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Unexpected Friends

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UNEXPECTED FRIENDS

by Richard Terrill

Old lilacs decrescendo on a kitchen stand,
placemats in a stack,
numb late romantics on the radio,
and clouds that move in like bad neighbors
who clear away the confusion in the yard the cardinals liked.
Bowling trophy in with the antique candleholders—unused—
and the Master's diploma—unused.

You'll find my house the way I find it mornings,
couch and chairs a file for packs, papers,
books stacked according to degree unread,
dust undisturbed, dishes at peace with themselves,
bedsheets random, forgotten their story.
Popcorn poppper, unanswered letters,
shook rugs on a rail,
and lots of newspapers
and not much news.

I like unexpected friends who come by
play a note then drive off.
We make plans as if tomorrow were today.
We have a drink or don't, don't notice
the pauses in talk,
soloists with a missing page.

The shovel they came to borrow, unborrowed,
the connections between things in the world
seem once again to exist.
I defect from the study
to watch their car back off,
wave like some doubled consonant
before an ending.