

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 of the glorious fling themselves
back into consciousness, into daily life,
into The Commons.

This is my night. When hope thunders down
a tongue when quicksilver clarity
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.