What We Carry

Footpath art.
The artist
travels home with me.
The price, long forgotten.
The name, never known.

Empty bottles
holding new green,
old sarees,
draped across windows,
catching the afternoon sun.

Meal kept warm,
chair pulled closer,
number no longer called,
gift made by little hands—
small ways
we spend ourselves.

And yet—
not everything we spend
is lost.
Moments, stitched together,
live.

Perhaps,
neither priced nor packaged—
what we carry
carries us.

[redacted]
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Dr. Hilary Downey Memorial Poetry