

NICK LANTZ

Bats, Above the “Walls” Unit

—*Huntsville, Texas*

A scrap, a scrap, a scrap.

And you cat-crept upon the warehouse, all smoke and black velvet,
to see those dark scraps drain skyward—

that they might tangle their tremor in your hair,
their calumny circling the streetlight’s aureole.

Mostly space—those scraps, that brick—
though none can pass through.

Your rasp voice sparking its low medieval purr.

Lo, the guard tower eye! A scrap of shadow, a wing, a scrap—

not the unmown wheat storm-shivered,
not bricks knuckled together, but one mind touching another, tugging,

movement a contagion, a fever turn
wheeling above that bright ache of razor wire.

The lights in town no long flicker. We trade one barbarism for another.

But how the mind still longs to bury its face in the rich fur of words.