

EMPTYING POCKETS

by *Malcolm Wheatman*

Softly footsteps, winding stair,
Hinges creaking in the trap
That leads up to the attic where
The distant past is still on tap.

Mem'ries linger in the junk.
Although the flesh has slipped away,
The faded clothing in a trunk
Still longs for more charades to play.

Eager fingers pockets pick
For priceless treasures, trinkets once;
Time's tiptoed tick has tripped a trick
And heartbeat quickens in response.

A silver cigarette case gleams,
And fragrant crumbs within remain:
Once their smoke rings lassoed dreams
That all the world could not contain.

Bead and bracelet, brooch and ring,
Mnemonics pointing – when or where?
Striving once again to bring
To life the days beyond compare

In the attics of the mind
Lie pockets of forgotten dreams
Were they emptied, would we find
That life is *better* than it seems?