

# *In the Museum of Cold Ideas*

*by Ginny Lowe Connors*



We were feeling very black and white,  
very automatic. Our fingernails  
were letting go, our eyelashes,  
the lobes of our ears. Invisibility  
drifted over us like fine gray soot.

We could almost remember the colors of snow—  
shadows, wind, diamonds catching light,  
colors whirling and sharp. Then softly sighing.  
We felt them pressing behind our eyes,  
but couldn't quite ...

What do you call them? They are—where?  
In the museum of cold ideas  
we went up and down stairs, looking  
for the Winter Room. Found instead a bench  
where we sat with silhouettes.

Is it possible to dream in black and white?  
Boxes bisected air. Squares skinned the building  
and rose up from a shallow rectangle,  
the reflecting pool. We just sat there for a while  
with the others, reflecting, surrounded

by rows of rectangles. A tracery of cold air on some,  
sparkle of lost coins just beneath others. Boxes  
yearned toward us in their not quite perfect rows.  
This is where feelings are stored now,  
in fretworks of frames all the same size.

Photograph: "Met" by Dave Thewlis. "There, in Folded Space, We Must Have Met" was written by Rommel Chrisden Samarita for *Rattle's Ekphrastic Challenge*, February 2016, and selected by Thewlis as the Artist's Choice winner.

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