

Sunday Profundity

As the sun pulls up
the blanket of night
to its western chin
and sinks into slumber,
our neighborhood transforms
into a blend of haunting sounds.

An owl cries out--bats flit by--
something whispers in the grass.
A distant rumbling train wails out,
then wanes undulatingly away.
Two hidden toms of a feline triangle
howl their indignity into the dark.

A throaty sports car rushes by
with radio booming
to replace
the dangers of silence
with the safety of din.

The neighbors sit and gesture indoors
like a mute puppet couple between the curtains
of their lamplit picture window,
their children eating popcorn near a vacuous tube
that splashes youthful eyes with artificial color.

No boundaries here outdoors
except the neatly folded edges
of the universe, tucked in
behind a sea of gleaming stars.

When Monday morning opens up
its brilliant eastern eye,
a thousand fervent birds with thrill
and trill their greetings
through the bedroom window glass
in rows of mortgaged homes,
alerting sleeping citizens
the coast is clear once more
for them to venture outside
(after coffee)
to their dewy cars
and motor off into their week.