

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 too bright to see
and not there enough to weigh