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## Junk

It increases even as I diminish.  
In attic, dirty sheds, desk drawers  
places I don't care to review  
in corners of neglected floors  
I hoard things once needed.  
My road no longer leads anywhere  
so I'm cautious about obsolescence.  
This manifest is not junk—I know  
junk is watched on TV by the lonely.  
One thing baffles me—so many keys.  
What remains in life to be unlocked?  
These and other items might come in handy  
sure, and I might yearn for hot love  
to steal my breath away again  
but this is about as likely  
as a long-lost novel by Carver  
or the arrival of Godot.  
I shall have a clear-out soon  
strip my belongings back to an echo  
perhaps one bright summer morning  
although I'll probably postpone this  
until hard winter shadows slant my way  
when evenings grow short, shorter.