

ALLISON FUNK

Fallout

If snow could blow in under a window
cracked open, smoke, soot and ash;

fire have its way with a forest;
a river, once arrow, then oxbow,

cut canyons in rock,
how was it fallout couldn't turn corners?

My father's answer to why
we had no door on our bomb shelter.

Never mind that light galaxies away
crossed a universe to reach us—

even supper carried into my room
through a keyhole. Invisible,

fallout seemed more and more
like what was divine in us:

a spirit free to come
and go as it pleased

past the furnace, our washer
and dryer, my father's tools

and his tightly sealed cans of paint,
around the corner

made by the dove-gray walls
of our basement shelter

through the gap
where no door hung.

When the time came,
we would surely be taken sleeping.

What happened next would be as mysterious
as the Virgin Birth.