

Let It Come

Even if late, let it come.
With a flourish of trumpets
and drums.

Let it come with a
crash of cymbals
and a rumble of
summer thunder.

Let it come with a wail
out of nowhere,
cartwheeling down the stairs.
And I shall be waiting,
hidden and still,
in a wide displacement
of darkness.

The Lost Ones

They came with
pockets filled with light
and hung the air with wine
and everywhere their eyes
were laughing stars.

They laced the night
with liquid words
and burned chromium moons.
They huddled in high places
and made song.

Now lost in darkened ways, they grope,
seeking feasible exits,
like yesterday's kings who later
were reborn in the
hearts of fools.

— Charles Shaw

New York, New York