

Terminal

We were the first ones at the desk.
It was still closed, roped off,
our connecting flight not yet landed.
We waited, tagged and ready,
heads swimming slightly at the new time zone,
our bodies protesting that we belonged six hours ago.
You read a book to me, played i-spy,
while I sat on a suitcase, pop-socked feet dangling.
The tired lines around your eyes told one story,
our laughter, another.

You're gone now.
And I'm unhitched, that little girl again.
Groggy at the hours the rest of the world keeps,
when I'm still somewhere else,
though my body is here, sorting through your dresses.
I'm lost in the terminal, watching for the connection.
Other people's luggage rattles, echoing.
Every departure is your name
and every gate is zero.

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