

The Night Bashers

Brian Skinner

The street hisses
with the chorus of sprinklers
incessant.

Porches sit silent,
lawnchair people
still or sleeping,
television whispers seeping
through aluminum
screen doors unheard.

On the parched afternoon
asphalt the glass
glistens, skidmarks
and beer stains fading.

Sequestered quiet
behind tight shades,
they paint
their faces, polish
their chains, and wait
as the day
is sucked up
slowly by shadow.