

October

by Rhet Lickliter

We moved through October. Each day, each night, turned together like well-greased gears, turning the mornings and afternoons, through a thousand shades of grey. Shadows stretched across evening sidewalks, they moved. We moved like the hands of a clock, slowly climbing, coming back down. We straightened the calendar on the kitchen wall. We locked the doors and heard the sound of children in the park below our balcony. We moved through October. Through 31 segments of 24 hours, we moved. And we sang, we sang about strangers - "look at their shoes" - and we moved, together we watched our hair fall into the sink while the music from a car radio rose 20 floors. The furnace came on smelling of electricity. We went to the window and watched steam rush from the sewers, watched the October darkness, like time lapse, surround the city, and remove the light from our faces.





