

Kate Houston

The Notes You Have Left

“Make yourself at home”

I eased my two feet, too small,
Into worn and ripped slippers
And shuffled over hardwood floors,
Through spaghetti-stained carpet
With a smile, plastered on my face,
As I traced our path to this point.

“Feel better soon”

Wrapped in layer after layer, like I’m
Experiencing that first childhood snow.
Humming show tunes to test my voice
Or lack thereof, because there isn’t anything worse
Than boredom. Except the non-existent tick
Of your digital clock, resting next to my head.

“No milk”

Pushing a trolley through the stacks
Of discounted washing powder and
Garish Christmas wrapping paper,
Looking for that one item on my list.
Trying to keep on course, despite
The best attempts of two wheels
To end this trip early.

“Sorry”

Your absence, far more valuable
Than your self, leaves me reversing
Those steps made in slippered feet.
I wasn’t sure I’d find the same route again
Until your notes covered it like yellow bricks.