

## Teddy Bear

Cold.

I wake up  
from a rug—  
stained and patchy—  
that fits perfectly into  
that small indent between  
two buildings on Addison St.

She picks me up and have me sit  
on the cart with black plastic bags.

Then she inserts that rug beneath me.

We stroll. Walk. March. On the sidewalk.

Through my button-like reflective black eyes,

I see her wine-colored scarlet scarf. Dusty. Worn.

It stuffs the space between her neck and her puffy jacket,  
touching her dark, spotted skin, swinging its ends before me.

People pass by. Chatting. But she remains mute. And so do I.

Like always, we stop at the end of the block. A quiet corner.

She sits on the cold stone stairs, staring into the streets.

I cannot see her eyes. I face the same way that we  
have just come from. Same views. Old times.

We sit in the chilling breeze. No one talks.

Until she mumbles to herself. A voice  
that I cannot discern because we are  
separated by the breeze's singing.

A crescendo. The sun plunges  
down behind those buldings  
standing tall on Addison St.

She stands up, pushes me,  
and into the dark we go,  
marching on the street.

She stops at the indent.

Lies down on the rug

Besides me.

We sleep.

Cold.