

Virgil Suárez



Lo que se va en la noche

WHAT LEAVES IN THE NIGHT

The calligraphy of wrinkled desire,
heat on a lover's bed sheets, a boy

anxious on his return home, dimming
lights of a tarmac, indigo shimmer

of storm clouds fisted into corners of sky.

A sadness of misplaced suitcases, a mother's
wakefulness at the bottom of the sea.

A vigil to all those dead in the crossing.
A clock whirrs, ticks, the slow passing

of time. Leaves scrape the empty road-
what the night takes, what departs, *lo que*

El viento se lleva, la noche, el mar . . .

The night belongs to all those absent now.

