

# A Killing Frost

*Timothy Liu*

When the cold front came, all the leaves went limp.  
That was that—no more white flies on the patio,  
one bloom still curled tightly in its calyx,  
its promise of color fading. Yet there's nothing  
like a radio in a room without tables  
or chairs—the way music can furnish our lives  
with something. A cracked clay pot holds  
the door open as you pack up your belongings  
in boxes that have lost their stiffness,  
move after move after move, leaving more behind  
each year, a flower swaying on its stem  
in a silent dance. It doesn't matter what was  
playing all these years, what more could you want  
than this—to travel as light as possible?  
Leave me in this house as evening washes over us.