

Night

See me wear stars like medals, but
the sky is not mine, nor are the cats
that scour my alleys of fishbone
and jazz, scattin' trashcans and
diminished fifths. I claim the streets,
doorways, prostitutes, taxi cabs and
24-hour chicken joints, but they're
no more mine than smiles, shadows or
sunbonnets are the day. They rest
in my stomach for a time, then are
torn out by light. Except that day
is half a planet, but I am the rest,
and the universe which has no end
you can imagine.