



Photo by Dave Sharpe

Place Settings

She likes to play house with paper plates and fine china; shelved wedding gifts gather dust saved for a special occasion—the celebrations she envisions, but rarely cares to entertain.

Her saucers and cups sit pretty, symbolic of civilities she imagines will come around some day when she meets the right quintet of people who will appreciate refined qualities

in quantity. She amasses white bone and silver lines, silks softening the stack of potential cocktail company she stores for a future time, place,

her calling. Still a work in progress, she gathers arrangements on sale, wagering today's canned beans

on tomorrow's fresh caviar. She waits for the moment when chargers will ignite

a reaction and reflection of something real.

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