every
thing's
mustard

Pulling up weeds from the cobbles leaves holes in the ground, gapes.
Wrapping dandelions in her hands she tongues the hole in her mouth
and the teeth she has left.

123 Garden Ornaments, 56 of which are chickens.

In the midst of the thing she has lost is a great mass that she has found.
Behind the closed door are dirty dozens of figurines and fake flowers.
Firelighters, school reports and A level Lever-Arch files that document
lost tongues and past priorities.
Butter dishes and sugar bowls smeared with memories and morsels clat-
ter in cardboard boxes.

She cleans the empty fridge with lemon and attempted zest.

In the kitchen drawers, are pictures of passed people and redundant ash
trays
4 Doilies - fanciful, made brittle
52 copies of the Cambrian News.
71 tea towels
91 silver spoons
Crumbling rubber bands, miscellaneous tape, an Allen-key.
12 screws, 3 wing nuts and some superglue.

She seeks out connections in the chaos.

The welsh dresser houses 4 gravy boats, 5 watches and a sense of her own history
The shelves are stacked with1246 porcelain chickens and a dozen marble eggs rolling cold on her palm.
18 elephants
3 horses
5 merino glass swans with very fragile necks.

She packs carefully as she checks them all out.

Bulk buy towels are perhaps the saddest sight - soft against her skin and the rusty drawer hinges, new and stained with time and metal.
 Quilts for guests for best, a sorrowful stocktake set simply for scrap.
The parade of things and rings and bingo prizes piled in the small hallway are ridiculous non-matter with good intentions,
18 pillows, 4 beds [3 divan style] 3 welsh tapestry blankets [1 slightly frayed]
She archives, order, splitting the tangling loose seams.

A VHS player, 1 Blue ray and 2 DVD recorders.
16 candles and a packet of daffodil seeds
The wax snaps against her bone.
Ungrown. Unburned. Burdened.
Planned, Purchased, Obsolete.

3 egg slicers
2 toasters
1 kettle
1 travel kettle
A slow cooker [boxed]
4 hairdryers.
18 thimbles
21 needles
192 records

Dust denies colour, the sunny intervals smooth down shadows –
A greasy yellow clouds her eyes as they rest on the mantel, the tiles and the trinkets.
She slaps the fat fabric curtains to chase down the dust.
Sneezing audibly and echoing.

3 pairs of tweezers, 15 buckets, 24 sponge insoles [unworn], a baby's tooth.
15 cuddly toys [unused]
A cookbook focused solely on cooking calamari [unopened]
7 clocks [2 stopped]
52 handbags
81 plates

Sepia photographs are yellow whispers of soft skin and bones, white teeth and before.

After, grabbing the drag of bulbous boxes, baubles and souvenirs she carefully clears the deck.
Acknowledging the anomalies.

12 packets of washing powder.
28 ready meals
A bread machine
3 TVs
79 books
5 balls of string
6 bullets of unknown provenance
8 driving licences belonging to various family members [1 HGV licence]
4 packets of cumin seeds
5 jars of mustard - sealed and past their best.

Done for the day, the sun subsides and settles into haze in the half light.

Everything's mustard