

## Tool Box

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Under the rusting red metal lid we're waiting for you—your father's tools. We always knew you weren't going to build a doghouse or repair the stairs or tighten a bibcock faucet, but we wanted to be of use as in the old days. Ah, the old days! When we heard your father's tread on the basement steps, we were thrilled. The hammer clenched its head, the bubble trembled in the level, the pliers stretched its jaws. But after your father died it was worse than we expected. You carted us out to your car, left us for months in the trunk, and then stuck us on the floor of this hall closet next to the vacuum cleaner. Now the hacksaw's teeth are rusting, the file's worn down, and the measuring tape sags beside the plane. The poor jackscrew, no longer attached to a work bench, has grown forgetful, and thinks it's really a micrometer caliper. All you care about is duct tape these days, tearing off flashy shreds to cover your botched work while the tough little nails languish. So watch out! All of us in here are fed up with your disregard for some of mankind's oldest inventions, so if you ever do open this lid you're going to get hurt.