

“but wait ... there’s more”

mom’s cards pictures drawings notes
dated title pages ripped from library books
all rubber-banded in humid-stuck drawers
greased with rancid unwrapped soaps
a futile battle against mildew and mold
when the summer a/c’s turned off

all of *her* books stuffed into kirkland drum liners
carted off to the library branch
 a payback an offering
forgot a receipt not that it matters

cleaned out the gasket-torn rusted-out fridge
more garbage bags tossed into the proper green dumpster
eyes watching from behind half-open blinds
 of the condos and garden apartments encircling
 – hey you ... you leave that computer there on the ground?
 – no sorry wasn’t us
don’t they have better things to do

sepia’d portraits and black and whites prints
wedgewood knick-knacks and porcelain tchatchkes
shrouded in terrycloth towels
 saved for visitors who’d never come
wrapped with 3M sealing tape
 in thirteen corrugated cartons
 shlepped to the route 1 pak-n-ship
 to be ups’d north
antique brass clock
 blue chinese dragon-dogs
 now guarding our mantel

the tvs and vcrs
and everything else
left for next time
knowing without admitting aloud



there won't *be* a next time