

Your Danish Hope Chest

It is older than we are;
the wood is cracked,

and there is a splinter
in one corner of the lid.

The outside is teal green
with *rosemaling* designs

painted on the lid and sides.
The inside is deep and worn,

and reminds me of the double
history you have given me.

After we married, we shipped it
to America with all your journals

inside. To share the risk, I added
all the poems I had written

during my Danish year. Now,
almost forty-four years later,

it is next to your desk,
our stuffed white Christmas bear

nestled on the top. Each morning,
I wake up, still in wonder, holding your hand.

Norman Leer