

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

John Cuétara
Without Me

Without me she'll wear a groove
in the middle of the mattress
and fill both nightstands with
books and lotions. The house
will be cold and cavernous as
a castle in winter. She'll fly to
Florida, missing the slow drive
past frozen beaches and the
Waffle Houses of the south.
Without me the kitchen table
will fill with mail and newspapers,
leaving a tiny clearing where
she'll eat alone
for a while.