

K. Reynolds Dixon

ALL SOULS

One gelatinous bat, all day hung fast
in sleep to the breezeway stucco,
immune to crowd babble
and cigarette plumes, stirs now.

In his dismantling the weekly message
a Y gets away from the marquee tender,
who watches it flirt with rush-hour buses
and lodge in a myrtle's parchment.

In a certain poplar silhouette
the protean starling mass collapses.
Their flush eclipses
all I know, slow as a thrown net.