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The Locket

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LOCKET

A.H. may have remarried,
might've died, or otherwise lost
interest; her locket, on the other
hand, survives—a little worn,
but delicate as ever: gold
booklet with a little heart inside
10K sincere and pure.

Inside as well, two photos
facing, each a print made
from the same exposure. Sepia, one;
the other black-and-white: they
show within their crudely scissored
ovals *him*, a he who's young
and uniformed. U.S.? It's hard

to tell: the cap insignia's not
clear; wide overcoat
lapels conceal the rest. He smiles
a Nordic smile that's known no
war as yet; behind his head,
part of a window frame appears
to pierce his ear, spear-thick.

The locket, new antique, became
my wife's; she's faithful, turns
him out at once. Now helpless,
evicted, he rests—dependent, shy—
within my hand. I drop him finally
into the darkness underneath my desk.
I make and wear this locket in his name.