

Sara Eddy

Keys

First I lost my keys. Home, office, car, also the key to the house I grew
up in,
and the key to the liberty-bell bank that sits on my dresser, full
of unvaluable change. Also the small blue jackknife that I loved, that I
found
outside a Michigan supermarket when we were young
and had no one but each other, when a knife was a happy talisman.
A gift from parking lot gods that 20 years ago told me to be handy,
to fix things, to be bold about where I cut.

With the keys gone I felt lost and crazy and decided it was time
for a new wallet. I dug out the small leather pouch my mother
brought to me from Luca. It was soft and tender as spring
in Italy. I tucked in necessities. Cash, credit, identity, license.
I left behind all remnants of my consumer past, stretching back.
Frequent buyer cards for bookstores in Cape Cod, California, Greece.
Cards from bagel stores, coffee shops, hardware boxes.
Library cards, health insurance, Triple A and business cards.

I was ruthless. I left behind pictures of my children,
my father's fishing license. I felt light and new and daring.
I got a tattoo and sang a song, I took daytrips with the music up high
and wrote new poems. And then I found my keys again.