

The Lid Off Life

*“...somebody had taken the
lid off life and let him
look at the works.”
—The Maltese Falcon*

Flitcraft was walking by a construction site
when a beam fell and missed him by inches.
Tho not hit by the beam, he was smitten by the thought
that life—or rather death—is unpredictable, random
and he walked out of his own life—wife, family, job—
into a random future.

How many Flitcrafts there were on eleven September:
some who were still walking their children to school
some busy fabricating their excuses for arriving late
others just ‘stepped out for a minute’ to see someone.

The one butterfly fluttered its wings
and caused not a tidal wave, just a conundrum.
But these latter day Flitcrafts
new witnesses to the lid come off life,
had they fluttered—despaired, panicked, bolted—
could have—perhaps all together—made a wave.
Were they too utterly spent to create their own
or bent on digging out of a deeper chaos?

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