



WARM, TREMBLING, ETC.

FIONA SCHICHO

How is your mom?
I thought I saw her
brief
but maybe just.

I add it to my grocery list of
Ideas to Ruminare On
 a budding pine cone
 sporks
 the eventual heat death of the universe

which brings me to this.
I wish I could study the lines on your palm,
the scar on your left elbow, one eyelash.

But this is not a song
that could begin in hello and end with goodbye
and so
I will return to my cave,
warm, trembling, etc.
fresh from my self-inflicted wounds,
from scrubbing the you off of me.