

WHOSE NIGHT

Joe Kadi

This is my night. When stars float me into the Cosmos.

When wings of blue herons wrap themselves around my bruised heart.

When words flit from my (finally) unfettered Arab self.

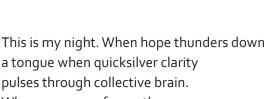
This is my night. When red head of sandhill crane drifts unremarkably across sky, when oil wells bob no more, when cars shudder to a halt* and shadowy bicycles emerge. When bulldozers cease the assault on earth and stand silent, moonlight outlining forlorn silhouettes.

This is my night. When thirteen versions of trans men soothe my eyes, when gender paths fork again and again from main byway, when young ones redeem their birthright forthrightly, expectantly.

This is my night. When music pushes free from the cage when pronouns fall freely when faeries claim rightful residence in town square. When drums spring forth and the rhythms the rhythms the rhythms the rhythms of the glorious fling themselves back into consciousness, into daily life, into The Commons.







pulses through collective brain.
When reverence for earth resumes
when bison rule the plains and rattlers guard
the bluffs.

This is my night. Proving once again there is no *my*. Only *our*. Only our cosmos of connection. Our world of wise hearts bearing witness. Our galaxy groping toward wholeness.

When writing this poem, I was not listening to Ferron's brilliant song "It Won't Take Long." I thought I had created this line ("shudder to a halt"). When I went back to her song, I wondered if I had simply pulled it out of my memory, given that I listened to that song repeatedly through the eighties and nineties. She deserves the credit for this. Thank you, Ferron.