

Emptying Pockets

Brian Brown

Unload on the dresser top
black brick cell phone, keys,
waxy-wrapped cough drops,
two mechanical pencils, Hertz
ball point pen, and wallet
from the back, its collected
plastic cards and long fold, empty
but for a few faded receipts.
What else? Paperclip.
Pinch of lint. And
a hazelnut.

Fish it up
from the bottom
corner, slide a thumb
over its ridged curves. Solid,
it was immense between
your daughter's finger and thumb
as, mid-birthday treasure hunt,
blond hair, half fallen, floating
around her head and face,
she stooped, lifted
from the grass
this talisman and,
in spite of everything,
held it up to you:
Look Daddy.