They come folded, jutting through the mail slot nearly everyday. Someone in New York, New York certainly has my number. I stare at the various poses of the cement or resin Buddhas.

In all his dappled nature: tiny and huge, heavy and light laughing, sitting, stoic or rolling, placid, kind, knowing severe and implacable and I want to buy every one of them except to do that would really be most Ridiculous.

So, I collect chickens, or rather my sisters give me chicken items and I accept: pecking, walking or sitting endowed with perky feathers and broad breasts, plastic wood or china, plates, bowls and mugs (no roosters allowed).

They sense I need a suggestion, a clue, after the scattering and spilling of a lifetime. Being sisters, they take the long view.