

Ephemeral Inventory

In the pockets of that wool blazer with the elbows worn thin you had:

1 corner of a green and white card boarding pass for a flight to New York, torn off in haste as you boarded late because you'd lost track of time at the terminal bar.

1 book of matches, just two are left in the soft fringe of raw cardboard where you peeled the others off and burnt them to your fingertips trying to read a map on a strange city street at night.

1 half of a dry cleaning ticket for trousers, worn to a long forgotten party full of names you had to repeat to yourself silently so you wouldn't forget.

1 folded paper napkin from a cafe with a phone number that doesn't exist anymore, creased and coffee stained, with 'Collect your shirt!' scribbled in your leaning inky black script.

2 dog eared tickets to the Royal Opera performance of La Traviata, for seats that didn't have a clear view of the stage.

1 Polaroid photo of you, your eyes were mostly closed but your hair looked perfect, your fingerprint smeared the date written in pen on the back.

I check my own pockets:

I have my phone.