

Cul-de-sac

DENNIS SALEH

The night at
the door is
torn and frayed

The distance
it has come
hangs overhead

a lidded eye
of starred sky
sagging wearily

A battered trunk
of old minutes
is proffered

The shoulder
of the sun
whiling day

The preening
plumped
pillow of moon

The hour is
round as the
heavens' silence

The silver trail
of the sea only
seems to lead away

Time will be
entire only
when concluded