

## Emptying Pockets

*Brian Brown*

Unload on the dresser top  
black brick cell phone, keys,  
waxy-wrapped cough drops,  
two mechanical pencils, Hertz  
ball point pen, and wallet  
from the back, its collected  
plastic cards and long fold, empty  
but for a few faded receipts.  
What else? Paperclip.  
Pinch of lint. And  
a hazelnut.

Fish it up  
from the bottom  
corner, slide a thumb  
over its ridged curves. Solid,  
it was immense between  
your daughter's finger and thumb  
as, mid-birthday treasure hunt,  
blond hair, half fallen, floating  
around her head and face,  
she stooped, lifted  
from the grass  
this talisman and,  
in spite of everything,  
held it up to you:  
Look Daddy.