

# One Foot in front of the Other

*by* Phoebe Wilcox

And soon you'll be walking  
and the sun will go down  
and the wolves will come out  
and the moon will rise like a big gold spoon  
and the sky will be a stew of storm clouds

the rain will whip  
the trees will drip  
the night will moan  
then later still, an unbreakable  
silence  
will coax a memory of tears on a steering wheel.

Screen saver  
life saver  
squares and circles  
so comforting.  
Arms  
I miss arms.  
And all I have is a pair of legs  
walking  
walking  
to God knows where

walking.

