

Manfred Jurgensen

ode to dejection

two a.m.
on my desk a dead computer.
below, the wet road's outstretched tongue
fools emptiness into a dead man's speech.
to comfort words
a foreign clock ticks on the shelf,
the starless sky recovers streetlights
and long-distance trains, carrying desperate freight
out of the city, slice darkness into tracks.
i tremble with the native trees
as hounds bark me to sleep.