

My Mom Says I'm a Hoarder

Lips kissed the opened bottles 8 times before
I added it to my shelf. I can't remember which ones
Stifled my laughter, or sank my cries.
But they took up space -- a lot.

I bought a box from the thrift store to hold them all in.
But the box held more space than bottles I owned.

I added more -- not bottles, just things.
I couldn't bring myself to waste.

A Russian nesting doll, two short from being
Whole.
Three empty mason jars too small to hold anything
Except secrets.
Crumbled postcards I use to build the life,
That is not mine.
A snow globe holding a young girl
Whose eyes are closed and fingers are crossed
In the relentless blizzard.
And token coins whose worth was left
Behind the playhouse doors.

The things surrounded each other.
Climbed on top of each other.
Rested against each other.

The box got too full so I moved back
To the shelf.