

## Have You Forgotten

It's 11:47 pm and I am distraught.  
Standing on the corner of University and Hill  
I orient myself  
point my toes toward your place and go.

I'm listening to the Red House Painters  
and they're asking me  
if I've forgotten how to love myself.  
Maybe I have.

But I still remember to look both ways before  
I cross the street.  
Maybe one day that too will stop, and I'll find myself  
in a hospital,  
and there will be people there who care.

By Caitlin Cowan (RC Sophomore), winner of a 2005-2006 Hopwood Award for Underclass Poetry.