

Sunday Evening

Kevin O'Connor

Of course, the present has its charms—the Christmas lights
a neighbor won't take down and it's almost February.
Why not leave them up?—flashing pink and yellow and green in the sky.

A pot of flowers slowly dries on the window-ledge atop a brown paper bag.
Last month I hung twenty abstract paintings on the bare walls.
Today I bought grainy white detergent and brown dimpled coffee filters.

I made coffee twice and had nothing to drink but blasts of heat
from the over-eager radiator. Today I don't want to kill or harm.
I am listening to maudlin music, but I have smoked cigars and danced.

I know this silence is an evocation, not a taken space.
If I were on-screen in a faraway diner, I would know whom I had betrayed.
I would recognize him and not lapse into bacchanalia drinking whiskey,

traipsing through clouds of damp bark and earthy leaves.
I can still see evergreens bending in the night. No aliens are coming
to hang plastic bags of red and purple trash in the woods. No paperboys

are being attacked by chained canines.
The ice age is coming and I am rapt in a squeaky reading chair,
knowing I have sinned a thousand times.