

# Am I a hoarder?

My papers I must have.

10 years, 20 years, 50 years, I must have.

All my scribbles, all my daily notes.

Such a peace. Such a comfort.

I lived those moments and play them back at will.

Like a cinema reel, each sentence, each picture of yester year.

My mind wonders, I reflect what the years have produced.

A snapshot in time to the person I have become, the person they have become. Am I a hoarder?

I thought I was saving for those that live on, but its more selfish I find.

Moments to travel back and observe that man, reflect,

and enjoy one more time.

Am I a hoarder? A small gift, a newspaper clipping, a card from a friend, a family member.

I reflect, I ponder, are they with us?

We cared for each other, we took time for each other, a warmth comes over me.

I wonder if they are well, I pray so as I dig for more treasures. Am I a hoarder?

Old pay stubs, canceled checks to brides and grooms, landlords, utilities and banks.

I reflect, a payment method of the past but so important to its era.

I'm alive when I read old letters received or sent, it speaks to my soul.

My heart becomes full, memories are refreshed.

Why such pleasure I've asked. Am I a hoarder?

I must part with my memories, it's time to clean.

I have enjoyed my papers, they satisfied a need, a window to reach back.

I will cherish the room my wife understood.

Not every box must go, more memories await, I'm a hoarder you know.

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