



# WARM, TREMBLING, ETC.

FIONA SCHICHO

How is your mom?  
I thought I saw her  
brief  
but maybe just.

I add it to my grocery list of  
Ideas to Ruminare On  
    a budding pine cone  
    sporks  
    the eventual heat death of the universe

which brings me to this.  
I wish I could study the lines on your palm,  
the scar on your left elbow, one eyelash.

But this is not a song  
that could begin in hello and end with goodbye  
and so  
I will return to my cave,  
warm, trembling, etc.  
fresh from my self-inflicted wounds,  
from scrubbing the you off of me.