

BOYD W. BENSON

Saving One's Self a Lot of Grief

I hoard in a small box,
decorative, yet not too

loud, those old sorrows,
those true companions.

Unlike the old barber,
whose griefs will bellow

like many mangy dogs,
my griefs are brilliant

singers and so delicate.
They are small things,

fine as spiders' webbing,
and quite mesmerizing.

I press them into my box,
gently, one atop the other.

They spring back to my touch.
It is an elegant, clever system.

Unlike the sorrows of others,
which tend to tire the mind

too easily, you will appreciate
and marvel so at my griefs

you will grieve yourself
for not having them.

I will not be letting them go.