

# One Foot in front of the Other

*by* Phoebe Wilcox

And soon you'll be walking  
and walking  
and walking  
and walking  
and walking  
and walking  
and 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.

