EVENING

John Poch

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.