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## Beaumont Friday Night

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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.