Mary Chapin Carpenter "What To Keep And What To Throw Away"

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These are your instructions Should you choose to follow Sit down with pen and paper Begin with something hollow Like the past words he offered A kind of explanation They only take up space here You do not need to save them Open up the closet Find his winter coat there Check inside the pockets Find a crumpled note there It says, "Milk and Sunday paper" And a heart smudged in blue ink Fold it up and box it Before you have time to think Sundays are the hardest Avoid familiar back roads Erase the old phone numbers Delete all the photos Those you haven't heard from Will come as no surprise They made their calculation When they chose a side These are your instructions When you become reclusive And old friends say they miss you And sleep becomes elusive Fill up every journal Empty every shoebox Burn the lists and letters Sweep out all the old thoughts Shake off all the covers Throw every window open Stand here in your bare feet Welcome in the morning These are your instructions When grace has left you stranded When you are lost and wounded Bleeding and abandoned

Use a tourniquet for pressure

Let time do its healing

Say prayers for good measure
When you think you've lost all feeling
Walk into the guest room
The last place he was sleeping
See the outline on the pillow
Smooth it without weeping
One last final walk-through
Now move the bags and boxes
From front porch onto back seat
Pile away the losses
These are your instructions
If you choose to follow
Stop and take a big breath
Begin with something hollow

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