***Keeping Broken Things***

Memories are kept in the library of her mind,

scattered by time, recklessness, carelessness.

It is hard at times for the librarian to pick up all those loose pages,

she has so many pages of memories.

The librarian, with her thick, broken glasses,

must pick up pages again.

This time the pages are a bit wet,

from tears shed by her handler.

Each page is hung up on a line,

with a clothes pen, with delicate care.

A memory of learning how to crochet a pot holder with her grandmother,

another page of times Gram scolded her for running in the house.

The librarian remains slow and careful,

so these scattered pages remain intact.

Memories of huddling over plans to make her prom dress,

of picking out the fabric at the store,

Of trying it on to make adjustments,

Grandma making sure it was a respectable dress.

A wet page hung up with faded writing,

an older memory,

fogged by time,

she remembers hugging her Gram tightly,

not wanting to go home.

This library holds many memories,

of a special woman in the handler’s life.

Great care is always done by the librarian,

but some pages fade with time.

Here is a newer page,

not yet faded with time,

Grandma at her courthouse wedding,

to see her granddaughter get married.

She was there with her disposable camera,

flash after flash to document the moment.

Another new page,

still wet but very much intact.

She brought her son to meet his great grandma,

he also called her “Gram.”

The librarian hangs up this last memory to dry,

taking a break,

as she knows she will have to pick them up again.