

THE ALL-NIGHT NEWS

It goes on all night
we're sent things we can't see

The children we've hidden
come back

They lie down on mats
with their bodies
bent
like coat hangers

Out of the snow they have come
to show us the way

They stare into our eyes
like lost explorers

They say they have seen
at the end of the world
many shoes

They say these dead things
are our eyes
here
take them they are for you