

**The Darkened Room****I**

the air stills  
to the sound of crickets  
and the stir of leaves

and the voices of children across the road  
light the silence

and the sexual cries of cats  
enter the darkened room  
of the blood

travelling its circular journey  
through the body

**II**

I walk out  
the stars streaming on  
the branches lit by streetlights

the pure memory  
the longing  
flooding the body like the Northern Lights

the first time in years  
white rainbows  
at the door of heaven

**III**

it's years since I've been there

my mother singing  
in the darkened room

the window open to silence

the sounds of frogs  
arriving from far off

now and then a car passing  
slowly fading into the distance

the long falling  
toward the sands of sleep

—Allan Cooper