

ANYWAY

None of this story has happened yet.
 Well, the part with the woman
 discovering the word in the corner.
 Call it *furniture*, she says,
 a bench from an ancient
 mead hall, only small.
 A stool, to be honest,
 with only three legs.
 So little to stand on.
 This was the one word
 the woman hoped

not to find. Actually,
 there were others
 but this is the one she found.
 What was she doing in that corner?
 No furniture in the whole house
 except this chair with its missing back.
 Not missing, remember,
 just lacking anything
 but minimal legs
 and that rough slab of wood.

If the woman decides
 to stay in the house
 she could sit right here.
 Or she could use the house
 empty—and who can say?
 We agree on one thing.
 She did arrive on the doorstep
 with no memory of how.

The woman thinks about moving
 the chair to the center of the room
 but rejects the bullseye,
 the solace of a fixed point. Still,

what if she's wrong
 about the word? What if
 it turns out to be *candle*
 or *fumigate*
 or *friction*? Later,

after she's had the chance
 to sit awhile, she'll figure
 out that piece. Of course,

 at some moment
 she'll need to worry
 about the suitcase
 and what's inside.
 The horseshoe—no problem.
 How much time
 can anyone need
 to pick up a horseshoe?