Unseasonably Warm

Days of wantonness
of puppies, too young,
yanked on leashes
down steel-jawed escalators
garbage I can’t understand
—why are they throwing this out?—
The man in the midnight parking lot
relieves himself by the halogen lamppost
gets back in his Grand Am
the seduction of light after dark
leaks out his rolled-down windows
too hot for March
yellow asphalt softens
the night sky hides its words from me
among the blacked-out stars,
fools me into thinking I’ve picked them up
on the soles of my shoes,
Lucy’s diamonds,
while the city’s neon mass throbs
too quickly into summer.

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