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When the Bookshelves Collapsed

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When the Bookshelves Collapsed

You were quick to eat the blame in place of the heavy-handed house cleaner because you'd become friends, in your way, so I was forced into reacquaintance with drywall powder and a decade worth of neglected volumes scattered here and there and here, now, a chance for rediscovery or at least alphabetization so naturally I hunted ephemera instead, rattled the bindings like shook temples for bookmarks and other dusty congregants to unearth a postcard from Hell, MI, a get-well note from a well-tamped flame, a photo booth roll of three shots of us where we smile then frown then disappear so that the camera is caught in a moment of self-reflection, a little letter written in earnest to my mother on defunct bookstore stationery from someone named Dave until I'm trapped, kneeling, ringed by all the little pieces of a person wondering if it's possible to drown in reminiscence when you enter with a stud finder and a drill and intent like a rope. I guess all of this was just to say I hope you still need me too.