

I am all in the Sideboard

My mother says she can see me
in the drawers of the sideboard
eyes buttoned-on, bulging
shiny from touch.

She says that different parts of me exist
in every drawer; behind the little
wooden doors adorned with curls and leaves
curves and vines, my old self lives.

She says that I should take it out one
day, shake it free like a
strawberry-printed tablecloth
remember what she used to love.

Marie Little