

I Miss Manhattan

Julie A. Sellers

I miss Manhattan,
Kansas,
the Little Apple on the plains.

In dreams, I walk
in K-State purple
among the limestone halls
of my alma mater
and study in a library
with a previous name.

I sip coffee with friends
in a café no longer there,
discussing current events
that are now history.

I have the world at my feet
and still believe it.

True,
I miss Manhattan,
old friends,
iconic spots,
forgotten nooks—
these, and many more.

But the space
of my truest longings
is even farther away.