

A True Vision

Tim Earley

I walk down the street and everyone is dying.
I realize this is not a true vision--it's remembering.
Every pair of feet will be traded for a headstone
or an anonymous locker in a morgue, or help grace
an urn with ash. Or become lost. Most of us
will be fortunate enough to interrupt or
sadden the lives of a small circle of mourners,
before they form a coal-black train themselves
and chug off, a boy wearing a tie for the first time
zig-zagging behind them, an unconvicted caboose.
On the street I resist the temptation to make
this announcement: *Time is running out, let's retreat to the hills
and lead idyllic lives.* Notice--no exclamation.
Retreat instead of *flee*. I abstain from collapsing,
from rushing to hug everyone I see, hoping that whatever
may constitute a true vision may also constitute grace--
I walk down the street and try again and everyone
is a miracle beautifully unfolding through a body
that cannot hold it. I'll live with that one awhile.
You think of something, too.

