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Gaspard the nightwalker

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SHAINA MONET

Gaspard the nightwalker

Honorable Mention for the Andrea Saunders Gereighty Award

you, ever-bright, like the flames of this
land, refuse to land.

like fire, these rocks glint in a surprise
of ground-fog. you can see

this, too—watching it burn. grey
parts for the air. the whoosh of sky

and the moon, more than half-closed,
gloat much—too much for comfort

for you. so what if I would rather
watch from here—see the flames

as a house does—with no idea
of sealing, but for what one has

taught and housed it with.
this is my argument. do understand.

some call me the nightwalker,
because I cannot be seen—am

essentially invisible. I can set fire
to bodies, then flirt a feather back

into tempered symmetry. darling—
when I dare you back, I feel nothing

for you. walk out onto the air.