

## Husbands

Attack In Black

The black-streak, bag-eyed husbands  
move waiting to be widowed  
by the passing of familiar skies  
and all we've come to know  
our shadows have my sympathy  
for they must never wish to be  
joined beneath, unwilling  
our endless, restless feet

so praise be the break of day  
when we run out of things to say  
we'll learn to speak in different ways  
and plea with cities to be breathing  
for beauty made them bend and sway  
we'll learn to speak in different ways

our list's caught frozen in a streetlight  
our indecision rides atop the crow  
it burned out, blackened, turned to ash and blew away  
to embers far to bright to see  
and not there enough to weigh