Cost Benefit

It’s lost: the home movie of the children skating, navy skirts, silver ice.

Now no monsters leap upon the beds, no growls from underneath. Those beasts expired in the dust their ghostly bones swept out with brooms: an archeology of fear, acceptance. What will it be worth later the sums and totals, snapshots bound with rubber bands? Find the balance, sort by date, tally up.

Risk and uncertainty over here. In this box the lion and the spaceman peer from painted eyes. All this must go.