

99 WRITING

# Suitcase Blues

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**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

When you pack your suitcase, zip it up and go to  
another city

Will you remember me? Will you glance at our  
favorite book

on your shelf

and smile? Will you wait for the bus

feel the snow flakes on your cheeks, and think of  
when you

waited there with me?

Will you hear that song again and laugh out loud  
at an inside joke from years ago?

Will you pack the memories with you?

Sometimes I think of the future and I wonder  
what's ahead. Will you sit on your bed with your  
phone in

your hand

telling me about your new life a thousand miles  
away?

Are you out of sight but still remembered? A sad  
smile on my

lips

when I wear the socks you gave me last Christmas.

Are you something unexpected, like the future so often is?

Hidden in the midst of meetings and faces and hours to come

Unforeseen by the clearest crystal ball.

Will you pack the memories with you?

Sometimes I think about everything ahead, and I know

there are some things I'll always take with me. I'll pack your

    sunglasses

in my suitcase and pretend they're mine. I'll pack the

    memories

in my journal, and never leave them behind. I'll put your song

on my playlist, and know all the lines. I'll pack up the times

    we had

and the memories will be part of me forever.

Will you pack the memories with you?