the sauce from evening supper scrubbed from every silver tine
of forks glistening in the drainer, costumes drying on the line,
soil of my basil pot is moist, the floors swept clean, every corner
of the house is sprayed + saged + prayers gleam from the front
door to the rafters to the back door to the street. I’ve labored
through the day so every soul I greet within these gates
has found a place to breathe + eat + dream + drum +
draw their map to freedom. Poems anxious in my hands
demanding that I free them in the night, but hands that lift
+ type + scrape the day crave stillness when the light has tucked herself
away
+ the sun has done her shift, inviting stars to guard the dusk;
+ moon to supervise the switch. My spine a wire hanger tangled
on an empty rack, a ripped guitar string strummed undone
from the fretboard of my back: and here, inside the womb of black

only one spell remains. Tell me
where does a supergoddess rest when her magic
trick is labor made invisible? Who mends
the capes ripped tripping marching smoke rings
around city hall? Who bandages the knuckles
of medics on the frontline? Who hears
her stomach rumble as she serves your plate
at lunchtime but forgot to eat again... who hydrates
our warriors? The night

: a berry plump with the black nectar of rest. The night

: a bed of stars where daughters tuck a racing head. The night

: dark silk sewn to armor tender hearts. Night

: a river black to wet the lips of weary gods

good god

good (night)

good god good

. (night)

god

(night)