

DEBORAH TALL

The Thing to Watch Out For

Morning
becomes:

plumes of fog
from the dog's nostrils

wake of loon
on pond water.

It's half-past
half-till, beholden.

But she rebuffs
the sudden doorbell

messenger thud of bird
on picture window

turns her bearing
back to bed.

How much of solitude
is shame?

The morning
chill, bright

but not quite *yet* or *enough*
to venture

into so-called day
the way

lined with observable
moments

those forerunners
calling cards it's lunacy

to refuse
though it is always

so much a matter of
perhaps, what if.

The thing to watch out for while living
is this.