Treasures

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MAUREEN MACISAAC

TREASURES

I found the letters you wrote
to me in college, crinkled with smiles.
I found the pictures of days
spent resting among pillows
and stuffed animals
that we treated like the yellow-orange cat we dreamt of.
I found school projects
that seemed so important at the time.
I found wrapping paper from our wedding
day, yellow-orange sunsets
melted the past with our future.
I found your ring
that kept splitting down the middle.
Each end sealed together after rough winters
spent together.
I found receipts for
gas
cheap beer
and yellow-orange roses.
I found Classic-Rock cassettes under soft loveables CDs.
I found a place I wanted to stay.
Dad played Frank Sinatra
and took out the mushrooms from his famous spaghetti
when you visited.
I found you
in family, in invitations to family events
dinners
tax forms.
I found a place in the dark
that was
light enough for me to see
the yellow-orange glow
emerging from the trunk under my bed.

KATRINA GUGENBERGER