Masthead Logo

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Caller

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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.