

Walking Alone to the Car · *Ted Kooser*

Late at night, crossing the parking lot
through the underwater blue
of the vapor lights, I toss up my keys
again and again, and they splash
through the surface and into the stars
like a little fish whose leap
against the starlight glitters,
and from whose flash and fall
a music spreads across the night,
a silvery ringing that calls out
again and again, like a phone
in a darkened apartment.