

memory box

on the nightstand, next to her bed
grandma's jewelry box- one she's had since she was young.
inside, a broken mirror and a bent post
where a ballerina once spun.
aged and dirty, layered in dust.

the red fabric lines the insides,
filled to the brim with beads and trinkets.
a keychain with her third grade picture,
"Kennedy '80" campaign button,
loquets and rings of shining gold and sterling silver.

next, a drawer, filled with photographs.
showcasing stages of life for the three generations.
the house built by her and my grandfather.
a teenaged redhead, wrestling a cow.
me, at seven, in the brief soccer phase.

though what catches my eye is the "pocket litter."
old id cards, dorm passes, wvu freshman 1970.
time has passed since then. once long hair, now cropped to her round cheeks.
another trinket; a press card from when she was a columnist.
a yellowed newspaper. glancing over, her prose has remained.

in this look through, something else catches my eye.
a weathered envelope to "Ms Rena Lee Ficsher" from "M.H. Freeze.", sent from grafton.
on it, in a familiar handwriting, "DAD'S POEMS"

i suppose the love of writing and language runs in the family.

everything inside the box, a hodgepodge, similar to my constantly stirring brain.

however, traveling back in time allows me to calm my thoughts.