

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.