

SOMEDAY WE'LL BE TOGETHER

In September 1995, 45 unclaimed bodies, victims of the Chicago heatwave, were buried in a mass paupers' grave. Many of them were elderly people, living alone.

*Her view
is of a slice of sky
between buildings.
She can hear the street somewhere
below. Bellowing by day*

*by night
a whisper
against her ear.*

*Lily waits
in a chair turned
towards the light.
She watches it spread
a thin morning film
across the glass
a pale wash
milky
like fresh lemonade
clouds her view.*

*Lily holds the memory of a cool glass
to her cheek
but her hand soon tires and
drops to her lap.*

*She watches her view
between buildings
as the day darkens
she watches as she once watched
pies browning in the oven. She smells
burning sugar.
She forgets time.
Everything is warm.*

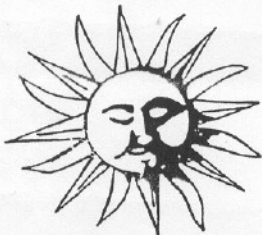
*The air is thick and ropy now
and hard to swallow.
The sky moves closer
pressing its sticky face to the window.*

*Lily lifts her hand
and beckons.*

*The sky
slips over the sill
spreads across the room
sidles to Lily's
side
takes her hand.*

Lily smiles.

*She is always glad
of company.*



Lois was born in the United Kingdom, raised in Iraq and has lived in New York and Paris. Her writing has appeared in Canadian Author & Bookman, magazines and newspapers. She works for the Surrey library system.

