

Boxes from Blossom Way
by Helen Pruitt Wallace

What to keep, or give away,
 what lasts? What bones
are buried here, or voices
 from past lives

worth learning? These keys,
 that opened what?
still warm with some imagined
 expectation.

And this, a blue jean shirt,
 a hint of sweat
(*see how the body hoards*
 what the mind forgets?).

An old watch, a brush,
 a silver file, beside a half-
used vial of French perfume.
 It conjures a presence

in the room someone
 passed through.
But who? And why the quick
 return? I dig to reach

a fire beneath the loam.
 I dig to find out
what the heart calls home,
 mud-caked, beating.