

Hannah Meduna

NHP030

Early June Nights

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are a lonesome crew

with empty expressions and glazed eyes

moving on to the next terminal,

never stopping and loitering

the way I pause and wait

for the cats in gaunt side streets

to spread their shadows in the lamplight,

for the glowing stub

of Mr. Eighth Floor's third cigarette,

for the disappearance of the purple gray hue

settling at the bottom of the sky,

for the moon to be uncovered

and show his cratered half face.

The sky

is a running man

shuttling the stars with indifference

as I watch the seven sisters

rise from their eastward home,

each leaving her daytime parlor

to visit these undecided hours.

They shake out their tresses

into the dust of the world

and gather up their petticoats

to climb the crescent hill that waits for them

and whisper their fables to the emptied widows' walks

and fall when the morning wraps the plumed reeds

in her honeyed light.