

JOANNE EPP

IT WAS RIGHT THERE

I didn't want to interrupt, so I didn't mention
the red pickup driving by on the grass
carrying an old upright piano. You were talking
about your work, the things you had to finish
by tomorrow for sure. Or the children came home,
or went out, and it was *where are you going, do you have bus fare.*
The truck passed in front of our house, left to right.
You were on the phone, that was it. On the phone
with your dad. You talked a long time.
You had your back to the window. Or, no,
you and I were talking about the children.
I've been trying lately to concentrate better,
not get distracted by every little thing, and then
along comes a piano in a red pickup
and what am I supposed to do?
Things like this happen all the time:
before I can say *look up in the tree*
no that tree look straight above us I think
that's a pileated woodpecker it's gone.
That's just life, I guess. Still,
I wish I'd told you about the truck.