The Museum of Your Life

Following the example of the Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer poem below, walk through your living or writing space, making specific note of what you see. The objects become the poem’s particulars. Let these objects and artifacts of your life bring up what they will; then perhaps you arrive without planning at some well earned but unexpected statement.

General Admission

Today I walk through the house
as if it is the museum of my life,
a temporary exhibit.
I notice the flower bouquet made of Legos,
the upright studio black lacquer piano,
a life-sized cardboard cutout of Queen Elizabeth
wearing a fetching amethyst dress,
a matching hat and short white gloves.
At least a dozen paintings and sculptures of nudes.
So many skeins of unknit yarn.
A bottle of oud perfume.
And so many books. The imaginary docent
suggests not all the titles have been read,
but all the books are fiercely loved.
I notice there is not an interpretive panel
explaining the candles on the counter,
but I know they are to be lit
each time someone shares
the wounds of their heart.
It’s strange to see my existence
as a collection of artifacts
displayed amongst the artifacts
of my husband, daughter, and son.
How interconnected they are.
I notice all the stories they don’t tell,
notice all the secrets they don’t share,
notice what objects can never convey.
I wander the rooms, growing more
and more curious about what can’t be known.
I vow to keep living into that.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer
from her on-line daily poems