

Lights and Shadows

Volume 20 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 20

Article 10

1976

Routine

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Recommended Citation

Powell, T. (1976). Routine. *Lights and Shadows*, 20 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol20/iss1/10>

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Routine

Thinkme, turn
a scent on my thoughts
right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot. . .
not far now, just ahead.

The snow plummets down,
icy cold, unfeeling,
melting as it touches the spray-painted grass.

Thinkme, plastic
Alabama hospitality,
all the effect and sparkle
with only the mess of a summer shower.

Passing the Nation's Innkeeper,
the streets empty,
cold, awfully cold.

She passes my thoughts -
a harsh reminder of ended relations.
and yet, how I wish for the security of her embrace.

Trudging across barren streets,
fighting the cold with fruitless shivers,
a struggling key fights the intercourse, its purpose,
yielding at last on my insistence.

Thinkme, safe
a blast of warm air rushes to meet me,
but the coldness refuses to leave.

Thinkme, aspirations
a smile at touch,
a love-anxiety.

I'm home, thinkme
terribly cold out, rather.