

## Unpacking Memory

The suitcase is pulled from under the bed  
Dust coating hands, following breaths  
The click, click of clasps long closed  
Forgotten in the immediacy of each day's coming  
(with the sip of each morning cup of coffee)  
Stored in forgetting

Each piece of clothing, lifted and shaken out  
To be tested for their fit  
The folds have made their impressions  
The fabric no longer falls quite the same way  
But takes on its new life  
Memories stored and lost for awhile  
Memories made new in the remembering  
Some ironed flat, some with wrinkles  
That won't give up the new shape.  
Lines in the sands of time's passing

We can touch them tenderly  
Warming them back to life  
Making a loss more bearable  
Bringing a laugh, or even amazement  
At who we once were  
To be awed.

-Phyllis Lawrence