

Just Here

by Gary Percesepe

I moved out as green leaves darkened on the twisted trees. She slept in her pajamas on the sofa. I placed the keys on the kitchen counter and pulled the door closed. The snows have not come but left behind are the sounds of summer in my old neighborhood. No children's laughter splashes from an open hydrant; no small bark from a frightened dog. No purple woods appear beyond the railroad tracks at my new house. No girls tanned and wet from the reservoir walk by my front door or wave as I sit alone on the stoop. Only the leaves, dropping. And everything that was just here again was gone.

