

The Bed of My Ford

Boxes of memorabilia from
high school, lid to a 44 oz.
drink, obscenities, indecencies,
a pocket knife.

Two hammers and a baseball
bat, tissues from last year's cold
epidemic. Broken phone charger,
last week's crush.

Glistening silver tool box, unused
tampons, half burnt photo of a
boy, love – hatred. A bubble
bath, fallen leaves.

Grandpa's smile, mom's homemade
taco soup. A mattress for a lucky
night, every star in the sky,
laid on red metal.