

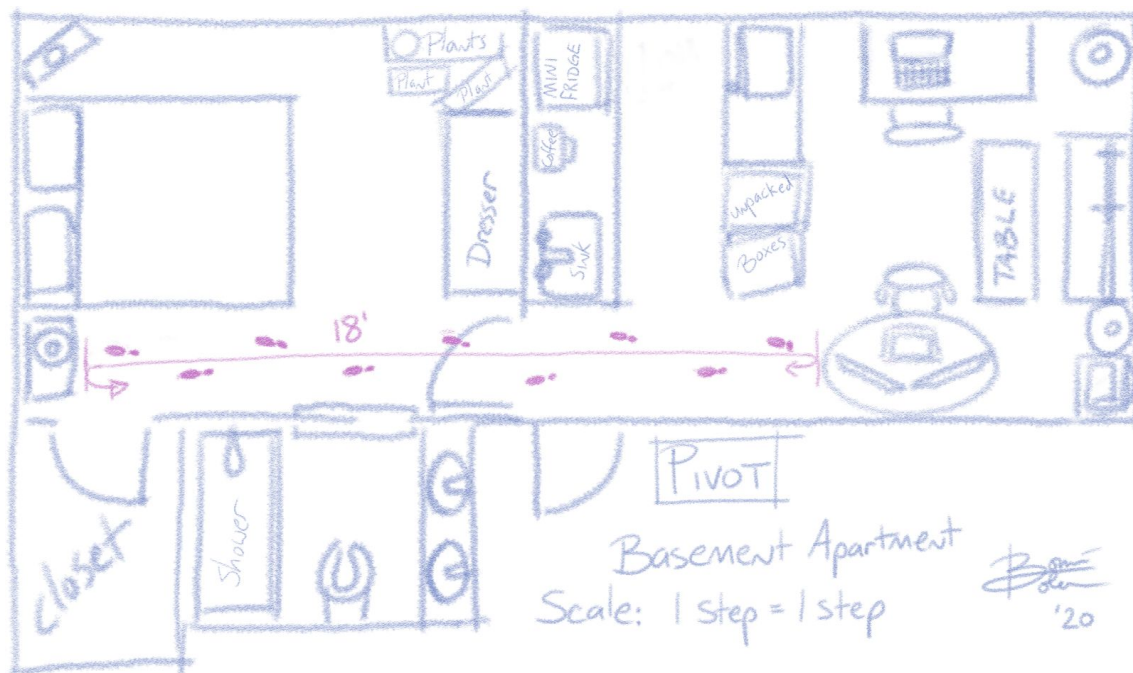
Pivot

Twenty-two of my feet is eighteen feet,  
Nine steps,  
Before I pivot,  
Pacing the basement.

I imagine I am walking to people.  
We moved across the country to see them.  
And now eight miles feels  
Further than Maine ever did.

Nine steps  
Before I pivot,  
Two thousand four hundred and ninety-three times,  
To see my oldest friend.

I can walk 8 miles;  
But from the basement,  
I can't  
Hold her hand.



Poem and Illustration by Bonni Boles