The Darkened Room

I

the air stills
to the sound of crickets
and the stir of leaves

and the voices of children across the road
light the silence

and the sexual cries of cats
enter the darkened room
of the blood

travelling its circular journey
through the body

II

I walk out
the stars streaming on
the branches lit by streetlights

the pure memory
the longing
flooding the body like the Northern Lights

the first time in years
white rainbows
at the door of heaven

III

it's years since I've been there

my mother singing
in the darkened room

the window open to silence

the sounds of frogs
arriving from far off

now and then a car passing
slowly fading into the distance

the long falling
toward the sands of sleep

—Allan Cooper