But of the many, many (the un-sundry, soap-glossy) plates at hand the bottommost plate of the stack fits the thought of the victuals it shan’t ever flaunt, and perfectly, your impatience meanwhile suits the looming necessity of the plates, perfectly, perfectly, while the rotund sheen of the plate atop of the stack portends the weirdly casual way that our sustenance breeds its own rituals, which might very well be the same process keeping the bottom plate so conspicuously, well, spotless . . . But it must be, you suspect, dammit, it must be the indefinite non-need of that last, bottommost piece that best defines the whole structure, though there is also of course a whole room surrounding, a whole room and an entire edifice and a nation of laws plus an erratically contoured universe subsuming an inexhaustible here-there-here of flutterings within which system the plate-stack is one of the homelier, more functional occurrences. . . Yet when the possessor of the plates, which is to say you but not I, plans the party whereby each last plate will be needed, it shall appear as if fate itself were assuming the voices of friends who were once amongst the closest of confidantes as they sigh and pull back to lament how they’ve already eaten.