

Andrew Condouris

every night is the same kind of sleep

the moon is up
c'mon nobody's awake but us
let's leave our dirty room
and our half-finished sentences
and our open mouths and our yellowy eyes

yes
the moon is up
so let's drive through your
chosen landscape where
the sodium lights come in waves
as we drive drive drive
straight into the guts of New York City

and on the radio a cat walks across a piano
and you say there's something I lost long ago,
a willingness to listen

and you take out your photographs
and place them on your lap
you say the pictures are not the same
as what you saw, and isn't that just
the saddest thing in the world?

but I'm too busy driving,
heading crosstown to Lena's place
where maybe we can sleep
a different kind of sleep
where maybe everything makes
sense