

Key to My House

Moved out this summer.
Cruising to university times, the world
feet push hard on pedals of my
bike, never quite reaching pavement before shooting back up.

The stormclouds above my frail heart and head
chase me to places I've never been.
I found out this morning my dog is dead.
The dog was closing on seventeen.

While the world waited,
I biked on past the Catholic church downhill
as it started to rain in Stalingrad,
and I wondered if I should stay home in the fall,
call up the college and cancel it all,
turn my back to the wind, run away.

But God says, "My boy, I didn't make you for this.
Flip the bike on its back wheel—let your head spin."
But the Catholic church wouldn't take me in,
and I buried the dog, covered it with dirt.

I ask, "Is this enough? I tried at the door,
my dog's in the ground, and I lie on the floor,
and I really couldn't have any faith left in you if you asked me to do more, God,
if you'll just stop the rain, I'll be quiet as a mouse,"

but I'm supposed to witness to the whole world,
and already I'm fingering the key to my house.