Innumerable Cages of Nightingales

Fragments of lyric sky
fallen like confetti showers,
like fallen snow blue
in the gathering of an evening’s shadow,
in this city of dream sequence,
this city silent with song,
with song’s occupation intently
stilled, traffic’s footsteps stilled,
rumble of passing and repassing
dreamed quite away,
dimly in this remembered city,
all movement refined to
the hosts of shadowy figures
carrying their little lamps and
soft-footed through the dusk carrying
innumerable cages of nightingales.

—John V. Hicks