

Starry Night

Walking on noiseless soles
I seem to be the night.
My movement is the evening
Silently unfolding, linking shadows to itself.
My breath before me is like some vague mist,
The impersonal breath of deepest night,
The fleeting steam of some world or other.
In this cloak
My fingers slip dark syrup into waiting corners:
I am the night finding its own level.
The sky scraped like cool glass, above, around,
With the air mixing, insidiously under our skin.
The distant lances of stars fixing us
As we rattle on unthinking.
Ahead, a squat house is ghost-lit by reflection.
I stop as if counting, and the night flows out of me,
Coldly continuing its journey like rolling heavy vapours.
Stopping so abruptly I am surrounded.
It's strange stopping still suddenly but it is worth while.