

# 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*