

## **Cleaning up the Storage Room**

Packed to the hilt, been lethargic about doing the spring storage room cleaning.  
Needed to filter through boxes and bags, handling stuff full of hidden meaning.  
Throwing away or filing my own times, both good and bad.

Moved here years back, every unpacked object or person seemed to end up to be a box.  
Every boys with toys gadget, every trinket and gift from former flame you once called a fox.  
Odd to touch things you've not seen in years, in the here, now a feeling no longer pleased or mad.

With the passage of time, the memories are different with each find.  
Just mere objects that frame a memory, chapters in life that ended up a shoe box of the human mind.  
Be it shoes or lingerie a lass or two left here some distant night, ya, lol, the nights weren't so bad.