

DISCARDS

Mark Orr

'Twas crowded in the catch-all drawer,
The post-it notes did grimly scowl
Upon the wing-nut from the mower
That lay beside them, cheek to jowl.
“Back off! You don't belong in here!
The tool shed's where you ought to stay!”
The wing-nut gave a haughty sneer
And tilted o'er to have his say,
Pushing a seashell out of his way.

“I did not choose to come inside,
I'd rather've stayed in my own milieu.
Once more across the lawn to ride,
To be among the hardware crew.
My job it was to hold the strut
That kept the handle straight and true.
I was the most important nut
Until that day an ill-wind blew,
And somehow I misplaced my screw.”

For a moment there was silence then.
Below the church key something sighed.
A rabbit's foot, or ball-point pen,
Some knick-knack hung its head and cried.
“Such is the tale that we all share,
The rubber band, the old padlocks.
One day our owners do not care,
And in the middle of this box
We thoughtlessly are cast aside,
Our former usefulness denied.

And loud the lamentations came,
Of odds and ends long past their prime.
The pieces from a forgotten game,
The watch that could no more tell time.
Pins that now were not quite straight,
Subway tokens never used,
A cufflink lacking now a mate,
Some crayons that had melted, fused;
All lost, abandoned and refused.