

work; the hollow where she had slept was cold. I didn't hear the baby making its morning sounds. As I slipped on a pair of shorts, I knew that what I had felt and hoped for last night was gone. When I discovered the baby's bed empty, I wanted to cry, but I didn't.

It took me another fifteen minutes of stumbling around the apartment before I discovered the note on the kitchen table.

She was kind, like the night before. She said all sorts of things that people in that situation say. Things of guilt, things of sorrow. It was short, it was simple, but it wasn't cruel. I think she knew I couldn't take any cruelty. She ended up saying how we all change . . . had to change. If we didn't, we'd end up like those giant animals from long ago. Dead.

I showed the note to Louie when I saw him later. It had happened to him. I thought he could tell me what to do. He read it and a strange smile came across his lips.

"Dinosaur," was all he said.

I started to ask him . . . but he just shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, then turned and walked away.

That was six months ago. We're still waiting, Louie and I, waiting in the park with the others. The weather is starting to get warm again and it isn't so bad, now.

On clear days you can look between the bank building with its blue glass windows and the old limestone insurance building, and see the tops of the old smelter towers like some fiery red-brown mountains rising up beside the lake.

At times, I think I can see a trace of smoke coming from them, but they're not operating. And whenever I feel the ache in my chest or hear the rage in my head, I look at them and try to remember when they spewed out smoke and we all complained.

Autumn Moss

by Nancy Zueget

Chapped knees and wind-blown cheeks
Have comfort in knowing such cracked, cold cement,
owning tresses of dying moss, they are
quite the same in days of fall
when the winds take pity on nothing.
The moss has been loosened, its roots ripped by
gusts of unkindly breezes.
Locks of turf thrown back behind its face
of the wind-burned curb.