

The Call

1.

I couldn't hear my name
when my name was being called.
I wasn't there when you came.
This is not where the story ended.

I was stuck, utterly gone, outside,
dropped between stations, without a lift.
Above me, wind and rain and cloud.
I am someone waiting somewhere for a lift.

2.

Here is bustle of cars and vans and a walker
following a sign that directs your
movements too, from building
to building, always moving –

3.

My gift is part of this: no part of me
can know it, but no part of me

is not here for you, who keep

an eye on what it is the heart knows
among the flashing lights and stickered walls,
by silent shelves and automatic doors.
Someone here is making a call.

4.

Other stories wait, arks of them:
they'll travel from this overlooked green
to places I can't name,
tracing some silver line

to a road you'll take, finding your way home
in awful weather, giving a hand
and good example to a friend.
This day does not wear out its welcome.