

*Nocturne*

Hung up like black crepe  
commemorating the night's feast,  
a throng of bats in single file, rump to rump,  
doze the day away. When dusk falls  
and night, upside down, becomes coercive  
as a magnet, they stir, click, and split  
from their perch in near-unison.  
They are all appetite,  
milk teeth and crooked fingers surrounding us  
in our dreamtime: spirits on the bridges,  
in the walls, atop the eaves.  
If—half-awake—you were to stroke  
one's back, its little bones  
might remind you of grandmother's hand,  
light and trembling in yours,  
a squeeze away from breaking.  
Some loves are like that:  
pervasive, ravenous in their hour,  
but clutch too hard, and they will shatter.  
Even the blind know there is a terminus  
out there in their periphery.