

Exit Plan

It's possible that nothing will happen,
that the four walls of this house
will stand long after the crushing winds
and the trees that sway and bend
without reaching down to pin us
deep with their heavy boughs.

Once, when the cries within threatened
us with their terrible nightmares,
we talked about how we'd exit,
find each other again by feel after
crawling to the burning door.

But the truth is, there are so few days
left to practice the art of survival—
how we could run away and start again,
take only memories of all we've learned
in our scarred, empty hands.

By Marilyn Johnston

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