

Nightwalker

Moonlight
in the dark air
bathes my sweating brow with silver

Walking with no one
at the death of day
picking our way
through cold skeletons

Who cares for the walker in the night?

No one is there
but is not seen :
nightfigure limping
in a dream of daylight running feet

He casts a nightshadow
lightly blurred
He bends his head
beneath the moon

My shadow bends,
is thrown against
the cold sharp walls
but softly and in passing
I watch my lonely ghost
flow smoothly over
concrete thorns in earth's hide

No one's brothers and sisters die
alone in graves of tears :
waves of grief
break on cold sands
and fall back to join the ocean.
From deep inside the sterile land
no one hears its torment

The nightwalker cares for the world

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