

## The Horn Player

There are nighthawks of fog  
when a horn player blows out  
evil spells with long notes,  
grey cats slip in alleys  
outside weather boarding houses  
slat mice invisibly scamper  
back-stairs leaving quietly.  
A half-moon appears  
pirouetting in livid silver notes  
turning the heads of strangers  
casting cold semicircle shadows.  
I search trying to change beds  
no blankets on these tawny cots.  
I do not mention the woodwind player  
neither will the moon's quarters  
open the silence with word-shine.  
Only a horn plays aloud  
through speechless corridors.

B. Z. NIDITCH