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.
