

Memory Loss
9.6 - 15.6
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Draken II
Pelican Self Storage
Fridhemsplan 27



The lock tends to stick, so I swivel the key with a string of short jerks. This way you can feel each pin shifting to the upper margins, followed by a pulse signalling its release. A second hand leaps overtop. Crossing up and over, it dispenses hollow clicks all along the switch. Upon the fourth tap or so, the latch retracts and the gate propels itself outward.

The first skin peels aside to reveal a second, between which the left foot wedges and scoops. Meanwhile the upper half, cradling a tower of buckled crates, pivots against the clock. Using the tailbone to keep the hatch propped, I make a pause. With a backwards thrust, the stack swings southwest and feet follow. From right toe to left heel, weaving two steps like course twine and shuffling into the northeast corner. Three cardboard boxes hit the floor; freeing hands to pat thighs, pinch waist and scour around.

Whereas most rings host a procession of keys, this article comprises one.

Beside it hangs a chipped swipe card and an oily wooden brick with bevelled edges. The wood looks something like a notched stick of butter, softened on its way home from the shop.

This old clod merely asks to be remembered. As fingers sift from crevice to crevice, brick taps chest and all the nerves dampen.



The picture now staggers, like misplaced footing on a train which hurries. With knees bowed and stomach crimped we recoil into the present. Still hunched, I steer the card on an oval track. It glides between partitions to snap backwards and complete the circuit. A small glowing figure, its feet firmly planted, flickers into motion. With a subsequent hum the second skin splays flush and the room begins to float.

Grieving the loss of something which begs not to be forgotten and in the same instance being pacified by its return. An ordi-

nary shoelace, swaying from the neck as to forego stupor, keeps the bundle taut.

The hall to which the shaft arrives feels crisp but smells stale. Having originally been built as vaults for grain, the rooms still seem to retain their odor. The contents here and now, a family of bandaged and indiscernible forms, suggest complacency with their home. They're all pickled splinters and rot in deferral. Gauze brambles in one corner and petrified stains beneath the shelves. One trusts that the room has always played host to drowsy crops, placed on ice to prolong their expiry dates.

The scene plays out like this with regularity, give or take several details. In some instances the exterior gate is braced by an iron rod and in others the brick might fall to skip across the floor. Occasionally a second set of hands swivel the knobs and tap the buttons. In any case, the segment's metered rehearsal imbues the muscles with a dull and ruminative ache. It's between pangs that remembrance tends to happen. Time tumbles the scrapes, leaving their edges soft. In eventuality the mass all unfurls into a handful of indistinguishable pellets. They're the type of thing you might lay atop the sideboard or bedside table.