

The Hitchhiker

She was all that was left
after the sudden shower
with the dust held down,
the meadows packed with rain.

She brought to us few words,
a pack that remained
for one day, then two,
finally a week, and eyes
that haunted the edge of our fire.

We know her now
in Christmas cards,
wedding announcement,
picture of a child
humped in a blanket
at one year old.

She remains with us now
like weather and kitchens,
ranges we accustom to,
as we wait for her
to follow her last letter
through the front door.

—*George Ellenbogen*