Scrap Paper

Tiffany Page
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For Jenn

I carry her list with me, a single piece of notebook paper.

It’s softer now, that time has passed.

"Feed Animals
Go to Bank
Get gift card, Momaw
Mom’s B-day
Cora
4 outfits
Diapers
wipes
Maddelyn
2 changes
Nightgown
3 panties
3 socks
Myself
Nightclothes
1 outfit
Socks..."

Written neatly at the bottom are directions to our Momaw’s house in Louisiana.

Her last trip to Louisiana with her babies.

Our last trip, together.

I found her list after she died.

It took me a moment to remember that she had given it to me;

To remember that she had given me her list when it was only scrap paper.

Scrawled on the other side "Dallas Police Department 3/18"
The day my apartment had been broken into

Unimportant now.
Now
Almost eleven years
have passed.
Maddelyn
will be sixteen in March.
Cora
turns twelve this year.
Momma and Momaw’s birthdays
are coming again...
It’s softer now
That time has passed,
but somewhere
within her list

my sister is still twenty-six.
The oldest of four girls and one boy,
James’ wife
Mommy of two.
Maddelyn is still five.
Cora is still nine-months-old.
And her list
isn’t so important
after all.
Just another piece
of scrap paper.

The Love Tree  Daphne H. Babcock