



## Nightwalker

Moonlight  
in the dark air  
bathes my sweating brow with silver

Walking with no one  
at the death of day  
picking our way  
through cold skeletons

Who cares for the walker in the night?

No one is there  
but is not seen :  
nightfigure limping  
in a dream of daylight running feet

He casts a nightshadow  
lightly blurred  
He bends his head  
beneath the moon

My shadow bends,  
is thrown against  
the cold sharp walls  
but softly and in passing  
I watch my lonely ghost  
flow smoothly over  
concrete thorns in earth's hide

No one's brothers and sisters die  
alone in graves of tears :  
waves of grief  
break on cold sands  
and fall back to join the ocean.  
From deep inside the sterile land  
no one hears its torment

The nightwalker cares for the world

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