[*Here is the beginning and the end of Carol’s very long “The Night-Walker,” a sad meditation of our getting into our cars and separating at the end of some time together. The reference toward the end to the LIE is the Long Island Expressway that heads east out of NYC to suburban Long Island where we had been together that day*]

Sensitive thoughts at the last suspended moment,

all else a singular slash of dark line,

the sky deepening with longing.

Omens a crow on the side of the road,

a brake light flashing its warning:

a suspended second before collision

tires squealing their opposition, marking only a black line

that would have surrounded us, leaving us out as participants,

our own around the corner waiting, brooding

in a crow’s persistent gaze

and a dark-eyed walker’s nightly tread.

You stop to see how I am,

To complete something else with a lingering kiss

filled with sweetness and silver and necessity,

necessity seen in the eyes of agony,

eyes that exchange knowledge of a day suddenly torn

and fragmented, the filled, full silence of a gaze breaking,

pulling away to the distinctions, separating

to meet the echo of demand,

the demand on one side filling with mist,

a greyness to replace the silver, a greyness

that can’t entirely cover a longing

more powerful, perhaps, than even the night-walker’s dark eyes.

…………. .……………………

Near morning when the shadow dancers sleep,

when the laughter is long-drowned by lapping

of the East River against the Brooklyn piers,

the LIE a soft purr leading east,

then a figure settles in the window over Brooklyn

to resume watch, more wine poured,

this time for the night-walker’s tread reverberating

the wine in a glass that reflects

a single crow’s eye in the Brooklyn sky.

Sensitivity moves like an echo across an open expressway,

Hinting a whisper of the night’s movement to the watcher

gaze fastened on the paling crow’s eye that merges at last

in the pre-dawn with the dark eyes of the night-walker, aware

suddenly again, of a full, filed silence,

a solace for the longing, seeing an expressed feeling then,

seeing a single silver thread at the last suspended

pre-dawn moment, knowing now, that this time,

we have marked far more than a beginning.