

WAYNE MILLER

My Apartment as a Diorama

Of course, there are the necessary props—

straightback chairs, a walnut table,
but my favorite part's the cityscape

through the window, so detailed
despite tiny scale—a scaffolding

framing the hospital doorway,
pedestrians entering on crutches,

ceasing to be pedestrians
when the doors slide shut behind them.

The apartment windows indicate
a city of the smallest narratives—

lit caves in which people keep
discovering fire for the first time.

On the street below, a bag lady
pushing her shopping cart

and an ambulance
pushing its dim headlights—

so near the emergency room;
in here, though, it will never arrive

to unload its merchandise.
Sometimes the mouth of the world

opens—though at the last minute,
it always holds its tongue.