

To the Resident of the House at the Top of Dublin St.
by Kate MacDonald

Tucked in the back of my drawers,
I've kept them.
Presents, like snapshots left to fade in their frames,
tissue paper gone stale.
I've bottled the feeling of floating down city streets
in the back of your white Chevy,
your cigarette smoke in my hair,
I intended for us to get drunk off it together.
Wrapped in blue ribbons are the echoes
of your Nona's old records saying,
Darling, so it goes.
I've nurtured violets in my flower beds, pressed them; dye for your hair.
Every *soon* has been spun into wool, braided into a blanket for sleepless nights.
I'll keep them,
waiting for the next time
our palms embrace.