**Packing for the Future: Instructions**

Lorna Crozier

Take the thickest socks.

Wherever you’re going

you’ll have to walk.

There may be water.

There may be stones.

There may be high places

you cannot go without

the hope socks bring you,

the way they hold you

to the earth.

At least one pair must be new,

must be blue as a wish

hand-knit by your mother

in her sleep.

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Take a leather satchel,

a velvet bag and an old tin box—

a salamander painted on the lid.

This is to carry that small thing

you cannot leave. Perhaps the key

you’ve kept though it doesn’t fit

any lock you know,

the photograph that keeps you sane,

a ball of string to lead you out

though you can’t walk back

into that light.

In your bag leave room for sadness,

leave room for another language.

There may be doors nailed shut.

There may be painted windows.

There may be signs that warn you

to be gone. Take the dream

you’ve been having since

you were a child, the one

with open fields and the wind

sounding.

\*

Mistrust no one who offers you

water from a well, a songbird’s feather,

something that’s been mended twice.

Always travel lighter

than the heart.