

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

you come by 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

you turn off your pillow

and for a moment

everything lulls

silent and waiting

then it starts again:

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 hold in its hand

the precise beginning

of an inescapable end

that always slips

under the lip 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.