Museum

by Siobhan Drummond in the June 2024 issue
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Who curated the pile of old shoes?
The rusty hinges?
Who decided on the cascade
of dusty eyeglasses, barely glinting,
now blank, blind?

How could that person not
have wept at first sight,
not stand there weeping
uncontrollably?

Surely there was a committee.
Did they all weep? Together

or individually? Some of them
blatantly, right in the middle
of the decision-making process.

Others later, at home,
in the privacy of their kitchens,
standing in front of their ovens.

Others maybe only in their hearts,
or not at all yet.