather floor room

poem: Mysterious in your beige  
plastic covering. “On”  
button, “cancel” air vents hum



# 1 ameritech phone book

room: leather floor room

poem: Almost succeeding in creating a perfect  
cube--minimalism at its finest  
yellow pages offer up their inked contacts





# 3 wells fargo propaganda book

room: leather floor room

poem: For the good of Wells Fargo  
For the good of the world please  
speak straight



# 1 flower cup

room: leather floor room

poem: small glass cup

you never held flowers

office supplies and the occasional sipped water

are all that has met your smooth interior



## 2 highlighters

room: leather floor room

poem: twin markers in screaming color  
shout to be heard  
in a sea of lineation



1 opened original coffee-mate flavoring single pack

room: leather floor room

poem: alone, abandoned mid pour

the user only needed half of your contents

and left you as they moved out of their occupation



1 almost finished thing of tiny post-it notes

room: leather floor room

poem: three left for purple post-its  
ten for green  
a preference made clear



1 unopened pack of sugar

room: leather floor room

poem: health conscious employee refuses to add sugar to  
his half cream-half coffee concoction



# 1 stack of napkins

room: leather floor room

poem: Light papers, proclaiming festivity  
or at least alluding to the potential  
their white unused faces  
like the face of the pretty receptionist  
blank



# 1 rubber band

room: leather floor room

poem: Dirty, irregular circles  
full of potential elasticity  
hang limply, like dark eye circles





2 wall street journal issues in plastic bags  
,july 6

room: leather floor room

poem: July Sixth, recorded, analyzed and preserved  
placed in plastic and amongst like members.



1 issue of recycling today(jan 2009)

room: leather floor room

poem: Recycle today, in January  
in colors of the early 2000's  
in belief that something good will come



# 1 issue of lands' end holiday special (2004)

room: leather floor room

poem: Here for your holiday gifting needs  
Waiting to be picked and placed on  
every kitchen table, then leafed through  
and marked and sent back, over the river  
through the woods.



## 2 2012 wells fargo wall calendars

room: leather floor room

poem: For you to pass the time, the year  
two thousand and twelve small square  
each day stamped with the logo  
of your corporate overlord



# 1 box of wall street journal newspapers

room: leather floor room

poem: boxed walls organize the jumble, the overwhelming,  
cacophony of thin papers  
carrying inked letters bearing  
the weight



# 1 plunger

room: the second kitchen with significant water

poem: Waiting under the sink  
within closed cabinets  
a lost rubber bottomed stick  
searches for meaning



## 2 mouse trap

room: the second kitchen with significant water

poem: Death metal houses for those who are not as large,  
the undesirables.



1 packet of unopened Dixie crystals

room: the second kitchen with significant water

poem: Dixie Crystals® sweeten drinks  
Dixie Crystals® sharpen minds  
Dixie Crystals® make waistlines grow  
Dixie Crystals® come from below





# 1 fire extinguisher

room: the second kitchen with significant water

poem: cherry red bursting into fluffy  
white foam making noise  
calming heat  
cooling rooms



3 gallons of semi gloss enamel

room: westowon room

poem: Metal tins covered with drips  
of semi-gloss enamel  
like the enamel of teeth  
hard, shiny, and brown



1 half gallon of semi gloss enamel

room: westown room

poem: Small baby teeth

rot

fall out and still carry their half  
gallon enamel covering



## 5 hangers

room: westowon room

poem: coat skeletons imitating shoulders  
the curve of a body  
craving textile covering to hide their  
immodesty



# 1 mini filing cabinet

room: westowon room

poem: small box for small papers  
eats only letter size  
full quickly, compact stomach



# 1 table cloth

room: the room next door

poem: Grandmother's table dressing  
used to salad dressing, covering water marks  
now hiding plywood.



1 glass jar full of screws

room: the room next door

poem: do not dump out  
careless worker  
do not throw at ground  
sharp edges pierce skin



1 desk organizer with nail clippings and  
staples

room: the room next door

poem: remnants of obsession

clone the worker--keep the desk organized  
staple the paper





# 1 paper organizer

room: the room next door

poem: holding papers keeping straight lines  
the paper cuts are parallel  
thanks to you



## 2 paint roller(hardware)

room: the room next door

poem: phallus for painting the walls  
inserted into fuzzy roller  
wet drips  
covering walls



# 1 roller

room: the room next door

poem: condom for commercial painter  
more about movement rather than safety



# 1 extender

room: the room next door

poem: metal arm for spidery corners  
human body made transcendent  
to reach the four drywall intersections



1 counter/wall

room: the room next door

poem: McDonalds has both



# 1 roll of tape

room: the room next door

poem: rolls away, escaping this mortal existence  
taping together impurities, mending the  
brokenness of the world



# 4 little wood scraps

room: the room next door

poem: small pile  
small fire  
big problem



# 1 2012 hanjin shipping calendar

room: the room next door

poem: Why are you here, what backpack carried your presence to this space, which briefcase enclosed your secrets. Odd Asian shipping calendar you confound me.





# 1 lima bean rolling table

room: entry

poem: rounded shape on rolled wheels  
moveable table travels swiftly



# 1 small wooden shelf

room: entry

poem: Small and familiar shape  
Squares with lines and  
warmth of home



1 sticky mouse trap

room: entry

poem:



# 1 vending machine

room: entry

poem: I wonder what the man who fills them thinks.  
I wonder if he has a favorite one, if he pets the  
humming beast as he feeds it, saying lullabies  
like old farmers “coosh, coosh.”



# 1 table

room: entry

poem: we split the atom  
now we're splitting food  
and wrapping it in plastic  
and perfume



# 1 podium

room: gung ho

poem: Speak loud, speak up  
may voices ring and return  
bring life to old words  
present us with new



# 1 small filing cabinet

room: gung ho

poem: small files filled with small thoughts  
holding short stacks  
standing on tiny stools



# 1 map of gr

room: gung ho

poem: spread across the wall like  
butter spread on toast  
the map has impact  
changing the way we see things





assorted blue prints in corner

room: gung ho

poem: hide the blue prints in the  
corner, don't let anyone see.  
keep your voice low and quiet  
shield them in the trees



## 2 nice folding rolling tables

room: weird back room with wires

poem: place in the far back with  
wires surrounding  
a yellow table sits, waiting for use



# 1 light cover

room: weird back room with wires

poem: lampshade sits alone  
turned over  
burned around the edges,  
suggestion of light



# 1 opened box with florescent bulbs

room: weird back room with wires

poem: long thin glass casements  
buzz when put in  
shatter when dropped



1 big box plus 4 floating air filters

room: weird back room with wires

poem: floating air filters

wander in search of dirty air  
sometimes they mistakenly  
cleanse dirty minds



# 1 tool box with misc electronics

room: weird back room with wires

poem: handle ready to be picked  
box latched shut  
full of unknown useful looking things



1 rolling metal shelf chock full of wires and  
shit

room: weird back room with wires

poem: chock full

wires springing out of the sides, overflowing  
from above

will it even roll down the hallway?



# 1 light bulb

room: weird back room with wires

poem: bring us light for our minds  
lets us study late  
fucks with our circadian rhythms





# 1 box full of water damaged papers

room: weird back room with wires

poem: no longer damp, though you were once  
i wonder if it was sad when you got soaked if  
anybody cried  
or if it was just another leak  
messing up the records



# 1 empty plastic container

room: weird back room with wires

poem: i wonder what led me  
to write down everything  
because there is nothing poetic in this



## 2 hand cutters

room: weird back room with wires

poem: chop chop

slicing through string and wire  
it could probably cut a finger  
if we're not careful



4 boxes with outlet covers and the like

room: weird back room with wires

poem: outlet covers have little faces  
of people screaming  
that's why we plug things in them  
to shut them up



# assorted wires with boxes

room: weird back room with wires

poem: not boxes with wires  
but wires with boxes  
the wires are the important thing here



# 1 box with vent covers

room: weird back room with wires

poem: box with vent covers piled in  
they sit up on the ceiling looking down  
over life's proceedings



1 box of dry wall

room: weird back room with wires

poem: drywall makes more walls makes boxes makes homes



## 2 nice chairs

room: weird back room with wires

poem: odd

the level of quality  
in such a place as this





assorted replacement metal things for the ceiling  
tiles to sit on

room: weird back room with wires

poem: metal skeletons hold us together  
hold us to gether now  
we pray



# assorted misc blueprints

room: weird back room with wires

poem: scattered throughout the building  
you would think it was an architecture firm



1 unknown blue metal contraption that kinda  
looks like an engine

room: weird back room with wires

poem: the curves and angles are new  
i would never venture to guess their purpose  
vroom vroom



# 1 plastic trashcan

room: weird back room with wires

poem: rounded edges

holding refuse

why didn't we use this before



# 1 metal/plastic desk

room: weird back room with wires

poem: too heavy to move  
it is stuck forever  
in the back room  
with the whispering wires



assorted misc screws on floor

room: weird back room with wires

poem: screws on the floor, not screwing on the floor  
important semantics



# 1 roolly chair

room: 1st office

poem: freedom down hallways  
wild ride  
rodeo



# 1 roolly chair

room: 3rd office

poem: freedom down hallways  
wild ride  
rodeo





# 1 disembodied light

room: 3rd office

poem: floats above the mouth of an angler fish  
beware



# 1 plastic tree outside

room: 3rd office

poem: simulacra of nature  
the staple of offices everywhere  
they don't ever realize  
it always looks bad



# 1 table

room: kitchen

poem: the kitchen table brings us together  
peanut butter and tortilla  
apples and avocados  
friendship found in food



## 5 office chairs

room: kitchen

poem: stained and sodden,  
they furnish our kitchen  
the remains of cubicle life  
infiltrating the studio



# 1 roly chair

room: kitchen

poem: the roly chair in the kitchen  
the kings seat



1 american flag and flowers in vase

room: kitchen

poem: american and funeral flowers  
seems fitting



1 glass Christmas jar w/ decor

room: kitchen

poem: glass christmas

i gave you my heart

but the very next day

it wasn't christmas anymore



1 gung ho first aid kit

room: kitchen

poem: for when office camaraderie gets too  
dangerous





# assorted hangers

room: hallway closets

poem: because no two coats  
are the same  
out of stores  
occasionally



1 box half full of kimwipes

room: hallway closets

poem: keep kim clean

wipes

for kim

i bet you could use them though

if you want



assorted paper organizers with numbers labels

room: hallway closets

poem: offices have more organizers than people  
this is weird



1 opened can of what looks to be black paint

room: hallway closets

poem: to paint everything you love  
the color of your heart  
because if you hurt  
maybe everything else should too  
but that is sad  
and selfish  
and i like green more



2 opened cans of grey paint

room: hallway closets

poem: at least  
it is not  
a can of  
whoop ass



1 box of interesting metal pieces

room: hallway closets

poem: sorry

not interesting enough

to

not be in the closet



# assorted more blue prints

room: hallway closets

poem: this build has a lot of  
blue prints  
you should see them  
there are a lot



# 1 bag of trash

room: basement

poem: this must be important  
if it is still here  
I want to throw it away





## 2 chairs

room: basement

poem: for butt cuddling only  
but sometimes to stack,  
out of the way  
when you don't want to cuddle



1 box of old newspapers

room: basement

poem: why are these still here  
hoarders



2 old computer monitors, one is hooked up

room: basement

poem: one is hooked up  
the other is jealous



## 2 table

room: basement

poem: for eating around  
meeting around  
dissecting on and  
wrestling on  
but  
my friend won an arm wrestling match in  
miami on one  
not any of these ones though



## 2 old paper coffee cups

room: basement

poem: when the hell did we run  
out of coffee  
is it still gone  
i need more  
why didn't they share  
but shared the evidence



## 4 rubber bands

room: basement

poem: non musical mostly,  
but mostly weaponry like  
a gun made from a hand,  
using physics  
but musical when strummed  
i guess



# 1 bulldog clip

room: basement

poem: what is a bulldog clip  
i know what a  
bulldog is  
it is cute



# 1 paper clip

room: basement

poem: i bet you its a recluse  
paper clips  
are usually found with  
large groups  
in the wild





assorted papers explaining the use of various  
programs

room: basement

poem: what

a

hard thing to understand

its

worse

than

a

rock



# assorted rags

room: basement

poem: finer than a gown,  
a tux,  
or parasol  
for cleaning



# 1 card board box shelf system

room: basement

poem: systematic oppression for cardboard,  
think outside the bun says  
taco bell  
these boxes are not  
buns



# 1 metal table

room: basement

poem: medical schools could use this  
to dissect cadavers on  
we don't do that here  
though  
it was once  
in theory



1 mostly used spool of red wire

room: basement

poem: tie a bow after tying up loose ends  
like maybe on  
something that's easy to tie wire around



2 long 2x4,

room: basement

poem: future tree house  
never to be built.  
because, i bet,  
we aren't allowed.  
society is no fun



2 metal poles

room: basement

poem: would it still be a pole  
if it was wooden



# 1 wood stick

room: basement

poem: to poke your friends with  
when you're  
sad  
cover it with  
dog slobber first





# 1 flat shovel

room: basement

poem: sometimes for dog shit  
probably not  
here



2 empty can of sprite

room: basement

poem: i have no quip for this one  
i wonder if  
paul knows this is hard



1 box of wires labeled save

room: basement

poem: save for impending doom  
for when there's no more wire in the world  
we'll be ready  
(don't tell them that  
we have their wires now)



# 1 cubicle wall

room: basement

poem: i hope you're mentally stable  
because this is hell

i hate offices



# 1 broken wheel cart

room: basement

poem: maybe its a drink cart dismantled  
sorry this party is  
non alcoholic, this is an educational institution.  
realistically this was probably to transport  
mail or something office like



4 bits of wood that look like replacements for  
the floor in the big room

room: basement

poem: wooden tile  
pile  
not a pyre to burn  
witches on



1 blue print of the building!!!

room: basement

poem: use this  
to be the best  
in hide and seek



## 2 filing organizers

room: basement

poem: not a cabinet but  
more organized.  
probably for cabinets





1 print, framed

room: basement

poem: office art.  
classic,  
and probably purchased at  
mejier.



assorted boxes and boxes of misc metal bits

room: basement

poem: we didn't use these for the installation  
I don't think



1 big roolly metal cylinder

room: basement

poem: a barrel for burning  
wheels for moving  
because  
why not



1 metal vent holder thing

room: basement

poem: what the hell is this  
thing  
holder  
vent  
metal



# 1 yellow bucket

room: basement

poem: yellow like the sun,  
it's still a bucket.



# 1 big metal box

room: basement

poem: I bet it's not pandora's  
morgan opened it  
nothing happened  
it just smelled weird



1 space heater (another!)

room: basement

poem: to keep the cold from  
turning you  
blue



# 1 unknown metal box

room: basement

poem: don't open it  
it might be pandora's





1 wooden box labeled "EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT"

room: basement

poem: don't be empty I need something  
please have beer  
this is an emergency



# 1 fan in 2 pieces

room: basement

poem: what a violent thing for a fan to be  
two pieces  
how can they still (love) be a fan with their  
whole body  
if its not connected



1 big fire extinguisher

room: basement

poem: for big fires

ONLY

especially chemical ones



1 metal podium labeled "PROPERTY OF G&L CREDIT UNION"

room: basement

poem: do unions die with companies  
that's sad



# 1 roolly metal shelf

room: basement

poem: metallic dreams

made to hold things

maybe not various ice creams



# 1 ceiling fan

room: basement

poem: keep your cool  
when your dumb job  
makes you  
sweat



# 3 can of paint

room: basement

poem: i hope its red

we could paint like Ana Mendieta  
with blood



# 1 plastic Christmas tree

room: basement

poem: fa la la la la la  
why did  
they  
leave this  
here





2 large wood pieces

room: basement

poem: carve them into  
something we'd care about



assorted metal poles that are varying sizes

room: basement

poem: they have yet to build the  
dungeon  
but the parts are there



# assorted large lightbulbs

room: basement

poem: we could throw a rave  
if someone stands by the switches  
and flicks forever



1 empty Maxwell coffee tin

room: basement

poem: (a car hit it)  
in the middle of the street  
our house



1 plastic tub with boiler changeover procedure  
and a can of squirt

room: basement

poem: barbie's bath with  
confusing instructions.  
I hope this isn't actually  
a child's toy.  
why is it not beer  
?



1 box with what seems to be trash

room: basement

poem: it was kept for a reason  
keep keeping it



## 2 pink canisters of something

room: basement

poem: maybe toxic  
bubble gum pop  
drop drip  
plop



# 1 old broom

room: basement

poem: from the crotch of a witch  
to our humble abode





# 3 boxes of papers and plaques

room: basement

poem: not trash but maybe keepsakes  
paper for cushion  
what is important here



## 8 filing cabinets

room: basement

poem: endless mountains  
mounted in  
drawers  
labeled



# 1 sliding closet door(replacement)

room: basement

poem: protecting those  
maybe scared.  
here,  
probably abandoned.



1 wooden shelving unit

room: basement

poem: to have and to hold  
maybe rectilinear



## 3 replacement doors

room: basement

poem: stand in for  
when a place is empty but  
there are none.  
remain ready

