

## Nightwalk

*it's own and solitary way*  
*- Dickens*

Following trails at night, the moonlit  
broken blades of grass telling  
where someone recently passed,

giving wide berth to shrubs and litter  
for fear of getting snagged on a thorn  
or bitten by a rattlesnake

or breaking the delicate spell of silence  
by scaring up a bird or rabbit  
who thought she had settled in for the night,

I think of my neighbor saying last time  
we talked — which we didn't often,  
even before the last election —

we weren't here for the company,  
so one good thing about here is  
you don't run into people much.