

Worth Staying Up Late For

How late does one have to stay up
to write a song? Make love
rhyme with orange?
Place sadness on the window sill
where the moon might replace it

with a note for the morning sun
to remember nothing of what was said
in anger the night before.

How naked? How beautiful?
Longing and longing.
It's nothing like they said

it would be. Holding hands
with nothing but the night wind
strumming the dark pines and

stars scattered in the back yard.
Music dreams everyone
toward a surprise of lost memory.

We take our places for the opening
curtain with quiet purpose: a falling
down fence welcomes the late stragglers.

Poems are handed out
under street lamps warm and yellowy.
Pools of light remind us of those

who aren't quite here
yet. And we all know who
we are just this once.