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The Things We Leave Behind

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Afterwards

The carpet and the footprints leading
Nowhere. The air, and each familiar
Object, from the dried flowers to the ripe
Ceramic fruit, caught in the tension of dust.

Only the clock moves, grimly unwinding.
The cushioned chair still holds an absent form.
On the table, loose skeins of yarn
And the first bright furrows of an afghan,
Rigid as the lines of an ocean shell.

And at night, bursting through the moon’s still rays,
A car’s headlights occasionally span
The far wall through open curtains,
Spinning the shadows out of furniture
Like a day, a life, gone suddenly by.

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