

ADELE GRAF

LEXICON OF TRAVELLING LIGHT

backpack: paired to 1960s student trek essentials, including Sartre's books (even this cool Existentialist wouldn't declare these *de trop*)

corsage: boosted my breezy takeoff to a farewell gala, as my grandmother pinned her gift on my *de rigueur* plain shirt

finery: negated my "hip" unstudied outfit, when my proud Gram lingered nearby in her milliner's hat with clasped purse

homemade cookies: handed by Gram as last-minute baggage (couldn't she see that my young ideas had no room for her old-world ways?)

modernism: jettisoned the corsage on board, then devoured the cookies to lighten my load (Sartre himself would have salivated at their creamy centres)

nostalgia: now kindles twenty-first century warmth for my Gram, who baked those cookies and bought that corsage with quarters and dimes

philosophical shift: regresses from Existentialism to Plato, whose "universal forms" of long-wilted corsages (beyond specific carnations or orchids) and "ideal" once-creamy cookies (beyond butter or cream-cheese filling) lead me to realize my grandmother embodied the supreme "form of the good"

regret: compounds annually for the squandered soft spot my grandmother offered

savvy: kneels no more to now-passé Jean-Paul, nor to today's trendy icons

suitcases: accumulate for years, as I search to stuff them with what I'd once deliberately discarded