

Sequestered Love

the cliff watches the night

what seems, said Hamlet,
is not what it seems to be

the dark-walking air surrounds us
and vibrations wriggle from the ground
up through our throats

the thousand bunches of cloud
hurry through the quiet quiet normalness
as if accelerated by a twisted knob
on the sky and moon projector

the lamp flickers fast and more
without a sound

another knob
the volume grows
silence peers past the moon
and screams and caterwauls around us

the static world makes motion on
the sighing sky throws curtains round
the two of us envelop
the night