

*Peter Junker*

SO QUIET IN IDAHO

Sometimes it's an item in a newspaper  
that catches your life on a nail in the porch floor  
you should've fixed by now. Later, late at night,  
with the window open, it gets so quiet in Idaho  
you can visualize the sonic burps  
carrying from the interstate as ants  
scouting the fringe of a picnic,  
already loaded with loot from distant feasts.  
Even to someone as woozy as you, this is unsettling.  
It says the new Swedish nose spray for male  
birth control has some kinks, some Side Effects.  
It gets so quiet inside, you can only imagine.  
It says troubles are rocking the P.O. again . . .  
Someone is filching--lots of someones are filching--  
the crisp sheets of 69-cent stamps with the portrait of  
Satan playing the trumpet in his prime.  
It says you're not as young as you used to be.  
It says some boys bring some guns to school.  
None of this will be too surprising, it's just  
where the mind goes given no uncertain terms,  
so you might as well get up and close the window,  
so you do. Times were when homes were  
built to last. Now it gets so quiet you can hear  
the undersound, that drone and whistle in your ears  
which could be the lament of surviving cells  
or, conceivably, the Sirens of Life,  
seducing you like coffee in the kitchen  
to a day in your body  
and its plights of restoration.