

ONCE WE

billy k craig

Once we were
Then no more

Fingers grasping for the door
A twist of the wrist
A turn of the knob
The hollow sound
Of heels
On linoleum
Resounding
In an empty hall
Then proceeding down
Three flights of stairs
Pausing only briefly
To look
Back
Then proceeding

While
The door
Remains open
You can hear
The clatter
The sounds of cars
A bell in the distance

Then the last little bit
Of air escapes
The cylinder
And the door
To the world closes
The silence returning
And
As briefly
The door remained open
You heard
The noise
But then
Again quiet
As if
Never existing
And seen only
From this unattainable view
The chalk outline below