

Beth Simon

Brian Explains His Anniversary

Certain sounds do it.
War shows. Noise in the kitchen.
Pan banging. Door slam that starts
that beagle. No, but this time, I'm sure.
Trouble. Someone pushed too far, door ajar,
dog escaped, something, because how else account
for the big Buick, just new enough,
parked one house down, right fender's wrong blue,
and bent. That high rev idle?

You've got to ask,
I mean, this late in the day,
no one's warming up, though,
you're right, it's early, no one's late.
But still. Next door, shades move
when they think I'm not looking.

Well, I am looking. I see things
move, beg, waver on the perimeter, and
flight even yet isn't out of the question,
because there's that noise,
copter blades, *Whomp, Whomp*,
I mean, just tell me.
What do you think more likely:

The whirlwind, from nowhere, Whack!
and overhead, the whole air,
world turned green, and praying, Please,

God, Rescue, and maybe the chopper
does clear the hill, drops a rope, line,
but they're full up, or they want
your buddy, or even if you catch,
your best hope is being yanked
skyward like scrap. That's one possibility.
But what if there is no Just God
and I'm alone in the house
with the windows open
next to the one with the TV on,
where the neighbors are gone,
and the young pup begging to go out?
Wouldn't that prove something,
bring the wind down to a breeze,
a simple quiet where a man can think
it out? Wouldn't it make you weep?