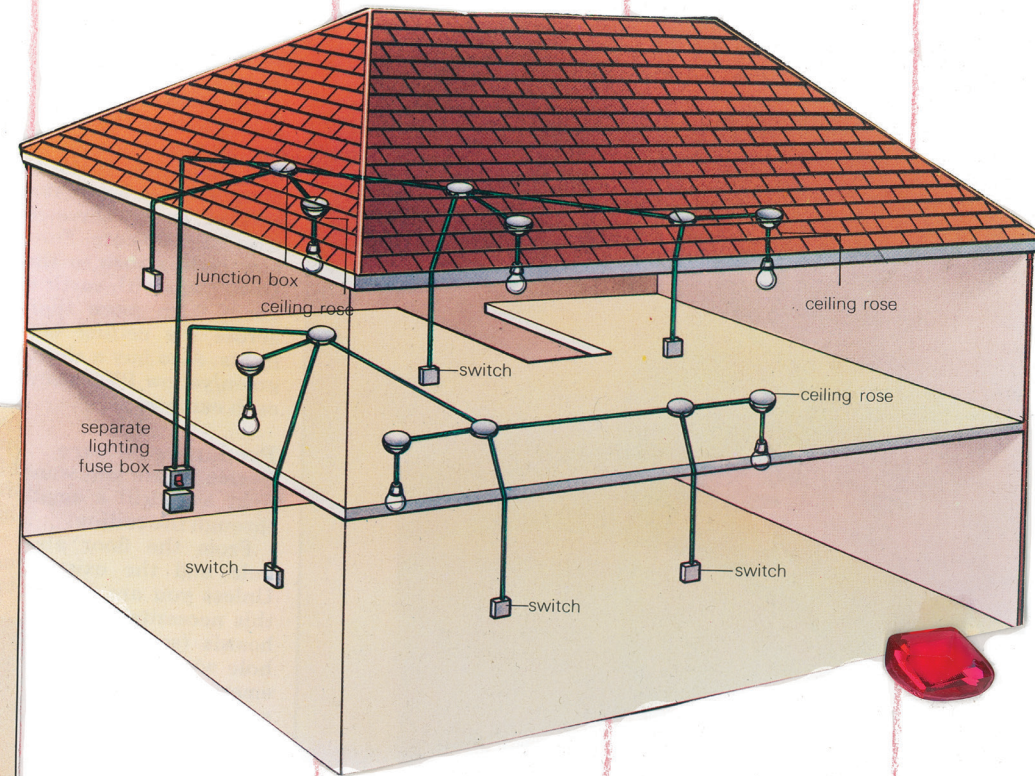
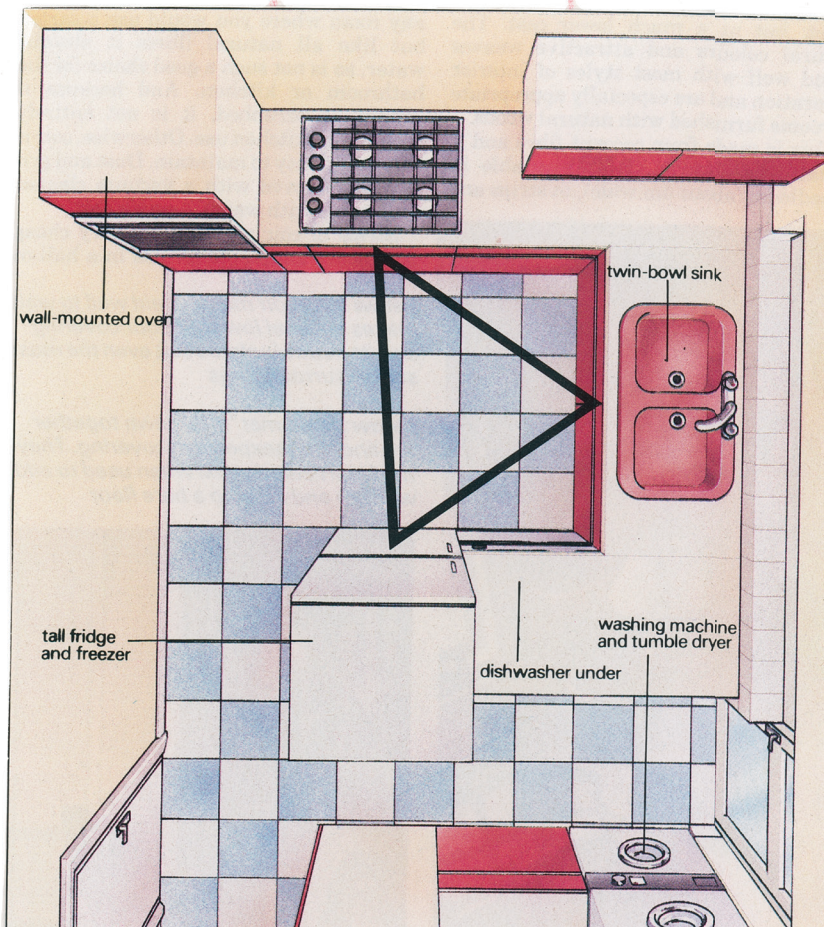




Baggage

(a love letter to all the houses I have lived in, and all those that have been died in) 2023

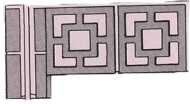




**To all the houses I have lived in,
And all those that have been died in.
To the skips I have filled,
And the ones I have pillaged.
To the small pilgrimages I make –
Returning to reconfigure bits in boxes,
and to circumnavigate tiny shared terraces,
that all blur into soft-red-brick mist.**

**To unmade beds and multiple bed heads,
And faces.
Steady.
This is a love letter in parts.
From Pandora in the middle of her plunder.
A sinewy spring, of coiled leatherette and dwindling
elasticity.**





**3 Old eiderdowns squeezed into new surroundings,
comfortably fading into a background, thinning with
age and sepia.**

41 Bags of shape shifting CLAY.

**4 Ceramic 'Natwest savers' piggy banks, in weird pinks,
wearing formal clothes.**

108 Jackets and counting.

Countless promises.

**A foolhardy sack of guilt-ridden potatoes from Costco,
that I will regret later as they grow eyes in the kitchen
cupboard.**

**Approximately 4,472 tote bags of 'big shop'
food shopping,**

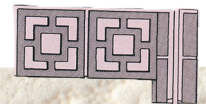
4,472 Sacks of garbage.

278 Kitchen utensils and 10 kitchens (plus air bnb etc).

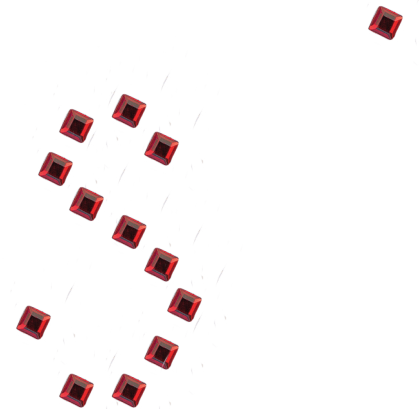
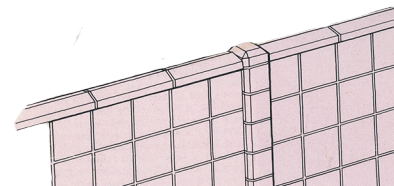
A tower of sponges,

11 Kitchen sinks.

Everything but the kitchen sink.



3 Under utilised exercise bikes in various colours with hanging clothes,
2 Marbled yoga mats.
Countless bits of infringing Medical paraphernalia, prescription packets.
24 Mirrors,
10 Front doors, 3 of which have windows.



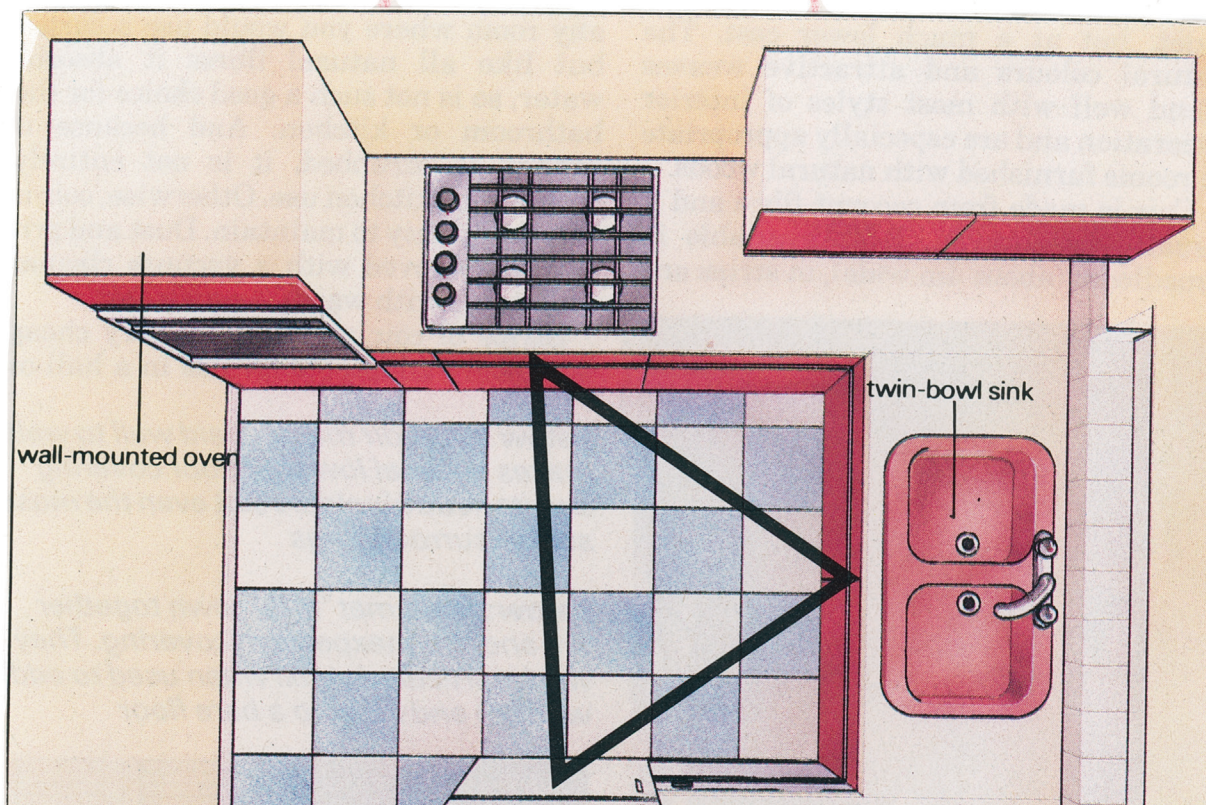
Several rugs, 3 bad ones.

103 Haircuts.

10 Hairnets, 1 tabard, and 5 aprons.

129 Toothbrushes, and more paste.

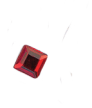
A few Regrets.



separate
lighting
fuse box





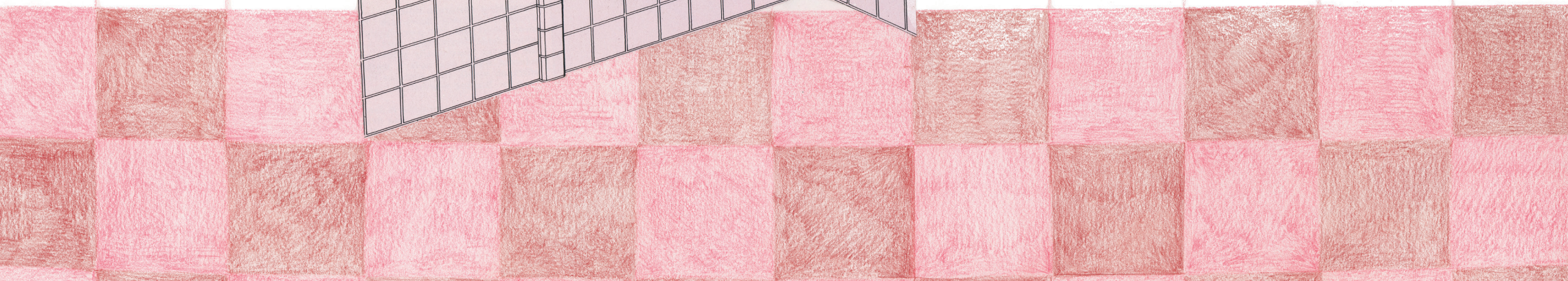
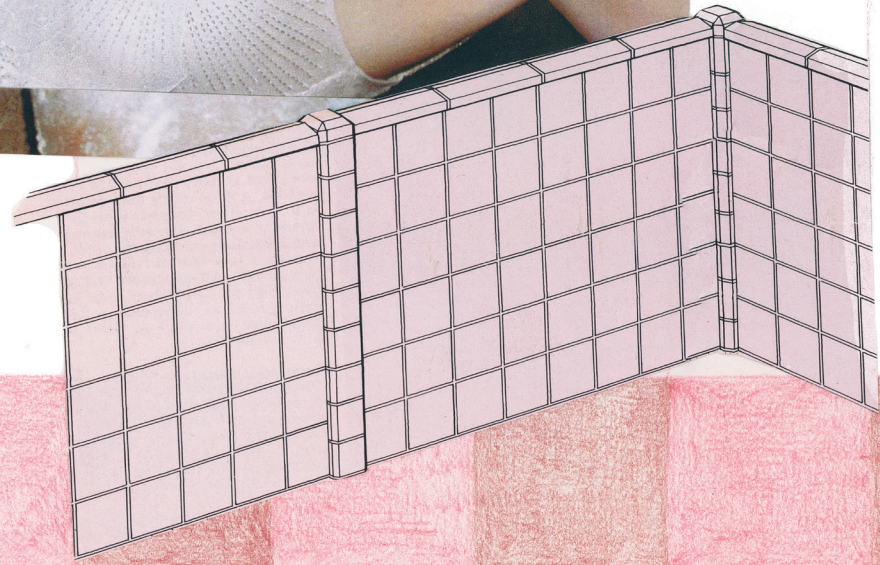
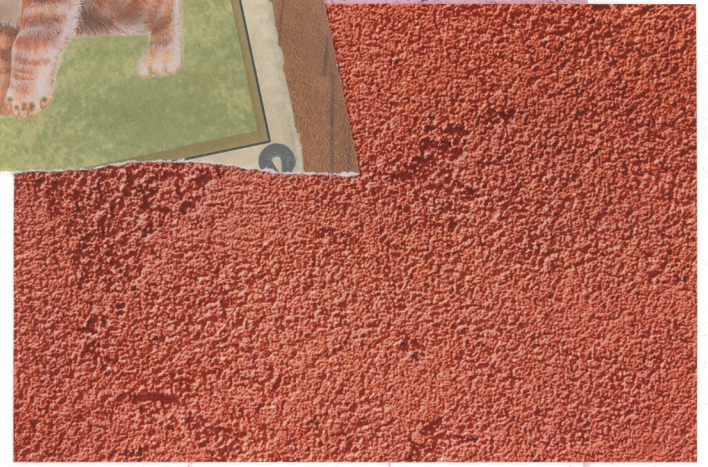


9 Sets of cotton sheets that make the cut, and many more that didn't.
In excess of 100 bedrooms in various colours that all feel homogenously fleshy,
Plaids, plains and chintz swirling into a peach-pink out of date soup.

Pots, pans and clunking tools – make unexpectedly pretty chains with their connective soft memories, tissues.
So many living rooms.

3 Spent bullets,
Many Magazines and pictorial guides spanning 7 decades or more.
Hundreds of books turned at the corners,
564 Records and a paltry remaining party of 53 cd's and 7 DVD's – 5 of which are empty cases.
...67 Shells and 16 Candles.







**2 Ridiculous room dividers,
And some laughably thin Curtains.
Various wallpaper swatches I no longer need,
but still use.
2 Redundant squashed flat 'scrunchies' at the bottom of
a drawer.
13 mobile phones, 80,304 old messages.
1 Garnet ring that resembles POMEGRANATE pieces,
All the new starts and subsequent endings.**

**I tidy up –
gutting the bellied sense of each place.
Moving through Polaroids and Instax pictures,
Cutting up things into new bits and pieces.**

**124 rocks from as many beaches,
Some sharp stones.
275 dreams of teeth clattering on a porcelain plate-
eating salmon paste sandwiches curled at the corners,
with 1 dead Grandmother.**

2 living languages and bits of some others.

And 206 bones

Etc...







@sarahrobertsfa
www.sarahrobertsfa.com
[2023]