The exhibit label calls attention to the bare light bulb high in the center of the tableau which was perhaps a reference to the artist’s father who committed suicide by hanging although nothing in the scene suggests his family life. It is still life, although the cartoonish objects show no sign of decay or care—blank-sided boxes, boots overturned on a shelf, and a bulb the pale yellow of a moon made yolky in an afternoon of blue it just won’t leave. This mid-century work suggests one might never recover from this particular type of loss while the world keeps hanging one’s paintings from walls, keeps insisting on wrapping each swordfish steak in a perfect twine-tied package that the butcher swings across the counter too fast so you just catch it by its knotted bow and love its weight the whole stroll home where you place it on the countertop beside the inherited lamp whose cord is still wrapped around its soldered globe while it waits to be moved to the dining room, to be hung and filled with light.