

CATE LYCURGUS

[I FIND EVERY STOPGAP TOWN]

I find every stopgap town
I alight has a hardware store
display—dangling bulbs
that hang at mismatched heights—so
striking, the cords' industrial

play, how a dangle of bulbs
pretend themselves pendants
of untethered light. Mistaken,
their chords persevere in industry

of bloom. I live in a pending light,
untethered, kiss tender towns
on the mouth—press here, there
veer, away—pockets of miss

surge, and tender a skyline
of fraying wire. My short-circuit
kismet spits along—socket-less,
tripping—I try to pocket each

window front's intensity
of shine. Hang left at the access
road where a stoplight swings
in suspended night. Don't need

to stop to see its glow plugged
into the sky.