

The Cabinet of Youth

Chloe Mayne

i don't feel as though i laugh so much anymore.
have i lost my spark? i implored.
has it scuttled inside the glass cabinet of youth
where relics, faded photographs and
other when-i-was-your-age paraphernalia are stored?

i telephoned the locksmith
and he informed me that
the only way to unlock a glass cabinet of that sort
is to take off one's shoes and socks,
run into the backyard on a rainy day
and roll most wildly in the mud –

the key is in there somewhere
if you feel about for long enough.