There’s a heavy knocking on your door
and suddenly the door seems incidental.
Take the money, you say,
take the food, but they take you.

Say you’re only imagining it,
but what if you disappear for years
sitting in your own parlor
without anyone calling your name?

Every morning, you feed the cat,
make the coffee, invite the news
to join you for a cup, flood-tides,
fire-gusts, the crowded Kuiper belt.

Even the small upheavals now
are as noticeable to you
as the larger ones, the carpenter bees
poking holes in your walls.

You’d like the future to stay where it is
blighting someone else’s garden
or rising with the smoke
above a city you’ve never been to.

Isn’t it ingenious to be alive
as if you’ve had some say in it?
There’s nothing to do but believe
you’ll be right where you are

till the cows come home.
Which they do. Every day,
as any farmer will tell you.
Look there, across the fields.