

Keith Althaus

The Anniversary

This must be the anniversary
of that day we drove
up in the mountains
and walked around
the empty buildings
of the church camp
where you spent a summer;
you wanted me to see
the carvings in the beams
done by refugees
after the war
but the doors were locked
and the windows boarded.
I don't remember what else
we talked about or thought.
It's like a scene in a foreign movie
where no one's speaking,
where there aren't any subtitles
and the silence is in another language.
I only remember clearly how seeds
of the unmowed grass stuck
to the cuffs of my pants.
Why should I remember that?
Every day, however unimportant,
has and is an anniversary,
and though it was sunny
and warm then, and is cold
and raining hard now, today
must be the anniversary of that day
because, far from there,
driving alone, I thought of it,
and you, and the old thing.