

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Safe Deposit Box**

By Bruce Bennett

Old coins, still shiny new. Old forms. Old notes.  
To delve in it is to go back and back  
into an earlier age, where memory floats  
unanchored, blank and flummoxed by the lack  
of context. Did we save *that*? When, and why?  
Who is *this* from, and what's it doing *here*?  
We're struck with wonder as we puzzle, try  
to make *some* sense of what we find, make clear  
what need we must have felt, yet can't recall,  
when faced with all these remnants, now cut free  
from everything, these fragments that can't be  
explained or justified. We place them all  
back in the box, then hand it back, unsure  
exactly now *what* we were searching for.