

**Beth Simon**

**Brian Explains His Anniversary**

Certain sounds do it.  
War shows. Noise in the kitchen.  
Pan banging. Door slam that starts  
that beagle. No, but this time, I'm sure.  
Trouble. Someone pushed too far, door ajar,  
dog escaped, something, because how else account  
for the big Buick, just new enough,  
parked one house down, right fender's wrong blue,  
and bent. That high rev idle?  
You've got to ask,  
I mean, this late in the day,  
no one's warming up, though,  
you're right, it's early, no one's late.  
But still. Next door, shades move  
when they think I'm not looking.

Well, I am looking. I see things  
move, beg, waver on the perimeter, and  
flight even yet isn't out of the question,  
because there's that noise,  
copter blades, *Whomp, Whomp*,  
I mean, just tell me.  
What do you think more likely:

The whirlwind, from nowhere, Whack!  
and overhead, the whole air,  
world turned green, and praying, Please,

God, Rescue, and maybe the chopper  
does clear the hill, drops a rope, line,  
but they're full up, or they want  
your buddy, or even if you catch,  
your best hope is being yanked  
skyward like scrap. That's one possibility.  
But what if there is no Just God  
and I'm alone in the house  
with the windows open  
next to the one with the TV on,  
where the neighbors are gone,  
and the young pup begging to go out?  
Wouldn't that prove something,  
bring the wind down to a breeze,  
a simple quiet where a man can think  
it out? Wouldn't it make you weep?