

Sounds of the Night

"...listen hard to the sounds in the night."

Marguerite Duras

A howling dog at night signals death,
 Uncle Peter says. Three taps
on the window—are calling you home.

(When the cock crows, what will you remember?)

Barred Owls shriek—crescendo—in spring's ravine.
Not the call of love

 we connect with birds.

Frogs in the marsh croon
unfettered when we pass. Along the unlit road

Mother lowers her pitch like a man's,
raises her voice to travel far, pretends: "I'm carrying
a gun so we don't have to worry,
 don't have to worry."

Into our fears we slip: quietly, quietly.