

BOXES (Hali Hammer)

Mom sold the house, moved in with me, 'cause 7 months before
My Dad had left the planet, passed on through an unknown door
We'd moved from the Bronx in '59, it was a new chapter then
Now the Book of Life had turned the page for Sherry once again

“Bring anything you value”, and she took me at my word
Which I found out for certain when the movers first appeared
Just a few pieces of furniture, but maneuvering was hard
With boxes in the living room, the garage and the yard

There were housewares, clothes & knickknacks

Books, records, clocks and more

Canned goods that had expired in 1994

We went through each thing together, no, you couldn't see the floor

When Mom brought all the boxes I'd remember ever more

I heard the stories of a lifetime, new twists on our history
Unraveled family secrets, no more a mystery
Each item we unwrapped brought us closer than before
As I got to windowshop in my Mom's private store

We made three piles as we unpacked – one with stuff to keep and use
Some boxes for the attic and the things we both refused
At the big sale in the yard she gave it everything she had
Befriended you and passed you gifts – unless you got her mad (*Chorus*)

The months went fast and Mom went fast – it was a sad surprise
She flew back to New York, was buried by my father's side
But there's solace in the sharing, and I always will recall
Those very special moments when we two bared it all (*Chorus*)

When my Mom brought all the boxes

I'll remember – ever more