

# WALKING ACROSS THE CAMPUS HEADED FOR A FIELD

Katie Plain

on the day you decide to morph back into  
noiseless habits. On your right is the planetarium  
where you went for his birthday once. Before cake,  
maybe after. Then, in a moment, you see him.       Right there.  
You think, surely it can't be. Mistakes occur  
every day. The name was spelled wrong, the child  
was under the bed the whole time, the salt  
misplaced for sugar. But you look up, again.       There.  
He's on his bike, the one that used to lean  
against O'neal, surely. Look up to his  
ballcap, and yes, it has the red B. There is a large  
spool of paper poking out of his backpack.  
You wonder if it's art. If this is art. The art of passing  
your past. *Did he see me?* You lean in, whisper  
under your bandana. He rings his bell twice.  
Perhaps as a heads up for the couple in front,  
or maybe one last sound.