

# Nothing but the Shape

*Amanda Auchter*

In that light you could no longer see,  
the light

on the soap dish, the bottles of cologne  
and shampoo. I wanted to touch

your hair, feel you on the floor,  
your last breath. From the doorway  
it didn't look like you—face turned

towards the clothes hamper, one foot  
kicked into the garbage can, hand still

clutching your blue toothbrush. Mouth  
slack, eyes opened to counter, tile, ceiling.

How is it that I've forgotten

how many years your body has become  
white roots, a box of ash? At times you fill

the room I walk into—the smell of you—  
as though you've been there

rocking in a chair, reading, never  
dead, but waiting for me to enter with  
a basket of laundry, a plate of fruit,

some toy you left behind that we've both  
outgrown. My hello nothing but the shape

my mouth takes, the air you feel  
when you press your fingers to my lips.