

10 P.M. DOWN IN THE MEADOWS

Somewhere, just North of here

He pull the car over, turned the key

halting the engine's idling, now

Waiting

for whatever would happen next.

He lit a cigarette took

a drag, tapped

the steering wheel

then sighed.

Spent smoke rushed headlong

into cold night air.

Alone yet again;

within

relentless silence,

pulsing starlight,

and fading hope.