

# 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