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Garage Sailing

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Garage Saling

Jason Snart

Into a luminous Saturday morning
 that begins in the breakwater of bed-sheets,
 stirred by rudderless dreams,
 the sun sifts its way through the drapes
 that we bought at a two-for-one sale. The radio
 turned itself off around one in the morning,
 you hit me at two with a sandbag arm, defending yourself
 from your mother, or mine, or an exam you forgot was that day.

So it's about time, then, to collect the Saturday paper
 and let the dog loose so she can snuffle the grass,
 scratching the itch
 that's dogged her for years.

Now with the Classifieds, coffee, a highlighter pen,
 you eye like a pirate every location, from nearest to furthest,
 that will give up its furniture, baby clothes, too much to list,
 estate sales, multi-family, no dealers please.

Your beautiful belief in something to find. What's left
 but to count out some cash,
 mapquest a strategy, and climb in the car. But
 somehow I'm replacing a light bulb, so you spread mulch,
 the dog needs attention,
 our coffee's gone cold—this carafe we bought keeps it warm!
 Let's walk 'round the block, the neighbors are out
 in the sun, what's on our roof? Is that branches,
 where is the ladder
 we borrow a ladder.

By ten in the morning, the landscape's a desert. Just green lawns and trees,
 and freshly turned beds
 of hostas and peonies. Maybe a broken
 salad fork and spoon, a wagonless set of plastic wheels, a shirt
 from Black Jack's Cruise and Casino,
 a pressboard desk for sale,
 "as is." We missed it.

You've tied your hair back,
 and worn weekend shorts, and the t-shirt you've had
 since high school, your old garden shoes. All
 for a late morning frenzy of driving,
 laughing into the cool wind, looking at houses we'll never afford.
 That one, too big, not pretty, like ours.
 Think of the taxes and of keeping it clean.