

Casual

In the movie a guy accepted
his neighbor's invitation
to a night out with her friends.

"Just casual," she said,
but when she came to pick him up
he stood mute behind his front door
as she kept knocking.

At least I haven't come to that, I thought,
what with all the cars
I've had to talk myself into getting out of
outside houses with parties
visible through the windows,
people striding up front walks, ringing, going in,
or cars I had to get myself into in the first place,
or my own houses I've had to fight to leave.

And each time I think
that maybe this time
I'll give in and not go,
just stay home
and all the doors will remain closed,
doors leading to experiences
that promise fun to other people,
at least to the ones gliding through them
who would not believe
what I'm enduring
trying to look like
I want to do that.