

Hickory and White Paint

Emily Bounds

Thirty-eight cents in pennies and dimes,
Butterfly wristwatch who knows the wrong time.
Porcelain china doll, hair full of dust,
Safety pins, paper clips, hidden in rust.

Birthday cards from six years ago,
Frolicking penguins in globes of snow.
Old report cards, some praised and some shamed.
Broken wax candles who once knew a flame.

Remnants of glitter, a jingling elf,
Made when my tiptoes wouldn't reach the top shelf.
Pictures of sleepovers, bows in our hair,
With our footie pajamas and stuffed teddy bears.

Un-sticky Post-its, dried-up red pens,
One used-up glowstick, a pencil that bends,
Glittery lip gloss, a purple mood ring.
A music box dancer who no longer sings.

Paper pressed daisies from walks in the park,
Hid in his pockets after it got dark.

A torn scrap of paper, a number to call.
The chain and the locket I loved most of all.

In the front corner a small metal screw
From the round wooden drawer knob, laying askew.
A thin, golden key to who-knows-where.
Someday, I'll need this. I'll put it – there.

