

## VIOLET

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*Aliza Einhorn*

No I wasn't any lonelier for watching the car  
Go down the street into the next world and  
The night was just a detail of the  
Ordinary soundless, the what of what-went-on  
Inside the car that couldn't touch the child  
Her black hair like a mansion  
The horizon was ascending One girl  
One light up high in the left hand corner  
Of the street I can tell she believes  
It's been night forever the car along its circuit  
In real time but over and over the night needed fixing  
The figures in the front seat against the moon tick-tock  
Face at the window what did you hear on the surface  
Of something like lineliness  
Ladora Tama Toledo but you were the girl