

## Gypsy

By Brian Fanelli

My gaze caught her long ruffled dress,  
sequins that shined under streetlights,  
purple heels that imprinted fresh snow,  
bracelets that jangled on her wrists all night.

She stopped roaming from guest to guest  
after I took her hand, led her  
to the couch, as people passed in waves  
and hip-hop beats grew mute as our ears  
absorbed each other's words only.

Back at my place, she shivered and said,  
*Soon I'm gonna roam again,  
hop a train to Chicago or Cali.*  
I wanted her to stay as we lit a fire,  
talked in silent voices.

When I woke, I found her note:  
*Sorry, babe. I'm going back home.*  
Through the window, I watched soft lumps of snow  
cover her fleeting footsteps.

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