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These Chills

Katerine Meeder
St. John Fisher College

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THESE CHILLS

Is it the rain and streaking glass
That makes the scene outside a blur?
— I’m leaving here.
With their warm smiles and teasing eyes.
The two who sit in front look back
And snuggle close
How easily an empty seat
Can cause these chills
And all the while I hear my hands.

“‘Young girl, sit down,’” the driver says.
And I know his message is for me
— Childish worries.
But while I’m gone he’ll be with her
How strong can be his thoughts of me
When she is real
To see, to feel
I see my fear in the water-splotched glass:
Vacation’s here, but slowly passes
And these, my hands, they touch my cheek.

Why do I sense a loss not known
And feel betrayed without a proof
— Do I want truth?
Afraid, I run, as if through rain
I fight the wind that stings my eyes
It is not fair
— I care.
Oh, let me leave these memories
If leaving him I’ve lost him
My hands brush streaking drops away.

Katrina Meeder