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## And Then There Were None

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# And Then There Were None

## **Erratum**

Featured Poet

## AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Susan Blick

Featured Poet

The first thing I heard  
when I walked in your house  
was the echo of nothing at all

In the kitchen old wallpaper  
still held little daisies  
bouquets waiting for you

I opened the window  
The breeze freshened the air  
The discolored lace curtains waved

I thought of Neil Armstrong on the moon  
and how I practiced his bouncy walk  
on the terrace below this window  
your face framed in lace

Down the hall your bed always unmade  
needlepoint pillows piled to one side  
Big Ben on the nightstand ticking away  
and in a dark corner your rocker still

I turn on the radio  
to catch an inning  
I sit rocking forward  
in your chair

Everyone tells me I should sell this place  
They think because it's empty now  
there's nothing left in here

because it's empty now there's nothing left in here . . .