

Nocturne: Before Your Brother's Funeral

Emptiness, you heard recently,
is what makes a bowl

a bowl. A glass,
a glass. The street in front

of you though—wide,
widening—the bruise of it,

is all you can think about.
A porchlight winks on,

a tiny bell
you do not hear. Headlights,

sudden in the near-
distance. Water fanned

from a puddle. You know
your phone, buried

in your jacket, has been
ringing, but knowing too

that the number on the screen
won't be the number you want

to see—just a couple digits
off from yours—you let it ring.

The small life of it,
a brief companion as, with

nowhere to be
'til morning, you walk,

you find a seam
in the black air,

which closes behind you.
And you like that.