

Joe Eldridge

Inventory

Mother is gone. Only her things remain:
heart locket in 10K gold engraved
w/ cursive J; medium-sized Austrian
crystal brooch—hummingbird w/ its wings raised
as if in flight. The Hermès horseshoe scarf
I bought on Canal St. covers the night-
stand where her dentures soak in a teacup.
The terrycloth housecoat from Macy's morphs
into pink cotton candy & I'm right
back at the carnival where I banged up
my knee badly on the Tilt-a-Whirl.
I wailed like the noontime siren, clutched her
skirt & hid between pleats. "Don't be a girl,"
she said as her lace hanky swiped my tears.

