

Unpacking Memory

The suitcase is pulled from under the bed
Dust coating hands, following breaths
The click, click of clasps long closed
Forgotten in the immediacy of each day's coming
(with the sip of each morning cup of coffee)
Stored in forgetting

Each piece of clothing, lifted and shaken out
To be tested for their fit
The folds have made their impressions
The fabric no longer falls quite the same way
But takes on its new life
Memories stored and lost for awhile
Memories made new in the remembering
Some ironed flat, some with wrinkles
That won't give up the new shape.
Lines in the sands of time's passing

We can touch them tenderly
Warming them back to life
Making a loss more bearable
Bringing a laugh, or even amazement
At who we once were
To be awed.

-Phyllis Lawrence