

An Inventory

Ana Reisans

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Recommended Citation

Reisans, Ana () "An Inventory," *The Woodward Review: A Creative and Critical Journal*: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 4.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/woodwardreview/vol2/iss1/4>

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Ana Reizens

An inventory

The purchases made with the money once spent on war runs something like this: quilts; oranges; breakfasts cooked over crackling flames (for every hand and every name); shaded marketplaces; dried plums; medicine that tastes like bubblegum; dinosaur bandages for scraped knees; teacups; shiny classrooms with teachers who recognize everyone's faces; playgrounds; rainbow-colored paintbrushes; birthday cakes; parks with yellow daffodils and little green frogs sunbathing on the lilies by the fountain; faucets; showerheads; white cotton beds; soft sofas to rest; quiet armchairs to read; hammocks to sway and feel and wonder and dream; universities; olive trees; great mosaic staircases to gather and sit and learn each other's languages; glowing stages and open stadiums; bicycle lanes; vehicles that drive on recycled ideas; bowls of soup eaten with bamboo spoons; shampoo; boxes of chocolates and hand-woven socks;

But would there be enough for the chocolate and socks?
we wondered.

Yes, there was enough.