

## Antiques

You wonder why you feel a thud  
of echoes reverberating in a platter  
like the one your aunt filled  
with nuts and set on the sun-  
topped table next to your chair.

You can't let go of that tea cup  
surrounded with clear skies  
your parents kept full  
on stormy nights  
while you read in bed.

You're stung with dust  
when your fingers skim  
old surfaces and reveal  
the patina of your absence  
when your uncle died

two years after he climbed  
three flights of stairs  
to ask you to dinner  
because he loved you too much  
to do so over the phone.

There are times when the dead awaken—  
there are times when the dead breathe—  
there are times when tremulous grief  
rouses the dust beneath.