After the Argument

The night sparks
    like a live
wire, occasionally
    as we sleep.
The edges of the sky,
    the horizon line,
seemingly dipped
    into cold water
now rising
    to the taut music
of tiny feathered
    bottles, over which
the wind (the
    wind?) moves
like love—which
    is to say—slowly,
and with a certain
    amount of fear.