

New Poetry from Matt Armstrong: "Covid Night"



SUSPENDED PETALS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Paris sirens

Pewter sky

The white lace

Of a dogwood bough

At midnight

Reach up

Clutch and huff

Hungry before bed

For the sweetness

Of a rose

But a dogwood

Is a dogwood

And there's no escaping

The sentence

For the world:

The old blacks

And the new poor

Must die

From the bugs

At the grocery store

Drones police the distance

Between

New Yorkers

Robots shout from spring sky:

Stay away

While sanctions

Strangle Caracas children

Bleed Persian women
And a million singers scream
To the people of the screen

A poet in Madrid
Sits under house arrest
Another in Algiers
Might as well
Be in Madrid

And what do I mean by
Paris sirens
Beyond the sad
Pin pon wail
That cries arretez

I mean a rhythmic wigwag
Just a bit more rounded
Now our own martial horn
But Greensboro, Nazareth,
Athens, Melbourne

It's all the same sentence tonight:

No more fingertip touches
From the beached weaver
No more whispered breath
From the one making masks
For the world

Just this:

The unyielding petals
Of a midnight limb
As the strange siren hunts
For those with a touch
Of needing too much