

Tonight

(for Catherine)

Tonight looking out
across this city's new electric blue
and white neon sky sirens
winding through the warm
suburban air I'm lost
somewhere in some small town
and wondering thinking
forward how I might think back
how tonight will look
to me looking back at you
and me and your two dogs
out late walking back
and forth across this lawn
that does not belong
to us and will not two years gone
belong to anyone we know
and thinking how the lights will be
how this same city two maybe three
years on will look
those lights all gone the same
almost familiar sound of sirens the wind
as warm and strangely
intimate as tonight your hands
maybe in mine and walking slowly
step by step into this night

IAN TROMP