

Nocturne with a
Dash of Oblivion
Mark Fitzgerald

What surrenders to night unleashes night:

The dryness in your throat, a scratch, the taste
of absence, footsteps in a dream, a figure, untraceable,
but there beneath a brave hammock of stars,
the pumpkin moon close enough to carve, the figure—
there again, but too far—a shadow known only to night.

What listens to night belongs to night:

To the air, leaves, cold, silence through the hills.
To the spider weaving its silk like fingers
on braille. To the cat by the window—
rapt in the lookout, burned
into darkness
—watching the staked fields wait for the workers.

