

Chopsticks

I like the way they work, two separate sticks good for nothing by themselves, when hinged by thumb and fingers open/close like a diving bird plunging from the air, the food in beak taken to the hungry waiting mouths of young. I like that one stick never moves, is always waiting, perfectly composed, while movement is the only state the other knows. I like the chatter, clicking back and forth, small talk over the meal. I like the way they rest against the dish, sometimes touching but usually apart, each lost in dreams of how they joined, the food they brought, the press/release of tips, the fleeting kiss.

Robert Rothman