

WESLEY MCNAIR

That Nothing

In the moment
of your giving up,
the lost keys suddenly
meeting your eyes
from the only place
you could have put them.

The forgotten table
and open book and empty
chair waiting for you
all this time
in the light left on.

A shade lifted
by your loved one
waking upstairs,
the sound
you did not know
you listened for.

The mysterious
penmanship of snow
the branches of a tree
have brought you,
standing at your own door.

Nothing ever happens here.
That nothing.