

## NOCTURNE

You slide into the night ;

it wears you like a heavy dress, draping your shoulders  
with cold and sweaty air

A distant rumble sweeps your bones into a corner  
and you follow

your soft paws scratching on the skin of the floor

a sound

like hooking the fleshy inside of a cheek with a long, firm finger

- the left ear wakes to listen

you are left between voices like strings on a violin  
being gradually pulled tighter and tighter

**the hum of things**

**growing**

**on the ocean bed**

**crooked and wild fish**

**cross-eyed**

**in the deep**

it comes at you

with the same slow breath

that makes your feet sink

the same smell

the same attempt

to always look behind

at the precise moment

of departure

that always slips

under the hem of a shadow

and disappears

You hang the night on the coat hook, and in one long stroke

undress the sound that came with it.

You happen by a familiar position,

an empty slot in an old photograph,

you reverse an action to recall its name

but it escapes you.