

**HI!**

As outer door closes  
we shed cold winds and rain  
enter the elevator  
chat about weather  
on the third floor still talking  
we walk down the hall  
she stops at her apartment  
key turns in her door  
I hear her call “Hi” as she enters.  
I walk on.

Twenty years since I called “Hi”  
as I entered our home  
twenty long years  
since my heart skipped  
and face beamed in anticipation.  
Now my key turns toward solitude.

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