

Lost Luggage



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It didn't make it home with me more than two decades ago when I was studying abroad in Israel.

It held summer clothing my 21 year old body fit into, my journal, and heirloom coins my mom gave me from her time in Egypt.

I dreamt it was in a dusty lost and found in a basement closet with other forgotten suitcases, lined up like dominoes or headstones — time capsules waiting to be claimed.

Perhaps it was found by a female student who has a new wardrobe or a maintenance worker struggling to make ends meet who now has clothing for his daughters.

Perhaps it was thrown out, buried in a dump under mountains of smelly trash.

I never bothered to track it down, but I emailed the university this morning. Perhaps it's not too late to bring my lost baggage home and unpack my former life.

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