

Notes on how to pack

You may be leaving, but that van, those cases
cannot take it all, so choose with care:
the table where you sometimes see their faces
from all those years ago, the rocking chair.

You cannot take it all, so choose with care:
the bed of course for its loving and grieving.
From all those years ago, the rocking chair,
but not the leaky tap. And chuck the sofa. Heaving

the bed downstairs, keep it for loving and grieving.
That corner window? Leave it with the creaking stair,
the leaky tap. And chuck the sofa, heaving
at the stink from when those mice had babies there.

That corner window? Leave it with the creaking stair.
Pack all the books, although you know
the mice have nibbled some. Who knows where
you'll store the milk jugs and that vase with its green glow

but pack all the books, although you know
you'll never find the day to read Ivan Denisovich.
Bring the milk jugs and that vase with its green glow
but leave behind the year when she fell sick.

You'll never find the day to read Ivan Denisovich.
For god's sake leave the strimmer!
And leave behind the year when she fell sick.
The piano is a shame, but take the sea, its shimmer.

For god's sake leave the strimmer!

No laughing matter to shed the best of all your days.

The piano is a shame, but take the sea, its shimmer:

past and future travel separate ways.

No laughing matter to shed the best of all your days

but you're leaving with the van and all those cases.

Past and future travel separate ways

so take the table where you sometimes see their faces.