

Carol Casey

Into the Night

In the velvet eternity of the night sky
when you're 16
and out with friends,
each star is an endless possibility,
almost within grasp; a peephole
in the ponderous fabric of adulthood.
The moon is a dish of untried delicacies
other nights, a hook for dreams.

You are complete,
outside of time, space,
homework, parents.
You are inventor, first explorer,
sole inhabitant.
You can play, be silly,
philosophize.

The night is your garment.
The city lights, glitter-bead brocade
in the regal raiment of youth.
The headlights on the freeway
pearls and rubies strung on scraps
of music wafting through trees
and sleeping houses.
You wrap yourself in it.
Let your perplexing

Carol Casey lives in Blyth, Ontario, Canada. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and has appeared in *The Prairie Journal*, *The Anti-Langourous Project*, *Please See Me*, *Front Porch Review*, *Cypress*, *Vita Brevis*, *Blue Unicorn*, *InScribe Journal* and others, including a number of anthologies, most recently, *Rearing in the Rearview (Quillkeepers)* and *Byline Legacies (Cardigan Press)*.