

Midnight

Measuring out
two fingers, I pour it

into a heavy glass,
weight all in

the base. The murmur
of it shining

—I sip down.
Late, I've looked out

many windows,
hypnotized by

strumming streetlights.
The train's tremolo

rattles the glass
in our apartment

—last notes I hear
before falling

asleep beside you.
It's always later

than I think.
Years, windows

to remember;
I drink them,

spill them past
my teeth. The train

blurs, passing
under the bridge

—we live on the other
side—frames

in a film flickering
on the barrier

of shuteye. The train
tunnels through

darkness. I cup it
in my hands.

It leaks through.