

# Trespass

*John Popielaski*

I try compassion, but the constant wheezing  
of my wife is sometimes too much  
and I step out of the house  
as if I do not plan to enter it again.  
This is illusion, I'm aware,  
but it is better than my rendering  
acceptable a time shift  
that permits the first beer to go down  
this early in the morning.  
I've checked my genealogy  
on websites on the off chance  
I'm descended from a Polish count  
or an industrialist whose money  
is collecting dust and only needs my claim  
to do some good among the living.  
I'm aware this is illusion, too.  
Don't let me fool you, though.  
There's joy out here and lessons  
I believe can be applied to make life  
lift me up before I have to go  
inside the well-appointed coop again.  
I don't know why a chickadee can free me  
of the gloominess or why a deer  
who doesn't run can make me feel accepted  
by the world our settlement crowds out  
or why this naked man asleep  
beneath my hedge inspires me  
to spray him with the garden hose,  
why, for the moment, I'm as happy  
as I've ever been alone.