

No Place is Sacred
By: Teresa St. George

Originally published in *The 841 Nostalgia*, 2026

I don't have anywhere to go
to remember her

There's no place
that's sacred

Not the church
not the house

Not even the garden
she once tended

Someone else sits at her desk
with her pens, her work
her unfinished projects

Someone else has her remains

Evidence of her life

There's no key under the welcome mat
not for me