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April 8-9, In Five Parts

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What I feel like
walking around with
tiny cymbals ringing
beside my ears:
trying to take nothing for granted,
I shut my eyes
and listen carefully.

I saw a thin line
of bricks breaking through
the dry leaves in the forest
by the side of the road.
Creeping down the slope
to see what it was,
I discovered a small brick opening
that led to a drainage pipe
which disappeared into the darkness
under the road.
I could see nothing--
I could only hear
a slight rushing drone
of water far away.

I got a letter from a friend
who said she was searching
for a world inside this world.
She told me not to try
to change her opinion,
but I wasn’t even thinking of trying.

(cont’d., no new stanza)
I thought her precise observations of small details were fascinating and I wished I was like her—an intellectual thinker and slight hermit who is easily able to voice her rather strange attitudes.

Working in the garden, picking raspberries, I noticed a small, tan shell of skin, attached to the underside of a leaf. As I reached for it, the tiny, paper-thin wings fell off the carcass, fluttering down among the flowers and vegetables. I decided not to remove the body.

Trying to take nothing for granted, I shut my eyes and listened carefully; it was then that I caught a faint whisper of a world inside this world, only I didn’t see what it was: I had my eyes closed.

by Seth Nehil