Winter 2008

Beaumont Friday Night

Ed Skoog

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Beaumont Friday Night

Cops at the food mart have a criteria for spontaneity, like desert winds that bake the white suit of the eucalyptus. I look forward to hearing more about that bird you spoke of. It is like reading your poems. Mariachis play blue orange lights silhouetting dancers. The moon comes up, the heart trills fullness until I see it's a day shy. Sometimes my meaning is a day shy. Or my understanding is not fully round. Not only is moon just the word we overuse in tonight's courtroom for the adieu that travels with us, it is also not the right word at midnight for what rises, for what entertains the idea of another light. It's like we are fishing and the thing steps out of the water, shakes our hands. I am the moon, it says, and you counter it is far from being the moon. From the spare motel where we celebrate, a toast is raised for anything lunar on the balcony that shivers and flies off.