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Hallowed Things

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Hallowed Things
Sofia Monteleone

Where has it gone?
That tea-stained lampshade-covered thing.
Of all the boxes, it's in none
Now lost in all of last night's weeping.

That scrap-glued Christmas bauble thing.
No, I don't know where you put it.
It's lost in all of last night's weeping
Parts and pieces out of orbit

No, I don't know where you put it
That thing we made when she was born,
Now scattered pieces lost to orbit
In a chest of drawers, you'd sworn,

That hope we held when we were wed,
Petite pieces crushed to dust
In a chest of drawers, you said,
The thing is gone now, turned by rust.

Our house, a spindling pool of dust
Where has it gone?
Who's to say what went to rust
Throw out the boxes, it's in none.