

People You'll Never See Again

The seasoned rock climber, dreaded hair silhouetted
against slanting sun, feet gripping Almo Pluton,
smell of sage in Idaho's desert land,
as he affirms, "I write poetry, too."

Avrilla on the reservation,
moccasins tucked beneath a wooden chair,
bony finger pointing to broken
windows, whistling with wind.

The boy who kissed your cheek
on the way to music class.

The girl at Trafalgar Square,
ebony skin peeking
from beneath a twirling umbrella,
quiet smile blurred by rain.

The roommate on exchange from China,
thin frame, long black hair, blue pea coat,
outstretched hand introducing, "I'm Xia;
in English, you pronounce it, *C-ya*."

By Emma Deans