

*Deb Westbury*

## BASKET

It is for bringing enough flowers  
in from the garden  
to fill all of your blue vases—

for holding a loaf of bread,  
a bottle of wine  
and two glasses—

I wear it over my arm  
in order to look purposeful  
when I am not, anymore—

if I am lucky I may leave you  
before my arms grow too tired  
to carry it—

and you will place it on the hearth  
piled up high with kindling, ready  
for the first fire of winter.

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