

Conspires

CHARLES FINN

When the pot lid of night slides into place
When the frogs shout their one-word love, "Me! Me! Me!"
When the moon and the stars get down to business
Feigning serenity, and the nighthawks make good on their name
You and I will be in bed, tangled as we were meant to be
The improbable geese on the other side of the ceiling
Flying south against all odds. It's not enough to love the world
You must dive in. When I was young, I used to go out at night
And howl at the moon, just for practice, just for kicks, and just in case
It came to that. Look around, the moonlight taught me
Everything conspires to love.