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.