

Samantha Triplett

Contents of a Life

Pull out a packet of salt from lunch so long ago,
a movie ticket stub from the movie,
and a crinkled receipt whose ink is faded.

Spread them out,
rearrange them,
reach back in—

pull out an unused napkin with useless scribbles,
a crumpled dollar bill from change for coffee,
and an empty gum wrapper from goodness knows when.

Dump them on the table,
wondering,
reach back in—

pull out a sticky note with a disconnected phone number,
a single black glove lost during the winter,
and a wad of scotch tape that's stuck together.

Pieces of a life lived in a rush,
with no time to put things
in their proper places,
carrying them around
like the memories they sprang from.