**Hard rubbish**

by Scott Patrick-Mitchell

The garbage trucks will come next week, early in the morning with their monstrous hunger, their loud devouring. I take what you left behind out to the curb. These items include:

• The blue sneakers you danced in whenever you were down, scuffed at the toes from the way you’d lift into pointe.

• A guitar you played once, and once only.

• Those love notes, the ones where your handwriting was all bubble and too big so when it got to your name, it was squashed at the bottom of the page.

• Your boxing gloves, bloody on the inside from fighting shadows.

• Receipts, each one a document of time travel to a memory shared.

• The texts you sent, but only the ones with broken promises.

• The blue and red flashing lights of emergency, me flagging them down.

• A lock of your hair (which I will go back for in the middle of the night to bring inside, to keep).

Tonight, I sleep in a half-filled house. Tomorrow is your funeral.

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