

STACY NIGLIAZZO

Nocturne

Evening breaks kindly,

without bruise or blow.

The sun unpins its blue veil,

exhales as it sets.

It is not yet spring.

Night spills softly through the owling air,

a black bowl wreathed in fireflies.

■

I wash his hands and face with castile soap,

bear up

my greenstick heart,

wait for his parents who don't yet know

his new moon stare.

The reap hook—

small boy draped in soft white,

first mistaken for cord wood,

pulled from a ditch

on a dim road,

his face in the black water.

His eyes will not close.