

Welcome the Night, in Which We Are Hidden

Welcome the night, in which we are hidden.
You ask if the lingering, just up ahead, of the
(police) is the reason I let go of your hand
(but) it is also almost fajr and late August and
the sweat rolls in our palms like wax and this is
new and you are suddenly quiet, almost like the
oud that you carry cloaked in its black case, so
(I want to ask) who exactly was it that let go
of whose hand, and if it was you, why, and if it
wasn't, why. The truck, blue and hard, seems
to be blocking the street until we come closer,
our curls catching the last of the neon light.