The Headlines Fade

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Not only daylight lets me read. This evening
I lie, as legibility drains from the air
though oaks in the west print hieroglyphic traces on the white of a window.

The body of darkness settles downward with its fur. Bats squeak and flick in sparks of black. Arthritic limbs mark a pearl-lustrous enlightenment.

Stars needle the enigma in baffled points. Slumber beasts rise and ride, witches in snatches of worsted, the dragon bulging his lair, Medusa's disasters.

When in the final fading I switch on a bulb. the subliminal hauntungs stretch and slink from print in its orderly march. Blindly. Everything imaginable possible.