

Todd Hearon

What Happened Next

I woke in a bed I'd lain in twenty years
before we met, you, naked at my side,
the knowledge we'd be robbed — or worse — as palpable
as flesh we clung to, knowing it was no use
for in the distance wailed the trains, obscene, a trebled
barking of dogs, pounding at the door,
boots on the stair and we were fugitive
although I held our passports in my hand,
our wedding vows, pictures of our children,
all that would come in time, and there they were —
our children in the room, batons, black gloves,
unable to recognize us though we cried
and called them by their names — they had no eyes,
said *You and You. Get moving. Come with us.*

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POETRY
NORTHEAST