



Image from The Green Divas

James B. Nicola

Where I Must Have Put the Thing

Oh, right, that's where I must have put it. Or
could it have dropped down from an upper drawer?
The bureau feels too full, as life becomes
but mere amounts, strange desultory sums

of circumstance, capricious as a sigh.
Had objects souls, how many hearts might rot
from simple sloppiness! But we can die
of heartbreak; the inanimate cannot.

Aren't memories also things, though? And love grows
through blunt and blurred remembrances I own
because they can't be hurt now, I suppose.
Like stuff in drawers, thrice touched, twice used,
once known.

James B. Nicola is the author of eight collections of poetry, including *Fires of Heaven: Poems of Faith and Sense*, *Turns & Twists*, and *Natural Tendencies*. His book *Playing the Audience: The Practical Actor's Guide to Live Performance* won a *Choice* magazine award.