

CAR ALARM

It must have been the combination,
the sunset plus the noise,

that was so unnerving. Sirens,
car and burglar alarms are nothing—
they go off all the time.

They're background music. This one
yowled like a mechanical doberman
from the new Mercedes.

The owner wasn't home.
Someone had already called the cops.

That's all, yet half a dozen neighbors
stayed outside milling around in the street

because the sunset was so eerie,
the pink and orange of a spreading fire

with heavy green occlusions welling up

above the roofs, like something
burning and growing at the same time.

One minute I'm folding laundry and the next
I'm standing on the front stoop
under a sky that can't be natural,

and my heart is barking please please

please tell me what to feel
when everything I love—
that I just this instant realize I love—

blisters in the sudden radium of fear.