Matchbox Memories  
Caitlin Abdo  

Little crates huddled in corners  
Beside marble badminton tables  
Now covered in dust bunnies  
That dance on vinyl  

And piles of old Vogues with Twiggy  
In baby-doll dresses and oversized earrings  
Glazed over stories of Elizabeth Taylor  
And her most recent lover – Richard Burton, I believe  

They’re stuck together by dried soda pop  
And seventy decades of memories  
Just beneath a white pane window  
Where she sits in his old chair  

Watching time pass  
And mold grow  
And lilacs bloom  
And rot  

And children fall  
And cry  
And bleed  
And heal  

But mostly she watches the fawn  
Wiggle in and out of the tree line  
That sits forty feet from her  
And she reminds herself
Of the things she can still remember
Like the old match box cars
And how he raced them by the deli
Before the automobile became a commodity

And she remembers all the things she did in those forty feet
Between civilization and nature
When her legs still loved her
And carried her from place to place

Before time and glaucoma
Had drained the salt and sight from her eyes
When she could still cry for sorrow and loss
Now the most familiar emotions

As her rusted walker scrapes the wood floors
Until they resemble her own wrinkles
And talk to one another
Telling different sides of the same stories