begin an inventory:

one box, listing, cardboard
crushed from above, disturbing
three pressed blooms more
dust than velvet

rattling at the bottom,
one dull-colored stone collected in passing

that knock-me-down sunset under the shadow
of piedra blanca, the horizon still seared with blood-colored light

so fragile in our fingers, these magics —
one coin flattened on the railroad track, one ticket
never punched,
one empty pouch still smelling of

his old muttering leather skin

smoking tobacco,
fishing line, scars, smear of recipes, the
crack that broke your mother’s back, and holding
it in my hand — oh, yes:

you pushed her around the zoo in a wheelchair
creaking with the just one more thing she had to bring
leaving gashes in the manicured habitat
absolutely tearing it up, while the keepers winced and
the baboons shrieked with jealousy

for body parts:

six children’s teeth, two clips infant hair,
and, shuddering, one dried umbilical cord rattling
in a plastic hospital jar, fumbled and dropped,
rolling away and brought up against
old woman’s shoes

his heart attack dashing him to the floor
she’s crying out and making them run