

# Things Pulled Off Refrigerator Doors

CHARLES HARPER WEBB

That's me in Maui, underneath a tire-sized hat,  
pointing surfward as if I've just invented  
waves. There's Katie wincing on a fern-  
draped ledge, splashed by a mile-high  
waterfall. Here's a sign she made me—  
"Remember Your Lunch-Bag" (she made  
the lunch, too)—next to her favorite  
cartoon: A frog caught in a heron's beak  
wings the bird's neck so it can't swallow,  
and screams, "NEVER give up!"

A spider she crayoned, age 9, on orange  
Halloween paper reads, "Love, Spidey."  
My Xerox of a church program proclaims,  
"Joseph: Charles Webb." (A shepherd sneered,  
"Charlie thinks he should be Jesus.")  
Dad's "Wish you were here" Florida postcard,  
delivered the day his heart attacked—  
anchors Kate's yellow Post-It: *Remember  
when I wake up cranky, eyes sealed shut,  
I love you more than you will ever know.*

Post-breakup, some people throw out  
all reminders of their love. Others strip  
the refrigerator bare, and stash the whole mess  
in a drawer, hoping it's back up in a week.  
Years later, blundering upon the relics, you may  
riffle through, then drop them in the trash.  
But if you're like me—superstitious, lonely,  
afraid—you'll feel the wind as time sprints by  
before you re-shut the drawer like a freezer  
that keeps things indefinitely.