

A box caught his eye. He approached the table cluttered with vintage glass coke bottles and ceramic figurines, some chipped some stained. The box stacked a few feet off the table rested upon a rc car box looking not to have been used much. The wooden box lifted with ease and rests in the man's hands. Something inside slides, clinks and goes silent. Held with one hand he opens the lid greeted by a few bunches of cloth. A golden cardinal trim lines the center of cloth paper making a nice elegant image. He pauses. A moment more. He rises and proceeds to mumble something to himself before returning the box to its resting place. With a longing gaze and touch, he releases.

His son stood at the opening to the garage clutching a discolored friendly looking bear with a tophat. "Please can I keep this one? She taught me how to fix it and I'll use him all the time I promise! I swear! Please daddy!" The boy pleaded to his father. Stuffing slips out the bear's right leg.

A nice looking lady sings to me on her approach, it's a quiet but fine tune. Her pace slows as caches of someone else's life surround her. She sifts and lifts from mound to mound. Hands caressing each box, comic, doll and memory alike. Her scrutiny could be mistaken with reminiscence.

The father sauntered through his unburdened nest, hands reaching for memories to dust off and enjoy anew. Unsteady hands riffling, it seems not just one will do. More quickly from table to table keeping his memories close to his chest.

She approaches the table bearing a few accessories, garments and a small wooden box. His gloom expression unfolds. Eyes wide brow low, shoulders steep as cliffs. His gaze falls upon the box. Retreating into the chair gives the illusion of a diminutive man. *Clink*. A rattle bellows to the man from inside.

Exploring eyes take in the scenery of this lovely suburban home. Fruitful giants shield the home with their many arms and armor. A beautiful day should be loved by a patch of flowers yet the ones welcoming guests at the mailbox appear to be yearning for their missing love. Their heads, no longer held high, rest against the white picket fence. A shift in the sky. We both notice. A pit-pat in front of me and then... Pit-pat pit-pat all around me.

Eye contact. He finally looks up from the box. Raindrops falling. A pitiful expression takes over the man's face. "Bit of rain never hurt anyone." She smiles then breaks away from his harrowed gaze. She places her gathered twigs upon the table. "This is a beautiful jewelry box. I noticed inside ther-." "It comes with it." "Cloth and all? Someone devoted time and love to embroider these so dutifully." A few more words exchange and the lady parts. Staring until she's long out of sight, he sheds two tears and moves his branches, twigs and leaves back into the nest.

A teardrop falls upon my red feathered head, today was not a good day for a garage sale.