OCTOBER IN CHICAGO

After you left
I took a long bath
In your legged tub.
Typed my poetry
Then crawled into
Your bed with the cat.
i tried to sleep, but
My feet were cold.
Outside the wind
Breathed through
Moonlit trees.
I wrapped my arms
Around myself,
And remembered the
Time you rocked
And held me on
The floor.
You wore flannel.
My body disappeared.
Touch is an amulet
To carry around with
You on nights like these.
It is November.
I am nowhere.
There are no arms
Around my shoulders.
I try to sleep, but
My feet are still cold.

Susan L. McMinn

David Gibney