

The Auction

**MARIANNE
MORRIS**

08 BRAND

Nobody starts out wanting an auction but you make them come round, but there's little inevitability there, no guarantee that sleeping lovers wake to love.

A disturbing hint of milk and our carnivorous stage manager is shouting about the auction we are having, the one no one wants.

As he descends he becomes authoritatively beautiful all right. A woman appeased by pink bids exuberantly for a submission of which she is unaware. This is a wager on certain events whose significance deflates in aristocratic lunch parties but recovers when, during the costumed drinks

a heap of bodies piles up and someone has to be taken into confidence. Once, you were young and unbroken, possessed of a submission that had not yet been allocated.

A man's body descends for a seat, his cool hands certain of wanting and temporary light. What brews is an emaciated lust you buy back with the fire of your bid. Try to blame the cold sweat on your last real lover, recall doing each other in speech. The bid swarms accidentally where you fanned your face. How much do you want it. Take me to the shop. Now I get on the train. Now I wait for you for dinner again. The stage manager glistens at the forefront, recalling

KY. You can say anything, your bid can say any thing and your emails can say anything, but you yourself sit in back of the kitchen. Now banish wishes from language, they take up space, and time. I will never be where you think you find me, and if I were to find myself as skin growing hard over a wound of no origin you would be the last to know. Everyone wants to use an author as a mirror but the hottest temperatures generate in complicity.

You did not really want to bid, only witness it going down, this little lie, the memory of perverse pleasure buried in an embrace that takes breath away. Eventually it will bust out, like pressurized cream among fingers. The bidder has not nearly enough to throw away, and the text that will never be framed rests living in the soul of whoever cannot let it go.