

STAN SANVEL RUBIN

Caller

Who, having answered
a doorbell and found no one,
does not wonder about destiny?

If this time, maybe,
a saint had come
dressed like yourself
to take you
where you're supposed to go?

You miss him, later,
at work, lost
with the others
who move like the dead
in dim cubicles.

You miss him now,
sitting in the bar alone
while ghosts swell around you
like unfinished cartoons.
Music is not the miracle it was.

Maybe you can forget
the feeling of innocence
that ran a finger up your neck
as you stood there
in the windy doorway,

the thief's memory
of having escaped.