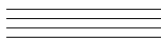


# E V E N I N G



J O H N P O C H

Does love covet  
a reflection,  
or is it one night  
that in its eros  
outshines the sun?  
You can look out  
the window  
easier than  
you can look in.  
The force of the sun  
lying down, day,  
is almost over now.  
Shadows stride the land,  
tipping a balance  
of fear and peace.  
Classes on doubt  
are offered here  
by the rising  
weight of blood.  
Wait. Time, plural,  
is what we might  
call evening.  
Stay in. Come out.  
The neighbors have  
televisions.  
There is a window.  
There is the moon.

The world is in-  
consolable,  
and this is why  
you look back in  
at where you were.