

# Where in daytime nothing is

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I had imagined what it must be like  
out there in the middle place  
where in daytime nothing is  
what it must be like at night:  
there, far from my bed,  
maybe something moves

Move  
for rocks in the dark  
and calling crows alone  
in the empty midnight field  
will stay your legs if you stop

Stagger to the trees  
for through them is your house  
though in them is the wild dog who  
is small enough to be kicked away  
but runs in livid packs

