

## A Call

EDEN

I was looking for you in the garden  
The shadows under the trees perforated night skies  
I found it hard to see in the glare  
The only response to a call was the rustle of leaves, birdsong  
Your name diffusing through the undulations in the air  
The kitchen doors were open  
Checked the fridge before continuing  
Skipping stairs was a stretch but still a habit

Years later a couple lanes away from where we lived  
I watched an asteroid break up on entry  
Bright limbs streaking across a black sky  
What were the chances?  
Miracles unfolding overhead  
Drinking in the park

I could never explain the pit in my stomach  
Frantic, nervous pacing through the house  
(If we act like things are not spiraling out of hand  
Does that make them so?  
If a thought goes unspoken does that erase it?  
The unbroached belief when my friend died decades later  
That subconscious echoes carried him through me)  
But it never rears its head when it can be reasoned with  
The world ends on a quiet weekend  
Not through diagnoses, emergencies, collapses -  
Although I hate thinking that memories bend

Cars were still parked outside  
If the rapture had happened, why was it unrecognisable?  
Why was the sky blue?  
Why did no one tell me?  
Did these things not announce themselves?  
And when I found you, you told me to wash my hands  
I'd been playing outside  
And spoke nothing of the end of the world  
Does that mean it never happened?