

# Four Glimpses of Night

By Frank Marshall Davis

I

Eagerly

Like a woman hurrying to her lover

Night comes to the room of the world

And lies, yielding and content

Against the cool round face

Of the moon.

II

Night is a curious child, wandering

Between earth and sky, creeping

In windows and doors, daubing

The entire neighborhood

With purple paint.

Day

Is an apologetic mother

Cloth in hand

Following after.

III

Peddling

From door to door

Night sells

Black bags of peppermint stars

Heaping cones of vanilla moon

Until

His wares are gone

Then shuffles homeward

Jingling the gray coins

Of daybreak.

IV

Night's brittle song, sliver-thin

Shatters into a billion fragments

Of quiet shadows

At the blaring jazz

Of a morning sun.

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