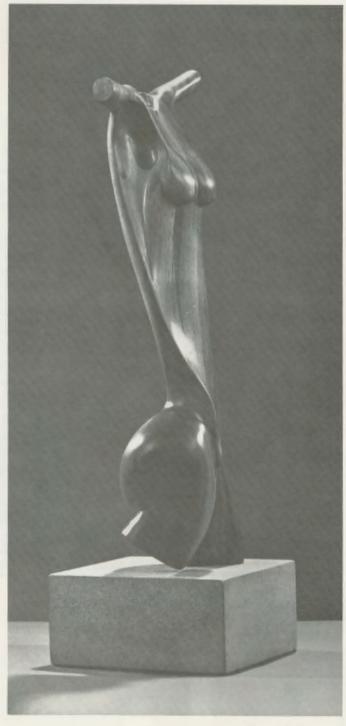
OCTOBER IN CHICAGO

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