

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.