Spring 5-1-2003

Early June After Each September

Susan Auld

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol23/iss2/10

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.
Early June After Each September

-Susan Auld-

Sweet scents of summer honeysuckle
catch a ride
  on the back of a breeze
  flowing through the open window
  lifting the hem of the lace curtain.

I exhale, expecting to see the smoke of my breath
but the chill catches in my throat
and I wrap my shawl around my shoulders
to calm the cold
in the warm air.

Your echo ripples through our rooms,
silent-movie lights flicker
on the darkened hallway walls
where your shadow roams,
and, I sit in my chair

near the open window
listening for the crunch on the drive,
the thud of the car door,
the clink of keys, waiting
for the lazy stretch of the calico cat,
turning her head toward the door in anticipation.

I cradle your photo in my arms
keeping you safe and close and warm.
In return you comfort me
as I rock back and forth
a whiff of your musky cologne tickles my nose.

I feel the weight of your hand on my shoulder
and I turn around,
knowing
that you must have slipped in the back door,
realizing
that you must have caught a ride
  on the back of the breeze
  that lifted the hem of the lace curtain.