

# Celia Merlin

## Yet In Sight

1.

Can we throw this out? he asks  
me impatient with what  
he sees as clutter - a bowl,  
in a cupboard overflowing.  
Throwing it out helps unburden  
his spirit, aids him to climb  
from the overfilled pit  
that's his day.  
Just leave it, I try.  
It's not bothering you-  
I use it for candy,  
once a year, every year-  
a tradition, a totem I've kept  
for our children and theirs-  
a symbol, an heirloom, a passage  
of time, a memory still  
in the making.

2.

I personify things.  
Some of value, some not.  
They speak to me even  
when they are unseen.  
And the thought of them gone,  
like an aunt or an uncle, a cousin  
with whom I watched clouds on my back,  
with whom I ate fruit from my grandmother's yard  
and then passed them on  
over to you.  
A memory hoarder,  
the bowl is a crumb-  
a chained pocket watch, a locket  
a broach, a whiff from a kitchen  
of smells long away.

3.

So silly, that bowl.  
It's no big deal.

Put it back in its place,  
with the candlesticks, vases  
and lace tablecloths,  
to appear once a year,  
on a specified day,  
in attempt to remain  
yet in sight.

Born in Lexington, KY, and raised in Buffalo, NY, **Celia Merlin** studied French and English Lit. at SUNY Buffalo followed by an MA in TEFL at Tel Aviv University in Israel. She has won numerous honors including three Reuben Rose Memorial International Poetry Competitions, The Miriam Linberg Competition for Peace and Cyclamens and Swords Poetry Competitions. Celia has led poetry workshops and given readings at Tel Aviv University and other venues. Her work has appeared in various anthologies. She has made Israel her home since 1979, teaching and raising three children.