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Night With Night

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NIGHT WITH NIGHT

In couplets one expects a couple
in a tree. Birds scribble their fury across the sky.

Say sky here and blue opens. Say *black*
and night throws its drink.

The sky reminds us of an invitation
elsewhere. Even a storm has its charm.

Who can complain about the sky
when we have each other?

If there is a hand in the sky.
If we had a hand in it.

The sky feeds itself to itself, a furnace
of roses and blood.

The sky drops an aluminum eye,
rolls its grief in ink.

Who are we, sky of reflection,
who wince, who weep?

The sky is a lake
of needles. The sky, a field of teeth.

The sky wings overhead
or the sky falls and blackens us.