

Headlights

I.

Stepping sharply from the floors of glass,
the lifting jazz of voices
pass in drumbeats
 sinking to a rattle,

 we shrug our shoulders
at the snapping streets,
absorbed in cries,
and the cold of lonely sings the only song
in the night, on this cobbled rite,

where the sidewalks breaking underfoot
split in lies of rains
that lead to callous of our readership,
where,
 indeed into the lonely fault

that rocks disciples in revealing
the lifting of the skin that's feeling,
and finding beneath our feet
the bounding fabric, social knits
ill-suited for the general leaps-
a trampoline, a twisted back,
or the safety nets of acrobats.

II.

 the song of narrow tunnels
muffled in the roar
of highway passings-
eighteen-wheelers bearing
in the rearview mirror-
too late to turn, too late
in the high beams witness
to the captures of the dreams
that dance upon the night's elation,
and we tremble with a trepidation,

 too late upon these witness roads-
horizontal shafts
that snake before the beams,
 and on the shoulders
papers scudding in the rising dust,

or road signs passed in headlight glares,
blurred in stares of weary
faces tight upon the wheel,

yet the time for our decisions
was a nervous shadow spidered
in the corners of a rented night-
lying on the pillows- thinking,

captured in a womb of winds
that fuse upon a wall,
or eyes that burn like tapers sputtering
by the tattered ends of windowshades-

we listen to the morning songs
that fill our room with musings,
and our voices crying softly
through the halo of an open door

inquire into the chill of fog
that traces through the hollows
of the cars crouching into narrow spaces,
and weary in our spells,
we lick the nectar of our moistures,

III.

feet that stain their wet on stairs
and pad along the stony skin-
imbuing of an airless lull,
obeying of a hollow breath,

we wind along the grassy berm
that shepherds in a fragile spark,
and whelping shoulders turn to watch
the sweeps of rafts
weightless on the glass
that clouds into a deepened lacquer,

and shafts of light fall
on mantled arms that thud on oak,
insistent beats that pause in leaps
upon the door that's growing thin,

a draft of wind

asks nothing of the faces
searching in the yellow wash,
and the asphalt rains condensing
in the passing years are forgotten
in delighted halls that stand before
the centuries of our exchange.