A plant is sitting closest to his neck. And on his neck there are reddish freckles. He looks upon her as a painter dreams on blank canvases. Her insecurities all bound up with his reddish neck-freckles. The plant is twisted and caught in the curtain like fraying carpet ends that get mangled up inside a vacuum motor. Inside the vacuum it gets sucked in, furthering the damage it does to itself. The man sitting back: no, now forward towards the woman who's never touched a freckle before. The oil she contains is good for that vacuum motor. She sits plain as the carpet with the frayed ends, hiding the mildew under it all... He wonders if she has any freckles under her skirt.