

## Found Objects

Chloe's apartment was full of found objects, items she picked up from the beach, or from the side of the highway as she walked into town. The chrome hubcap nailed to the inside of her bathroom door reminded her of the way a mirrored lake looked when a fish broke its surface to feed. She had made a hanging mobile from sea urchin shells, driftwood and a crab claw. It hung from the ceiling in the corner of her kitchen. Bob, her long ago boyfriend told her it was unsanitary. She liked unusual shapes and found ways to incorporate things like the rusty iron horseshoe and the old blue medicine bottle she discovered one day while she gardened into glued-together pieces. She called them sculptures and displayed them at the Saturday farmer's market.

One day a man stood in front of her table under the white tent at the market and looked over the assorted pieces: a polished muffler pipe, an old cracked leather shoe without its laces, a baby doll head with frizzled hair and staring blue eyes, the dried-out tail of a raccoon and a rope of plastic material. "Ben's my name."

Chloe had been sitting there reading a paperback, twirling her hair. When she looked up, what she saw was a man of medium height and considerable hair – a head full of shiny golden wavy, yes, long hair, and a red beard, long and braided into a point. The beard wasn't too long to be a turnoff. It maybe reached to his clavicle and was groomed. He wore a shirt that made Chloe wonder if it was made for him. She had never seen one like this: the fabric was nubby and had a woven effect and the buttons looked to be of tiny pieces of green glazed pottery shards shaped into rounds. The shirt reached his waist then disappeared into his belted pants which were

disappointingly ordinary Levis. Chloe dismissed this fact. She had been looking for a man, and she believed in fate and the wonder of wants and wishes so she was willing to overlook the Levis.

She smiled up at him and stood up to her full height of a slender five feet, and reached out to take his hand. “Nice to meetcha, I’m Chloe.” She opened up another lawn chair and asked if he would like some of her bagel.