

## Junk, the Musical

I'm in a little house on Kenyon St., shopping at an estate sale. Estate sales are a sort of ephemeral museum, open only for a day, where visitors get an intimate glimpse into former inhabitant's lives—with price tags.

I'm in the kitchen, looking at an iron skillet, when a young woman's cell phone rings. The ringtone is "Tomorrow" from *Annie*. Near me, a woman begins softly singing. I sing along with her. We get loud, stage-voice loud. Three more women join us, a quintet belting out "Tomorrow" in the kitchen.

When it's done, the young woman says, "It was *just* my sister," as if, why all the fuss?

The first woman tells me, "You have a great voice. Do you sing in a church choir?"

"No—bars, sometimes, depending on how much I've had to drink." Then I add, "I always wanted my life to be a musical."

Another member of our quintet starts singing, inventing lyrics for my musical while looking through the silverware.

I gotta go to work  
And make a little cash  
So I can shop for junk  
And add it to my stash

Junk: I don't really need it

Junk: I already have it

Junk: I can't let it go

And . . . I can't leave it here

As I shop, people who heard our performance smile at me. My fellow singers, one-by-one, depart, walking sack-in-hand down the street toward their cars. Gradually, I become just another shopper in the crowd, until finally I, too, take my treasures to checkout, and pay, and walk down the street to my pickup.

I guess this is how it feels to get old. Nobody will remember, someday, that I once sang "Tomorrow" in the kitchen at an estate sale on Kenyon St.