

Looking for a pen in my mother's purse

Annika Le

There's a butterscotch candy
from the dry cleaner
on Barnes road,
It wears a layer
of frothy dust.
Buckled receipts
with the imprints of
my mother's waxy lips
(blot, blot)
unfurl against
leather insides.
Forgotten toothpicks
and scrawled lists
pile up on a green
powder compact.
"I know it's
in there," she says.