Leak

Gary Duehr
LEAK

Still, when train windows flash past the river's
Darkness, Gray has to look up each
Time: "Is it still there?
Do the buildings still reflect? Should
I start counting back

To zero, like pills in a bottle, each
Time the sun bounces
Off my glasses? And when I reach
It, then what happens?"
The phone rings—more bad news. The phone's

Leaking again. This is the time for screams.
When everyone is looking at,
Into, the blue soul
Of their computer screen. When small
Issues headline for

Crack-downs, or -ins, -against. Maybe crack-away-from.
When what's important lies there untalked about, numb.