

## **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