

Brad Richard

NOCTURNE

Scrap of star-specked sky
cast in a scum-clouded pond.

Shadow play of branches
knotting nothing into nothing.

And the crickets work at their rickety lathes.
And shards scrape free from the grackle's throat.
And the wind churns ashes in a mirror.

And I, little I, freak, fluke, clot
tumbled in the mind's flow,

you are what the world is
when all you are is strange.