“The Post-Rapture Dinner”

A thought you cannot call back, and empty shoes like exclamation points on every road from here to Tuscon.

Who will knock their boots against the doorjamb now and enter shyly? Who will peel the vegetables? Pie domes cloud over. Old sugar makes a kind of weather in there—webbed, waiting. Tiers of doughnuts go woozy with collapse.

We deed and we will. We bow to what providence we understand and cede the rest: our lies and doubts, our human, almost necessary limitations. Probably I should have,

we whispered more than once, shaking our heads. Probably. Now what's left of the past hangs in a walk-in-freezer, fat-shrouded, bluing,

and all we know of the present is a spatula in a coffee can on a cold grill, pointing to heaven.