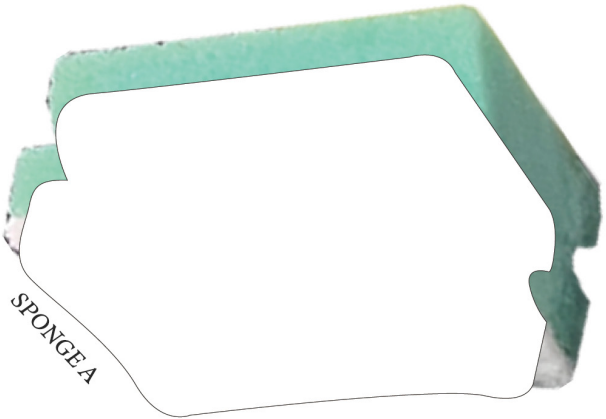
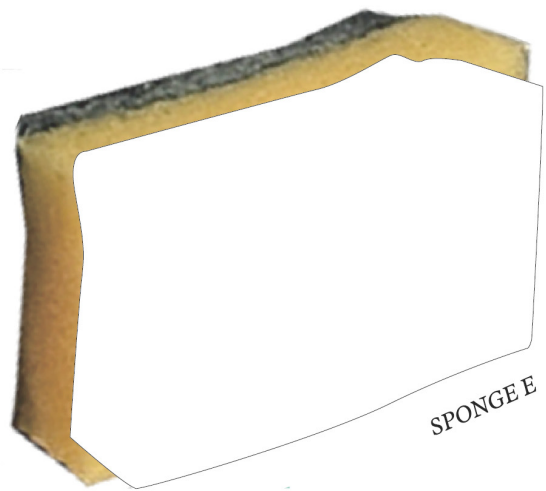
The Kitchen Note.

Date: 26. 04. 2025.







Conversation in the Kitchen **Objects** **A Poem**

This is about the kitchen I share with 11 other people.

The large number of people makes this otherwise ordinary domestic space quite unusual. Imagine a kitchen where four people are cooking at the same time, dodging around each other like a game of Tetris.

At first, I thought it was all about how we, as people, interact within a shared space. But then, something unexpected stood out — it's not just about people.

It's about objects.

For example, you can imagine 12 sponges, each belonging to a different person, constantly changing places every day. I drew inspiration from the way these objects are arranged in this unique kitchen, and through investigating them, I began to explore the relationship between people and space.



Objects

In the kitchen, I collect the things I observe  like the twelve sponges scattered randomly  around the sink in different positions each day.

Since I rarely  see my flatmates, I feel  that the way I connect with them is by constantly discovering traces of their presence and inferring their states from   these small signs.

These little things  are like breadcrumbs; even though  we hardly meet, they still reveal everyone's  existence.

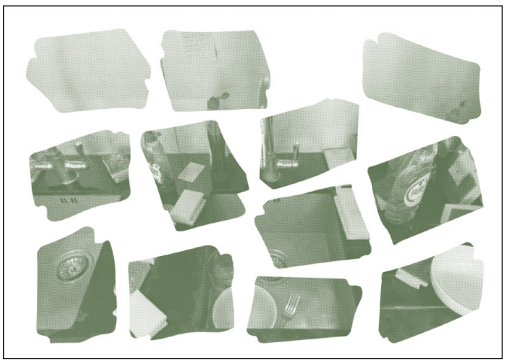
I find that really   fascinating.

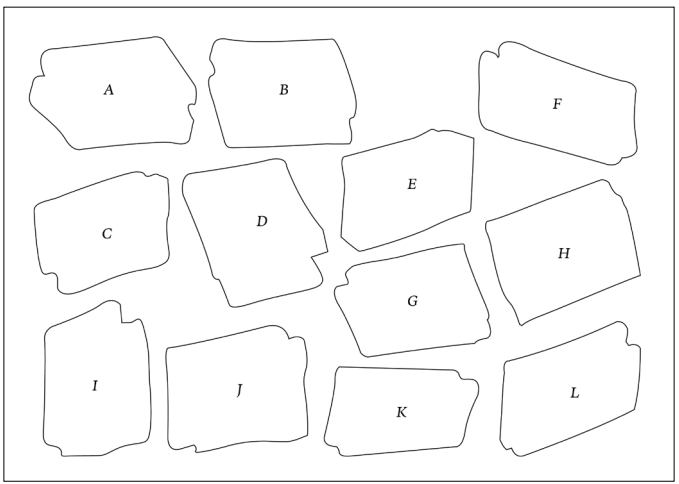
So I started to really watch them.

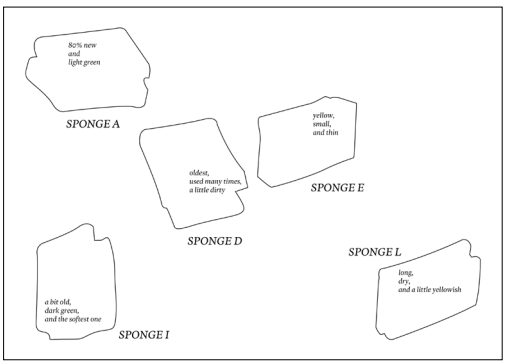
I gave each sponge a number, just like how our room numbers had quietly become stand-ins for our names.

I tried to describe them, the way you might try to describe people you barely know but still feel curious about.

But it wasn't easy — unlike people, the sponges all seemed so much alike. It was hard to tell which belonged to whom. And so, I found myself imagining, guessing, and slowly piecing together their stories.



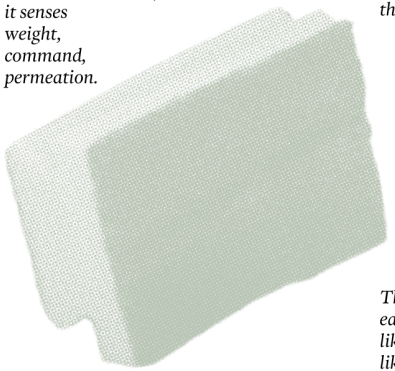




A tiny organ,
born between the breaths of a factory,
gains its being
through compression and expansion.

It owns no space,
yet within each pore
hides the potential for space.

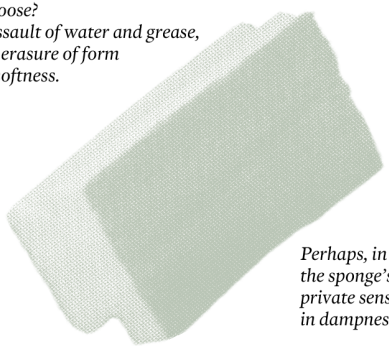
The first time it is grasped,
pressed into the heat
between water and foam,
it senses
weight,
command,
permeation.



It is squeezed.
Collapsing, folding, fracturing,
but never ending.
Each collapse
is a retreat of space inward,
each release
a silent rebirth.

Its body
is both taken away,
and quietly recreated
within every crevice.

Is it forced,
or does it choose?
Under the assault of water and grease,
it resists the erasure of form
through its softness.



The curve of a bowl, the blade of a knife ...
each leaves tiny landscapes on its surface,
like wind carving stone,
like fingerprints pressed into soil.

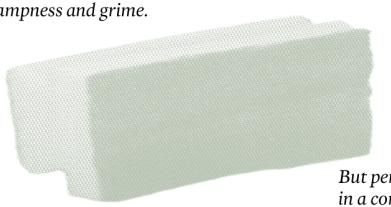
Its existence
is a relentless game of tension—
pushed into external spaces
again and again,
while secretly crafting new voids within.

Creation?
Or just silent collapse?
Every pore poses the question,
each rebound is pressed down once more.

In the shared kitchen,
the sponge lies beside the sink,
exposed,
laying bare every fiber
marked with fingerprints and scents.

Days glide over the porcelain sink;
the sponge fades in color,
slackens in elasticity,
but amid dirt, foam, and fracture,
it still,
within minute, almost invisible gaps,
maintains a wordless architecture.

Perhaps, in a stranger's careless use,
the sponge's boundary quietly splits,
private sensation slowly seeping away
in dampness and grime.



It does not refuse—
it cannot refuse—
only again and again
pressed into spaces not its own,
and in each collapse,
silently carving out new hollows.

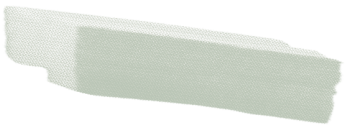
A sense of belonging swells like foam
—then bursts.
It no longer remembers
the warmth of the first hand,
nor can it count the weight of the last.

Here,
privacy is a fragile illusion,
the public, a silent erosion.

It still breathes,
still creates and shatters, again and again,
until the body slackens beyond repair,
until no hand reaches for it anymore,
until it molds in a corner,
replaced by a fresh, untainted sponge.

In the end,
even the right to decay does not belong to it,
discarded
into a communal trash bag,
buried among spoiled food and torn plastic
into an anonymous ruin.

But perhaps,
in a corner no one notices,
in the dried-out fibers deep within,
there remains a faint,
secret,
undisturbed
blankness.



SPONGE

EGG

It is born in silence,
wrapped in a shell of calcium,
placed into a carton,
shoulder to shoulder with a dozen similar bodies,
transported, displayed, refrigerated,
awaited.

In the fridge of a shared kitchen,
it belongs to a name,
to a handwritten label,
to a breakfast plan yet to be realized.

But the fridge door,
opened and closed, again and again,
churns cold air, mixes voices,
labels fade, names blur,
ownership begins to slip.



Sometimes,
strange fingers fumble it,
someone takes it by mistake,
someone hesitates, then puts it back,
someone stops caring.

It trembles slightly in the narrow space,
with every move,
the liquid inside
strikes the shell wall,
making a sound too soft to hear.

Its existence
is tense,
full of pressure,
an inner space expanding endlessly but forced to restrain itself.

It was not born to be squeezed,
nor to create space;
it simply,
with silent resilience,
maintains a thin boundary
between inside and out.

Until one day,
a hand that does not belong to it
picks it up,
with a motion
neither confirming nor apologetic,
strikes it against the rim of a bowl,
cracking it open.

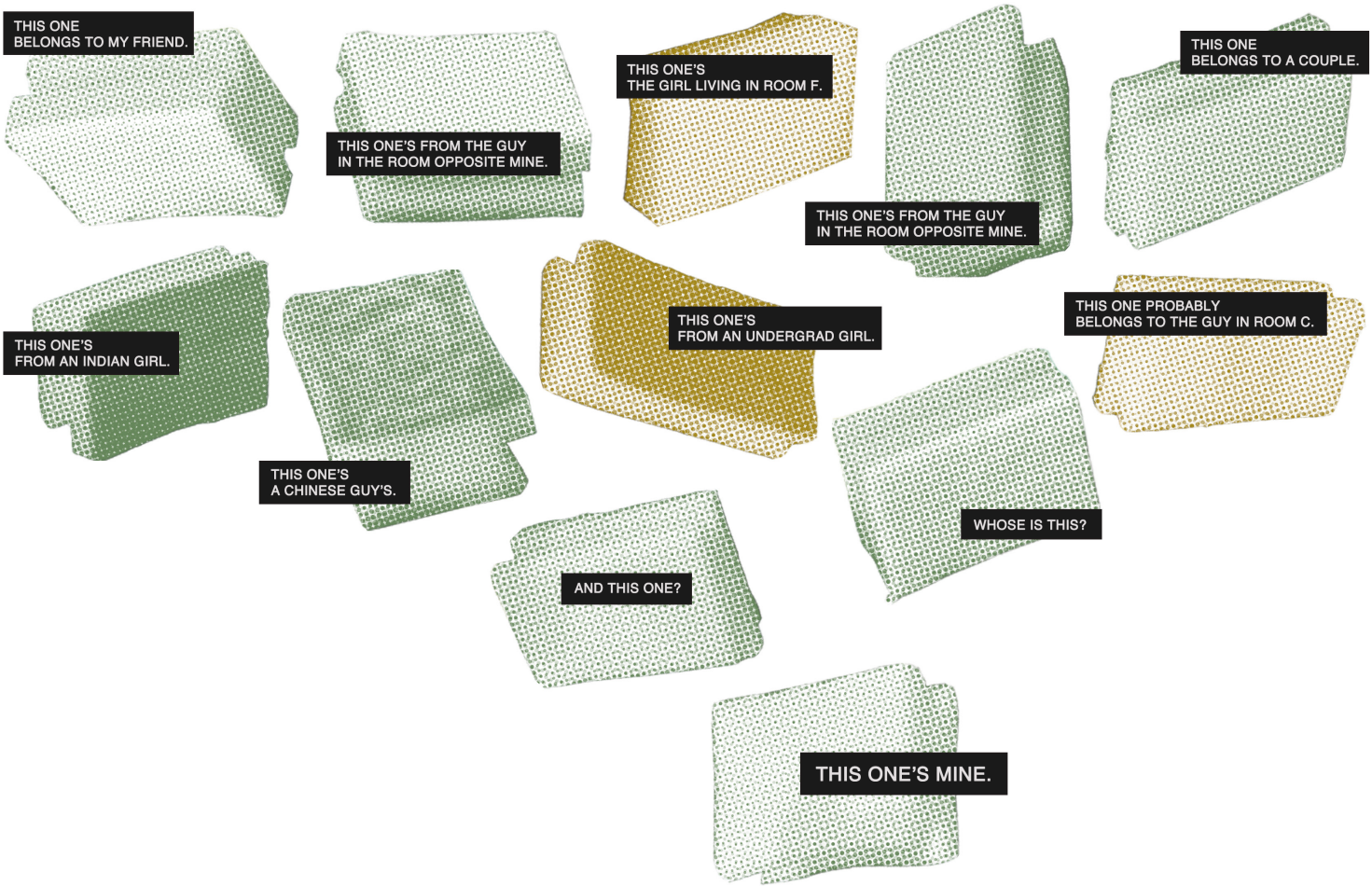
In a single second,
all tension collapses,
all enclosure dissolves,
all potential space—
falls, spreads, disappears.

Egg white and yolk bloom across the porcelain,
and no one questions where it once belonged,
no one cares
about the dense, private world
it once held before it broke.



The public space
swallows its shell,
its borders,
breaks it down into an ingredient,
to be stirred, cooked, digested,
fulfilling an unknown destiny
in a silent vanishing.

But maybe,
in the curve of a broken shell,
in the lingering scent of egg in the air,
there still hides
a tiny,
unnamed
resistance.


THIS ONE
BELONGS TO MY FRIEND.
THIS ONE'S FROM THE GUY
IN THE ROOM OPPOSITE MINE.
THIS ONE'S
THE GIRL LIVING IN ROOM F.
THIS ONE'S FROM THE GUY
IN THE ROOM OPPOSITE MINE.
THIS ONE
BELONGS TO A COUPLE.
THIS ONE'S
FROM AN INDIAN GIRL.
THIS ONE'S
A CHINESE GUY'S.
THIS ONE'S
FROM AN UNDERGRAD GIRL.
THIS ONE PROBABLY
BELONGS TO THE GUY IN ROOM C.
WHOSE IS THIS?
AND THIS ONE?
THIS ONE'S MINE.

Conversation in the Kitchen

I think this sponge might belong to the guy who lives across from me.

No, no, wait —

I seem to remember seeing him use one just like it
— that same shade of green.

this sponge must belongs to the guy in Room A.

It still looks almost new, like it hasn't seen much use.

I once saw him buy an entire pack of sponges that all looked exactly like this.

I haven't bumped into him around mealtimes lately.

And you know what?

Maybe he doesn't cook much these days.

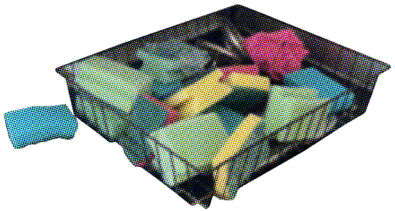
It seems like he treats sponges as disposable — uses them once or twice.

Maybe he's been busy, rushing to meet deadlines. It's just a guess.

But he never throws them away.

They just keep piling up there, and no one knows why.





There are just… way too many sponges.

Actually, though… now that I think about it,

Yeah, at some point, this little basket showed up next to the sink, and most of the sponges got thrown in there. It did make things look a lot better.

having them all piled up like that isn't perfect either.

But honestly? I have no idea where the basket even came from. Did someone buy it? Or… maybe it was from the building?

Sure, they look kinda nice — colorful, even — but they never really
get a chance to dry properly.

No one ever said anything. It just appeared.

And I hate that gross, damp feeling.

And ever since, it kinda feels like the sponges started multiplying.

I did try, once.

Like, seriously — there must be almost twenty now.

I asked around, hoping people would claim their own sponge.

But, well, at least they're all gathered together, right?

Like, maybe if everyone just kept theirs in their own cabinet,
the sink wouldn't look like such a mess all the time.

It could be worse.

But… yeah.

The truth is, I still don't even know who all my flatmates are.



You know what's funny?

Honestly, the fridge is such a mess.

The other day I opened the fridge and there were like six cans of milk, all looking exactly the same.

I always think, if we just organized it like a puzzle,

I couldn't stop laughing.

we could actually make way more space.

I keep thinking, what if someone grabs the wrong one?

Like, seriously, it wouldn't be that hard.

That's why I always write my room number on mine — just in case.

Then maybe we wouldn't have to cram everything in and hope it doesn't all fall out when we open the door.

I'm pretty sure one of those bottles has been sitting there for, like, two weeks.

It's probably gone bad by now, but I didn't know whose it was,

so I didn't want to be the one to throw it away.

Have you noticed there are

To be honest,

more and more bowls and pots piling up in the kitchen?

that whole pile of bowls has looked exactly the same since last week,

I honestly have no idea where they're all coming from.

which probably means whoever owns them hasn't been cooking at all.

I'm really curious — when people cook, how do they even find their own stuff in that mountain of containers?

No wonder there's been a ton of takeout wrappers showing up in the trash lately.

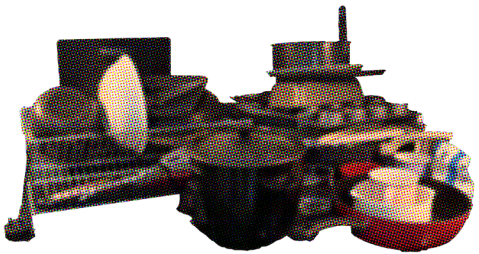
Also, whose cake mold is that?

As for the cake mold — and basically all the baking tools

I swear I've never seen anyone actually use it.

— they belong to that guy who lives downstairs from me.

He's literally the only person in our whole apartment who bakes.



DETERGENT
DETERGENT
FAUCET
FAUCET
SPOON
SINK
SINK
GLASS
BOWL
BOWL
FORK
DETERGENT
DETERGENT

IN THE KITCHEN
There are more and more sponges piling up in the storage basket — there might be over twenty by now. But who do they actually belong to? I can hardly recall seeing anyone ever taking one out.
The sponges are lining up, forming a little gathering zone by the sink — their relationships seem even closer than ours.
Sometimes the sink feels like a storage cabinet too — you can see bowls belonging to different people stacked one on top of another.