

The Yardsale is Over and the Rain is Falling and It Is Getting Dark

by Carl Santoro

*Now That You're Gone and
We are Faced With the Closing (Inspired by true events)*

August 17 & 18, 2013 - A Weekend Like No Other

It was a yard sale hosted by parents
who weren't there-but we felt they were

Many came and commented

They said - you were so stylish
They said - they sang with you
They said - you were so active
They said - they loved you

I touched your plates,
I touched your books
I touched your jewelry,
I touched your coats,
I stared deep into the sepias...
And you touched my soul anew.

I priced the objects you loved
I priced once and once again
Your treasures with so much meaning to you,
Became objects that baffled understanding

Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/carl-santoro/the-yardsale-is-over-and-the-rain-is-falling-and-it-is-getting-dark»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/carl-santoro/the-yardsale-is-over-and-the-rain-is-falling-and-it-is-getting-dark)
Copyright © 2013 Carl Santoro. All rights reserved.

Your Elvises,
Your Sinatras,
Laid out on altars labeled "Featured Items"

And sadly, often through the day,
cars would pause in the street,
on the outskirts of your property,
peering through their windows
and sneaking looks beyond the dresses
waving from your tree limbs,

And from their opened truck windows,
Yelling out-
"Do you have any fishing poles or golf clubs?"

Dear Mom — I loved your yard sale.

