

The Headlines Fade

James Applewhite

Durham, North Carolina

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 hauntings stretch and slink
from print in its orderly march. Blindly.
Everything imaginable possible.