

An Old Movie

The midnight whistles with sleet;
tucked into the tubelight, he and she
live in the ghost of Bogart—passage
to Marseilles, or across the Pacific,
wry delight and the pompous spy.

Spitting midnight and its ghosts
live, all arrogance, all charm,
their shelter perfect; he and she
have only the house; and they know;
and there is no better house or night.

— *Robert Beum*