

Gaylord Brewer

Merely, In an Unforeseen Moment

In three days I begin my
journey home from the north.
No, I do not invoke the
well-worn historical hardships,
body broken on the trail,
dream reduced to a mocking
ice, reckoning of dust.
No fortune gained or lost here.
But it would be a sad thing
if the ferry cantered into
the cold blackness of the fjord,
or either plane erupted
into a miniscule comet of flame.
Or merely, in an unforeseen
moment between now
and then, I placed hand
on chest and never woke up.
Sad not to touch you,
or see my home, or lose any
odds of being a different man.
No sadness to me, of course.
I would no longer exist.
And to you, sad only as a faded
cloth, a blurred face until
you also pass to a darkness
that does not remember or forget.
Thinking does no good.
I've my lucky claw, my virgin
salt, my witch's promise.
I count the hours until
I pack my bag, until the boat
motors into the dark passage,
until I take my chances.