

Nocturne While Living in a Dead-End Town

by Samuel Fox

There is always a Catch-22 for looking up at an Autumn moon:

you will never not see her face
you will never not feel his breath on your neck

Moonlight whets you sharp at this angle
you can almost forget you are ugly awash in an unabashed reflection,

the B-side of sunlight. The air has chilled. The grass has been mown.

There will never not be a memory, like a spider's thread across the forehead,
disturbing a moment, drunk, delirious and still thirsty,

for a love that hasn't yet arrived. You worry

that even if it does one day make its way into your arms
that your heart will not open, like a door jammed, having remained unopened

for a decade. Now, you have seen the spirit in what you wanted to
become for someone else's affection.

It no longer fits you: like the body after death, like a gnawed glove.

In the mollified light straying across the lawn, you lie down in the dew and
become quiet. Silence too can be a prayer

to no or any god in particular a movement for new hope for a miracle so
long as you live into its folds:

what you make of it, whatever origami you fold to shape your life,

is a container you choose, that you design. There's no use in backpedaling. Let them go.
The lovers of yesteryear, they moved to the city of dreams and aspirations

while you stayed in a county, longing an fetter, searching for goat paths toward heaven.

You stand up in the moonlight. You let it bathe you adamantine. It is not in the city
where this can happen. Only here can you be alone and not despair.

It is here can you forget love's shape if only to hold it again as though for the first time.