

Under the Eaves

by M. Brooke Wiese

I'm under the attic's eaves, flat on my belly,
trying to find a box I put there years ago –
my head turned sideways, my ear pressed against
the rough wood floor – I hear muffled voices below.

The roof bakes under the summer sun and I am soaked
through. I stretch my arm, shift, and stretch
again until I can reach almost to
the edge of the house, and I can just touch

with my fingertips the object of my search –
the box of baseball cards: Whitey Ford,
Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, Pedro Ramos,
Mel Stottlemyre, Elston Howard...

New York Yankees all, my childhood mania,
along with the Beatles of course. Perhaps one
or two will be worth something after so much
time has passed -- how I *loved* Joe Pepitone!

Off to college, I packed my childhood up
in boxes – almost as many as my eighteen years –
and stowed them deep under the attic's eaves
where they collected dust and damp for forty years.

Sweat and dust now fill my mouth and nose,
and over there, a desiccated mouse –
and in a crumbling box, a cache of 1960s baseball cards
because you died and we're cleaning out your house.