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 wrings 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.