

OBJECTS LEFT BEHIND

MADISON BROWNE

your granddaughter is 20 now
and she's at a new boy's house.
she sits on the toilet,
half-dressed,
and sighs.

she stands up and looks at herself
in the mirror.

her face shows no approval,
no disgust.

she reaches down to turn on the faucet,
and pauses, eyes fixed on the square of soap.
she picks up the green bar
as the water pours into the grimy porcelain sink.

some strange emotion passes over her face
creating lines contrary to her youth,
before softly returning to the closed lips, blank eyes.
she rubs her hands
against the scentless soap
—lathering—
washing her entire forearms.

she shakes off
her hands in the dirty,
towel-less bathroom.
she looks at the soap,
blinks once
then flicks off the light switch.