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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*