

KATHLEEN O'NEIL

Red

In the brittle, lonely snow of Halloween morning, I'm
racing through the streets and stairs
to find you. I always do.

By the end of the clawed up fields
miles of rows of turned earth, wheat and tall grass,
squash and angry, wary pumpkins, smooth, untouched
(they're watching you from every folded angle) there is
something hidden beneath the leaves; in the flesh,
littered with seeds and earth.

I want to find your calling card
even dirty and torn. The soft
wrist and unruly hair I remember;
the top of your shoulder smells like
sweet, limpid milk.

I've been standing out in the rain for hours.

I will make that leap with you
let's be ghosts.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL attended McGill University and focuses on travel and the antique business. She is interested in opera and collecting rare books.