

Literal

Joanna Horton

Carrying freight of utmost importance,
It rumbles through dark tunnels,
Straining hopefully toward the open mouth.
Called forth from deep vaults
Into the light of day,
It never arrives.
From one moment to the next, it's gone.
Lost.

We keep 'em draped over chairs—
Luxurious, sleek swivels, some of us;
Or high-backed, creaking rockers.
Some adorn gaming chairs,
Black and booming.
Hard to keep straight, they fold
And wrinkle when set aside.
“Keep them near,” we're told.
“Remember where you set them last.”

Inch a white, cottoned foot
To the edge of the molding.
Aline your rigid body with the sharply-creased
Edge. Risk a glance.
Christmas, springtime, graduation,
Youth, success, old age.
Just around the corner.

