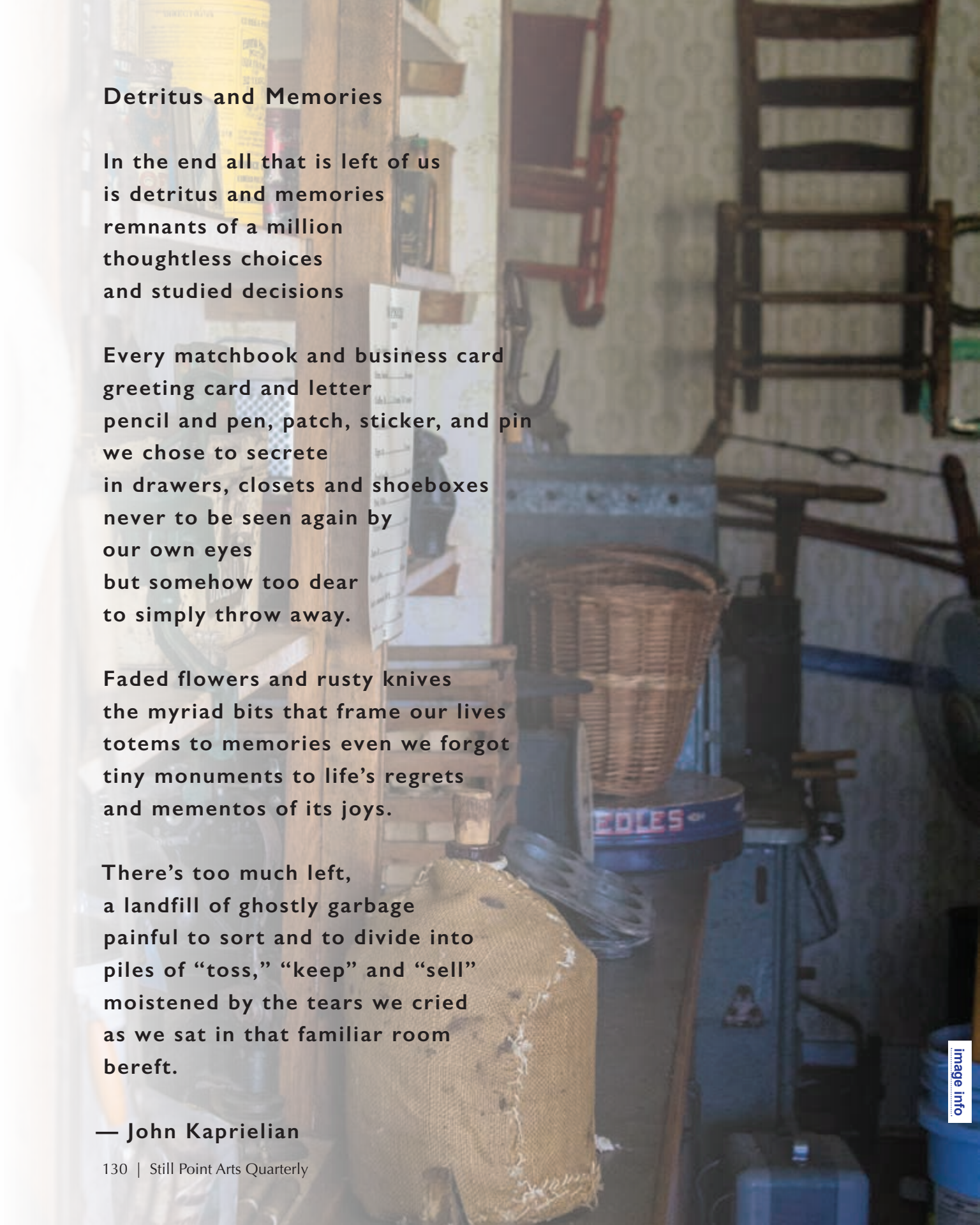

Detritus and Memories

In the end all that is left of us
is detritus and memories
remnants of a million
thoughtless choices
and studied decisions

Every matchbook and business card
greeting card and letter
pencil and pen, patch, sticker, and pin
we chose to secrete
in drawers, closets and shoeboxes
never to be seen again by
our own eyes
but somehow too dear
to simply throw away.

Faded flowers and rusty knives
the myriad bits that frame our lives
totems to memories even we forgot
tiny monuments to life's regrets
and mementos of its joys.

There's too much left,
a landfill of ghostly garbage
painful to sort and to divide into
piles of "toss," "keep" and "sell"
moistened by the tears we cried
as we sat in that familiar room
bereft.

— John Kaprielian

image info