

Nights Yellow

These nights of long reads beneath single, yellow lights
vanish
into what you hoped would be a place far
from
the shadowy caves of rooms in your home, the concrete
domes
of cities, or whatever visions you see in the yellow
lights, spilled
across the floor— whatever kind of map you hoped you would find
you never
could have known where you would end up or why
you've always
had the feeling you've been wrong like that one time
you
read a poem by Billy Collins called Japan and thought
the moth—
the hinge—with its papery wings was enough to tell you
where to go
and rest for now but it was not, and instead
the image
that wound up singing to you, like the temple bell's ring,
was
the transforming of the bell and what the bell became,
and maybe
—just maybe—what you saw before, in the night's yellow
lights spilled
across the floor, could have been anything, anywhere.