

...april 4, 2011...

**i woke last night to hear you pacing floors
with a hand-held flashlight whispering
anemic rays into the backyard dark
illuminating pond and shiny leaves –**

**‘rats’ you said while tapping a tattoo
against the glass – ‘they don’t like light or noise –
can’t you hear them skittering the drainpipe
to make their nest somewhere beneath the eaves?’**

**i woke last night again again again
to hear you tapping windows into code
then rushing out to put the pond lights on
while studying the shadow-glinting rain –**

**then like the rats – so dry inside their nest
cosied safe away from lights and noise
i fell back to sleep – leaving you
playing flashlight tag with winds and rain.**

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