

The Station Nightclub

DON KUNZ

How can they not still dream of fire?
Everything has turned black:
First the night, then the hard rock stars.

Everywhere charred and twisted ghosts
Cough toward smoke-filled exits,
Their dreams trampling dreams.

In their dark sleep they rehearse escape,
Plotting to quench the flames again
Listening to the tongues flicker.

They recall voices buzzing electric as neon
Advertising the fire this time, every time,
And walls flaming like newly mined coal.

How can one night fuel but not exhaust itself?
How can they not still dream of fire,
Of all those dead who consume them?