Beaumont Friday Night

Ed Skoog
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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.