

## *On picking the right accessories for dropping my daughter off at college*

This is the purse I bought  
to take to New York  
something small  
with a long strap  
something I could pull  
over my shoulder  
and wear like a sash.  
As though I was going  
to walk down Broadway,  
arms open wide,  
accepting flowers.  
Something compact for  
the essentials: lip balm, pen  
and paper, an ID.

Though now that I think  
about it, half  
my identification  
stayed behind, the final  
embrace, after she turned  
to go, stayed empty  
and cold for a long time.

Even the next day  
by myself at the museum,  
the weight of her  
absence pulled  
at the zipper,  
the bag caught  
on corners and chairs.  
Every time I untangled,  
some representation

of mother and child was  
in front of me.

Had I brought my big bag  
I could have gathered them all.