



The Horn Player

There are nighthawks of fog
when a horn player blows out
evil spells with long notes,
grey cats slip in alleys
outside weather boarding houses
slat mice invisibly scamper
back-stairs leaving quietly.
A half-moon appears
pirouetting in livid silver notes
turning the heads of strangers
casting cold semicircle shadows.
I search trying to change beds
no blankets on these tawny cots.
I do not mention the woodwind player
neither will the moon's quarters
open the silence with word-shine.
Only a horn plays aloud
through speechless corridors.

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