

Intervals

Lamplight

useless next to a vivid summer's evening

Tires in the driveway, crunching

crackling speakers, crashing pans

open door, briefcase,

dog's bark. Calamity calms

as you approach

safe, stale, tinged with fluorescents and

chemicals. Spring forward, claws skittering

into summer

Dusk dripping to dark

Half-empty, dragging feet, limp hands

push the door open, pat the gray muzzle

stretched shadows, slanted bodies

cold light on skin drooping

in thirty-minute intervals

Cracked leather,

creaking joints silenced.

Step slowly into these shadows,

little girl,

it's getting

darker