

Single File      *for Brenda*

Last night the stars came out  
as never before, in clusters,  
one in particular flaunting  
its brilliance, its size. And we

interpreted this as a sign, as  
powerless people tend to do, of  
heaven's willingness to let us  
have a few more minutes to say

what we have to say, to locate  
an address that we once knew  
by heart. And this is how we  
come to *her* door, single file,

no one anxious to go in front  
of the other, as in all her beauty  
she slips out a window, shinnies  
down the drainpipe, gone. Who,

for all our calling, won't come back,  
will have us look up, on nights  
like this, gazing at stars, believing  
we know which one she is.