

John Geddes

Curfew



Again with nightfall stones fly here and there,
one lucky throw nailing a porch light, its
warm cone inhaled up into the nostril
where the struck glass shattered; the filament,
drenched in oxygen, drowns like a kitten.
They'll have issued rifles by now, by now
clicked their opaque visors into place.
Moonless, starless, reverberant dark,
I hear a boy's voice, familiar to me,
but straining for a man's pitch, urging strength.
I hear a rasp, deadweight metal dragged
across asphalt, leaving a chalky scar,
a line for daring to step, which gives me
the idea to haul the old wardrobe
we saved from my grandmother's house across
to block the bedroom window. The kids ask
what are you doing what are you doing and I
say go to sleep go to sleep go to sleep.