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Sirens

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Stuart Dybek

SIRENS

Tonight, they seem to be calling
from afar, conversing
like chained dogs carrying on an argument
from blocks away,

open windows still gasping from last night,
and yet a firetruck screams for flame,
while the domelight of an ambulance ricochets
across the dazzling carats of dark panes.

A network of stained crazing
like that along the backside of the moon
spreads beneath the tea leaves, through a china cup
in which the future is contained,

but would the Black Maria be allowed
if its soprano struck the perfect pitch of glass,
if its cry was graphed
by a crack traveling across the luminous city

reflected along the cliffs of the Gold Coast?
As any dreamer knows, it's possible
to rush in silence toward disaster
the way one rushes toward desire.