**Night Vision**

Lorrie Ness

Slinging one leg over the sill, I stumble

the gravel lane —

a silver ribbon, where the full moon

wraps itself along the earth.

His car is waiting behind the birch,

too far for the crunch of tires to hitch home on the wind.

We drive to Whitewater Gorge Park,

stow the Chevy behind the auction house down the road

then finish the way on foot. The air is amphibious,

our skin slickens in knee high weeds.

We do not carry flashlights. There are no visitors allowed

at night. There are no visitors

to stand in our way as we lay down on the suspension bridge,

a heaving footpath across the river.

Barely wide enough to lay side by side,

we search for Draco and Libra, listen to boulder-combed

water flowing between the deeper pools below.

Pike gaze up, where the surface is still.

Across the planks of the bridge, our flesh is no more

than a starless patch of their sky

and the gaps between stars are no more than our eyes’

failure to see what’s really there.

We didn’t hop the gate after dark

because the rules didn’t apply.

We snuck in out of fear of being seen

during daylight. Not by others, but by ourselves.