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A QUESTION

If as I raised my head The present turned aside And turning disappeared And with the glimpse of you A wild conviction grew And made the time absurd,

Would I in confidence Lay down my commonsense As one lays down a pen, And rising from my desk Confront a door through which To slip from now to then?

And though we chose our lot And pulled ourselves apart And pulled the present shut, Would I renounce my choice Step through (now I'd the chance) The unlocked door; go out?

Or would I ask how far It is to where you are, How real is what is gone, And ask myself before I dared to push the door, Can one get back again?

Lawrence Lerner