

NIGHTRIDE(S)



III

All around me the leaves hang
their concave bodies. They wait
on branches for the wind to fill
them and gather them into a pile.
Sleep is not always the answer
the eyes ask for. Sometimes it is
an orange leaf—a shaking flame
that gorges itself on the wind,
trying not to be extinguished
while it jumps from one branch
to the next.

XII

Moths are the night's
dandruff. They eat
and are eaten in silence.
Long past the need
to express, they blend
into trees and fire.
I watch them gracefully
throw off their desire
to speak when the night
flicks them from its broad
shoulders.

VII

The night runs its tongue
all over itself. Black jeans,
black jacket, as dangerous
as it gets. The night swings
its dark fringe. It burns
its initial into the plastic
slide: N. Because it's tired
of being the night, it yawns
and its tongue leaps out.
All alone, its tongue looks
just like you.