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Night

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Night, York, 1991

A cusped moon barely lights
the surly roll of scrubby hills
away to the west of the town.

Dogs snarl in ritual pursuits
just to mark their territories
and in accompaniment,
from vacant lots, the tribes
of tomcats agonise eerily
to each other. A cyclist with
a bag of bright take-a-ways
dangling from his handlebars
spurts off up the wide road
to spasmed pedal squeaks
He's hoping to deliver supper
while it still stays hot. But
smell of stale cooking oil
follows from the 'fried
everything' late-night 'chip-
n-pizza'. Trailing him closely
up the street. Spectral figures
in the town telephone boxes
rattle and roll their coins
to signal their far off loved ones
that in this deserted village
all will be well this night.

A cusped moon barely lights
the surly roll of scrubby hills
away to the west of the town.

-Glen Phillips, 1991/2013