

AUTUMN MOURNING

BY EMMA KILGORE

There's dust in his hair.

ashes: dried embers of the mountain's mane

The door knob is old, cold to the touch. His hand leaves a mark like chalk lines on pavement.

frost: winter's breath

The floorboards creak below '98 converse. He calls to the shuttered room-

stars: glory in darkness

-but leathered hands tousle straw locks.

"Missed ya, kid. I'm sorry about your mom."

home: wherever the heart can fit