

graduating, we pack

We sold all the furniture (of course lamps went first)
And are left sifting through dim rooms of inventory

- Old Halloween costumes (and all of my clothes and all of his clothes)
- Harrison's, Bates', Sapira, Nuland, non-medical books
- Piles of dirty scrubs, piles of clean scrubs, all other piles
- Business cards for various restaurants we have loved in the city

Evening: we sort by the light of laptop screens.
Our apartment collapses into discrete shippable units.

Our French press, bread maker, fruit parer become Kitchen Box
Our two-person tent, camping stove, hiking boots become Activities Box
Our African masks, Brooklyn Bridge print, Quechua tapestry become Art Box

A photograph of our life is filtered, pointillized,
The finer points brushed into smudges, mere suggestions of our world
These last four years.

Sarah Buckley, MD

