

## AN EVENING WITH THE EVENING

The night is very tall  
coming down the street. The light  
of the streetlights coming on  
in sequence just in front of the dark,  
this light is a prison  
broken loose from itself.  
The city has an expression  
on its face like that of someone hoping

he will not be noticed,  
it is like that of the man now watching  
the processional flaring of the lamps from the corner,  
beneath the bank sign.  
He notices the city, he notices  
the reflection of his own face in the city,  
he wonders what the city must have done

to the night,  
that it should avert itself like a debtor  
while welcoming the night  
with such display, such grim pomp, so courteous  
a removal, before  
the arrival of darkness,  
of any competing darknesses that may have  
managed to precede it there.

Suddenly it is the total blackness  
with the numerous small lights of the face  
of the city shining through it;  
then it is the end,  
which is only himself, going  
home to his wife and children,  
turning and trying to walk away from the darkness  
that precedes him, darkness of which he is the center.