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by Jane Hammons

She'd shopped for food. She was sure of it. She checked her pockets.
Nothing.

She pulled into the doorway. Uncertain where to spend the night.
Certain there'd once been a place with food. Here. This place. She
remembered. Curtains. Small tables. Coffee cups thick-handled and
sturdy. Crockery.

Some words came back.

She checked for her hat.

Gone.

Gloves.

Gone.

She'd had a blanket. Tarp? Something stiff and damp against her
cheek. Newspaper?

Maybe hair.

Uncertain now, she wandered into the street.

She'd had a cart.

She was certain.

She looked around.

Gone.

Certain she'd once held something, she wrapped her arms around
herself.

Nothing.

