the sixth night alone with Frank

a black truck pulled up to the house—
there were two men in the cab and one in the bed

they drove off once I turned the porch light off

the man in the back had spread a bag of rock salt
over the plot Frank had tilled

Frank said the men were piano notes—
lost notes from down south—

ghosts in a boarded-up music hall

the eighth night alone with Frank

Frank said there is no truth but in converse symbols

sometimes Frank walks in his sleep taking pictures
of the walls with a camera he holds at his chest

and I wonder if this too is how God makes known

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