

KATIE GUEST

Where Have They Gone

after Wyatt

I remember one most clearly:
That night the rain fell hard.
She knocked and stepped

into the warmth,
I had barely closed the door
when her smooth dress slipped,

rippled to the floor. She reached
for me with tenderness
I did not expect,

asked me in her windswept voice
Dear Heart, how like you this?
To her, as to the others,

I would have applied
my rule—leave with the sun,
and if calling's to be done,

leave it to me—but she slipped out
that night,
my words superfluous.

I hear talk of other loves
but I'm not on the list.
For my freedom, I find myself
discarded, forsaken, missed.

Illya's Honey
10.3
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