

The Soft, Cool Blanket of Night

by Darius McCaskey

wrap me in the soft, cool blanket of night.

waning,
the moon peers down at me
like the heavy-lidded eye of some cyclops.

and if I be lost like poor Odysseus,
cloak me in the soft, warm wool of night.

and if my eyes fail me like old Tiresias,
stitch the cloth with the needles of the king,
and wrap me in the soft, cool wisdom of night.

and if the trees reach out for me
like the souls of the dead,
blanket me in the soft, cool mists of the Styx.

