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# Caller

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STAN SANVEL RUBIN

*Caller*

Who, having answered  
a doorbell and found no one,  
does not wonder about destiny?

If this time, maybe,  
a saint had come  
dressed like yourself  
to take you  
where you're supposed to go?

You miss him, later,  
at work, lost  
with the others  
who move like the dead  
in dim cubicles.

You miss him now,  
sitting in the bar alone  
while ghosts swell around you  
like unfinished cartoons.  
Music is not the miracle it was.

Maybe you can forget  
the feeling of innocence  
that ran a finger up your neck  
as you stood there  
in the windy doorway,

the thief's memory  
of having escaped.