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Attending the Garage Sale

June Frankland Baker

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Attending the Garage Sale

after your death at 92

Your house is opened, each chair
and table with its price,
the garage filled with its cartons
of *ten cents each* and lines
hung with your dresses.
I cannot decide whether to come,
to rummage.

By the time I arrive, your life
has been scooped out.
At a back door, alone,
I look at your yard a last time:
grapes dried to raisins
on the vines; the fruit trees
you planted not yet dormant.

In the garage, for my daughters
I dig up stray dishes
mottled as if centered for years
under your pots of rooted cuttings.
For me I gather your music:
songs where you pencilled
your name at twenty.

At the last I uncover,
as it catches at my hand,
the small, heart-shaped cushion
you made for sewing. For hours
you crocheted this interlock
of fine chain. . . . Look how it carries
your scatter of pins.