

## Moonlight On the Ganges

Perhaps the moon bites the bullet  
train into halves over the dying  
horizon. Perhaps I never know

where my ghosts take their tortured  
leave. Ribs blanched with waning  
light & waiting for the merciful maw

of the morning. Stray dogs  
shivering by the back-exit  
of the bodega love me, but

they're about it. The mercury-vapor  
lamp in the "y" flutters tearfully  
so the sign reads "grocer" at twilight:

the only way the city remembers  
that a human bags their cheap  
cigars and plays radio-blues into

the dusk. A recluse sings along to  
Sinatra on the subway, the *whoosh-clck*  
of the doors symphonying her solitude.

In a chromium-lined diner  
far away, I croon with her,  
the waitresses hip-flipping

the jukebox so it crackles out  
*love's—schemes—came true—*  
*someday* for strangers' ears.

Perhaps all of the above is true:  
the way loneliness is known  
by the way it never leaves.

But this evening, the whole diner  
choruses. The night

loosens its fist. I grow moth-eyed

to the chance that light  
can be caught in this life.

We all want to wait for dawn

together.

*After Lydia Wei.*