

Nocturne, October

Dixie Partridge

The chapel dark, organ pipes glow
moon-silver. Silence
is filled: after-ripples,
the aura of living tones,
Bach, Handel.

Late, toward home,
I see only the street lamp,
its light descending like fine rain
on one blessed spot, a brief halo,
then darkness.

A breath of wind moves my hair.
The night listens . . . listens . . .
feathers of birds in their places of sleep
stir. Behind me, a leaf
strokes the pavement.

Night touches the braille of all it contains:
each point of grass downhill from the church,
the rise and fall of desert, softly
dynamic beyond town, the ebony stream
of the river's resonant moving.