

Where I Miss You Most

"If it were to go, all would go . . ."
--E.B. White, *Here is New York*

Loving skin so black it emits blue as concrete

blocks glint in sunset over east river view.

Supple muscle, hard city. This I remember clearly:

Fourth of July, we cool our tongues with chocolate Mr. Softee.

On the roof we watch fireworks cast sundry hues –red, white, blue.

Heat coats our hands with urban residue sticky

as the slate subway platform where I stood as you withdrew

into our autumn-stained New York City.

Steam caresses lovers' legs on winter city streets.

I long to see you, you write, hoping to glue shattered me back to you.

From her pores and wrinkles I collect dropped crumbs of us:

whispering corners of Grand Central, balanced Cube of Astor Place,

Temple of Dendur rebuilt in New York City.

Trees bud white and pink in Washington Square,

My soles caress her sidewalks. I fall in love again.

Lisa Cheby

Lisa Cheby, an MFA Candidate in Creative Writing at Antioch University, is completing her manuscript about loss, recovery, and family history while devising ways to spend as much time as possible writing, practicing yoga and salsa dancing. In addition to experimenting with form and free verse, she alternately experiments with red wine and coffee as writing tools. She is member of the Board of Directors of the Valley Contemporary Poets, a non-profit organization working to promote quality poetry to the San Fernando Valley. Her poems have been published in *poeticdiversity*, *The Citron Review*, and *Artillery Magazine*. Upcoming publications include *The Splinter Generation* and *The Provo Orem Word*.

