

Gold Coins

Rain in the night
the siren voice of memory
comes across waves of sleep
takes me back to the graveyards
of the past
where I sit and play
under a yellow light
a deathhead moon

over the midnight of the world
the rain goes falling
in ravines
in pools
in puddles
in ponds
in drops

until my eyes flood
under the weight
of eyeless depths
faces emerge momentary images
that slipped like gold coins
out of my hands rolling
out of reach wrenched away
by the iron hands of night
until every face is . . .