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## All Souls

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*K. Reynolds Dixon*

ALL SOULS

One gelatinous bat, all day hung fast  
in sleep to the breezeway stucco,  
immune to crowd babble  
and cigarette plumes, stirs now.

In his dismantling the weekly message  
a Y gets away from the marquee tender,  
who watches it flirt with rush-hour buses  
and lodge in a myrtle's parchment.

In a certain poplar silhouette  
the protean starling mass collapses.  
Their flush eclipses  
all I know, slow as a thrown net.