

VIOLET

Aliza Einhorn

No I wasn't any lonelier for watching the car
Go down the street into the next world and
The night was just a detail of the
Ordinary soundless, the what of what-went-on
Inside the car that couldn't touch the child
Her black hair like a mansion
The horizon was ascending One girl
One light up high in the left hand corner
Of the street I can tell she believes
It's been night forever the car along its circuit
In real time but over and over the night needed fixing
The figures in the front seat against the moon tick-tock
Face at the window what did you hear on the surface
Of something like lineliness
Ladora Tama Toledo but you were the girl