

No Visible Stars · *Greg Pape*

How can I begin to understand
and speak of the human
significance of the aberration
of starlight, tonight
when there are no visible stars.
I think, instead, of the giraffes
standing in their tall closets
in the dark, and the hummingbird
with furiously beating wings
under the frosted skylight
above the unsleeping heads
of the giraffes, and the man
in uniform lighting
a cigarette, locking the doors.