

## *Object Lessons*

I once took pride in simple moves, the ease  
of packing two steamer trunks and leaving  
torn posters with tape stains browning through,  
shelves contrived from boards and cinder blocks,  
the ghastly plaid sofa bought at Goodwill  
that induced psychosis or headlong flight.

Latest in a dynasty of keepers,  
I now take my turn hosting holiday feasts  
surrounded by heirlooms and acquisitions  
that seem double-bound in my life's DNA.  
Above a Stickley desk of quartersawn oak,  
an Impressionist oil of Italy

centers me here. In the hutch, china plates  
are stacked like coins, and, passing, I count  
upon their jangle. Each vase strikes a pose  
supple as a lover's hip. The longing  
in belongings lines up in rows of books,  
a thousand titles of how owned I am.