Walking in the Night

Walking in the night,
we are its champions and its children.
Our conversation draws lines
and curves round
the marvel of our being here –
the contours of contingency.

Our words
ripple down the river
and fill up concrete fissures.
They loop over lampposts
and hang upon the bony fingers
of August oaks.

Words lap, wave-like, up driveways.
They lag behind us, or anticipate before
as we round street corners
or they round us.

The moon smiles its Cheshire smile
and we realize how happy/perplexed we are:
walking deep into the night,
overarched by mysterious,
pulsating stars.