



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.

