

## Toothbrush/Trash

Mount Eerie

Today I just felt it for the first time  
Three months and one day after you died  
I realized that these photographs we have of you  
Are slowly replacing the subtle familiar  
Memory of what it's like  
To know you're in the other room  
To hear you singing on the stairs  
A movement, a pine cone, your squeaking chair  
The quiet untreasured in between times  
The actual experience of you here  
I can feel these memories escaping  
Colonized by photos, narrowed down, told  
My mind erasing  
The echo of you in the house dies down

October wind blows  
It makes a door close  
I look over my shoulder to make sure  
But there is nobody here  
I finally took out the upstairs bathroom garbage that was sitting there forgotten since you were here  
Wanting just to stay with us  
Just to stay living  
I threw it away  
Your dried out, bloody, end-of-life tissues  
Your toothbrush and your trash  
And the fly buzzing around the room, could that possibly be you too?  
I let it go out the window  
It does not feel good