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Attending the Garage Sale

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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.