

ERIN WILSON

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ARM-CHAIRS OR ICONS

“there was no place we could sit or look / that was not changed to an icon, cursed / with significance . . .”

—Don McKay, “Suddenly, at home” (1997)

It has happened to me.
The road is, by and large, behind me,
even though I didn't see it coming.
My cuffs drag. Are dusty.
I check my pockets,
knowing there's no watch
(never been a watch), no wallet,
but feel their absence.
Then a hand to my chin.
A hair sticks straight out.
There comes a time in a life
when one ceases talking with the living,
and begins the intimate conversations
with empty armchairs and rest stops:
breve rest, semibreve rest, quaver.
Isn't the moon frightfully bright tonight?
Yes. And isn't the sky frightfully black?
Yes. And aren't we lucky?