

# Wallet

By Evan Gordon

Jerome L. Schulman Poetry Memorial Prize  
2nd Place

The wallet is rich earth brown.  
Its surface is weathered, scuffed, softened,  
leather caressed by sunshine,  
slathered in grease, groped by pockets,  
crushed under groceries, stabbed with icy cold,  
slapped by asphalt, soaked in muddy puddles,  
corroded from time,  
flung, forgotten and found.  
On the wallet are impressed lines and patterns,  
the language of its own history,  
a character description. And  
yes, it begins to reveal wisdom and patience, with  
its innards wrinkled, black but greying with  
little lines running like a foreign midnight riverland  
with its brown thread tight, holding years, with  
its single zipper graceful, never catching.  
The wallet, full or empty,  
is worth more than it can contain.