**I Dream Again that a Virus Renders My Cell Phone Useless in an Emergency**

Katherine Riegel

There is no one

knocking at the door,

come to cluck and chutter

about the warm October

and tomatoes still ripening.

What if we lived

beside each other, what if

our phones vanished

and all that we had

was skin and cloth?

We love now

like kittens abandoned

too young, never fully

sleeping. Nostalgia

will strangle me, I know.

And so I’m inviting

you: a forest trail,

dry grasses smelling

of fall, young deer

only months old

resting invisibly

yards away, their long,

delicate legs folded up

like a paper map.