**Facing Night**

 *after Tu Fu*

Christien Gholson

Mars appears first. Red, close.

It feeds off the sun's last light.

Prophet of one hundred more

years of war? A breeze moves

through the pears, through

dry hollyhock leaves – lizard-

claws across ancient skin. We

close our eyes. The world is

an abandoned library: creaks,

flapping pages. There are doors

that never fully open, never fully

close. We no longer have names,

faces, and so we move inside,

silent, stars appearing, one by one,

inside our bodies. Tonight, we

can see through our own death.