

Nocturne 2

The buildings hang from the moon.
How large it seems,
Pressing upon them (see, they bend),
Nevertheless, unnoticed
Among the greater lights
Of street lamps,
Lights that say names,
Lights that change red, yellow, green,
Commanding hordes of faces.

And the bay: it listens.
It maintains the regularity of its rhythms.
It throws up its inscrutable darkness
Against the mosaic of the city.
If offers peace...

Or does it?
Watch a while and listen.
The bay groans and covers itself in fog.
The city flashes fires everywhere,
Forcing back the night.
And far away,
The moon stands naked and aloof
Before the dark lover
And his dark eyes.

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