

Sidney Wade

A Little Romance

— for Jerry Shapiro

The old woman at night
arrives slowly,
drawing her charcoal folds
behind her.

In thick light,
in black and gray,
she dusts off the streetlamps,
breathes into their globes,

and makes them flicker
to resemble the small fears
she will plant, tenderly,
in my body or yours,

just at the moment
when the sun,
in slow leaving,
gathers its light to itself.

Empty Sleeves
Athens, University of Georgia Press, 1991:61