

## **Lecture On My Unfinished Books And My Mother's China Cabinet**

So I return home and place all my unfinished books inside my mother's china cabinet. The cabinet is already cluttered. I slip the books in between all her porcelain and figurines. I am surprised they fit. Viewed as a whole [sic], my body of unfinished work is opaque, unlike the translucent properties of mother's best china, composed as it is of bone ash and the minerals feldspars and kaolin. Yet both my abandoned writing and her fine porcelain share the following qualities: delicacy, futility, poignance, radical eclecticism. Both can be appreciated when viewed with gentle irony. The dimensions of my mother's cabinet and this book (also unfinished) are deceptive. I want to show mother, share my incomplete books with her, tell her all of this: where is she?