

treasure

wandering the rooms
of my house
I'm drawn to objects
precious only to me

sand gathered
in glass jars
sheep's wool and shells
from wild places

I have jewellery
I cherish
left to me by others
loved and lost

stones from beach
and mountain
books read
and read again

a wooden trinket box
the only thing kept
from the brother
taken too soon

if you'd asked me
I would've said no
I'm not sentimental
do not invest much
in material things

that's true
these are more
they are spiritual
replacing what I left behind

at school I learned
to venerate statues
genuflected before the
Holy Sacrament

held a rosary
between my fingers
one prayer
for every bead

in the corners
and shelves of home
my trinkets hold
similar sway

prompting memories
of past places
recalling promises
made to myself

to live better
to be brave
to break free
of all that kept me down

if I had to choose
one thing to save
I couldn't decide
I'd let it all go
knowing what I need
will find me

©fiona wynne