

His Sermon

Anita Tanner

He says there's very little truth
in the world
and he can't wait to go out,
preach, and spread his own—
like he has the corner on it.

Very little truth, I wonder,
and take such pause
I hardly return to his preaching
except for the background hum
of his mellow tone.

Very little truth
and I am gone
to the last time
the earth spoke
beneath my down bag
with the stars overhead.

The last time I gaze at the mountains
from my dawn window
and the promise of sun titillates
my outstretched arms,
my deep-throated yawn.

The last book I open,
time for but a few lines:

 The boundary is the best place
 for acquiring knowledge.

And it reverberates off the page
all the day long.

The last kiss my husband gives,
routine, noncommittal,
part of his slippage out the door
on his way to work
but the witness lingers

long after a hot cup of something,
after hours at the kitchen oven,
dough rising to camouflage a counter,
truth coming up
against the back drop of day.