

## THING ●

John Grey

She had put it away  
in a rusty metal cupboard,  
in the cellar  
but so often seen in passing  
that it did not feel to her like  
it was put away at all.

So she removed it  
from its basement home.  
stuffed it down below  
the photo albums, wedding dresses, baby shoes,  
in a trunk in the attic.  
Good place for it, she told herself.  
May as well be on the moon.

But, for all the days  
she never once climbed  
that step-ladder  
through the hole in the ceiling,  
it was still in the house.  
No denying it.

Tear it to shreds  
and the pieces would  
flutter about the room for a lifetime.  
Burn it and she'd have the ashes.  
Give it away but who would take it.  
Throw it in the trash  
and what would stop it  
coming back to her.

Eventually,  
she put it in the most prominent place  
in the house,  
on the kitchen table.  
She hid it away  
by getting so used to its presence  
she forgot it was there.  
Visitors would point at it  
and ask, “What’s that?”  
She spent her waning years  
not knowing what  
they were talking about.