

The Night

by Tim Young

Yes the night is moving in earlier now.

The clouds don't mind, they never pay attention.

Meanwhile stars continue to surprise,

Pin points stuck sharply in the black velvet.

My nose is cold.

I'm going to go home and

Heat up the coffee.

I'll pick up sticks along the way

So the fire I make will be bright.

The breeze twists, turns and is confused

By my movements.

My matches are burning a hole

In my pocket.

I hide them from the wind.

Before I step inside

One star moves close to me

And whispers a secret in my ear.

We both laugh.

I spill the coffee

And kiss the night.

