

“(AND)(THEN)”

By

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...(and)(then)
after a few hours,
my soul and spirit,
my heart and mind
had seen enough;

(and)(then)
I turned toward home
with my small cache
under my arm;

yet,
all the time
that I walked
to Penn Station,
stood and waited,
sat on the train,
stared out the window-

I knew I was not alone;

they were with me,
he was with me-
David Rimington,
though he chose to be silent;

back at home,
I found “a place” for him-
in a postal Tyvex envelope-
placed him on a shelf
(and)(then) I waited;

waited for the next attack;
waited for
the trains,
the buildings,
the stations
to explode;

while I
avoided the tunnels
and
tried not to get stuck on the bridges;

(and)(then)
as I waited,
time passed-

but still,
I thought about him
(and)(then)
I waited some more;

days turned into months
which turned into seasons,
which turned into years;

yet, every now
(and)(then)
I would open the envelope
and take out his card-
take him out;

we would visit-
talk briefly-
(and)(then)
he was returned to his "home,"
until the next time;

(and)(then)
many years later,
he called to me;

his voice was soft
and slowly rising
until I could make out
what he was saying;

**“...(and)(now) what;
what
are you waiting for...”**

I ignored him at first,
telling myself
that he was just frustrated
from being cooped up
in my mind
and in my memories;

so, I put him
back on the shelf,
covering him
with books and papers,
but this just made him angry;

yes, angry-
bordering on hostile intent;

threatening intents
to keep me awake at night;
to distract me-
to question
what right I had
not to seek the answer
to what just might be
an unpleasant truth;

(and)(then),
I relented-

seven years later-
looked up the Foundation
and called;

I told them
the bizarre tale
of David Rimington's
business card,
and asked them
to tell me-

"What happened to him on 9-11?"

"He survived,"
they said,
"that day
he had a meeting
in the suburbs."

"Okay," I said,
"thank-you."

(And)(then),
I hung up the phone;

(and)(then)
I put the three of them
to rest-

his card,
my memory,
his mortality-

(and)(then)
I was done...

END

