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## Account

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*Fred Johnston*

## Account

Sunlight sleeps on the hand grenade  
The girl by the window holds a phone to her ear  
In the form of a flower  
This is the hour  
Of nothing to see here  
When day is merely night delayed

We are all at once stuck in a cloud  
We see miserably what the ticking wipers see  
The suitcase bomb  
Under the sink at home  
Frets for you and me  
It performs much better to a crowd

What will we tell the children when  
Out of the future they ask about days like these  
Our faces in buslight  
Heads down, contrite  
Blind eyes staring at our knees—  
How will we account for ourselves then?