

WHO KNEW? ●

Will Walker

The world doesn't need me, I think.

Like a spurned suitor, I love it all the more.

Not frantically, as if ready to win it back

or take it hostage, but tenderly, the way you love

the land when setting off on a long voyage,

the way you watch the women on shore and feel

an urge to wave, a commingled sense of gaiety

and sweet sadness, knowing tomorrow

they will have forgotten you, and your ship

will be crossing the great water in a dream

that goes on for days, nothing but ocean,

till you reach the other shore.

I stroll without obligation, unfettered to this plaza

and its pure afternoon light as if hovering

among the passersby to bless them

for their busy docketts that keep them scurrying

past me to so many secret destinations, so many

important conferences, so many pressing appointments.

The silence of their passing is a wonder.

Who knew life could be so perfect, so mysterious?

Who knew the noiseless play of light on a brick wall

could overflow and flood my heart? Joy breaks in

on my afternoon, unplanned, and I say, *Welcome,*

what took you so long?