

Streetlight Pantoum

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Streetlight Pantoum

by Danielle L. Gutter

Why should I stay here alone?
Watching somber streetlights
reflect sharp diamonds of snow—
Wrapped in a blanket, it's almost midnight.

Watching somber streetlights,
the lone father (next door) kisses his daughter on the cheek,
wrapped in a blanket. It's almost midnight,
the moon has just reached its highest peak.

The lone father (next door) kisses his daughter on the cheek
while he's simply listening for someone to ring.
The moon has just reached its highest peak,
waiting to start its long descent, on a crane's wing.

While she's simply listening for someone to ring,
the ancient lady (across the street) sips her dark tea.
Waiting to start its long descent, on a crane's wing
her dying life never whispers a plea.

The ancient lady (across the street) sips her dark tea
finishing a book she found the other day
(her dying life never whispers a plea.)
Gentle water slips into the bay.

Finishing a book she found the other day,
the teenage girl (a block away) writes her last journal entry.
Gentle water slips into the bay
as dusty stars, and powdered snow, reflect off the watery surface and gleam.

The teenage girl (a block away) writes her last journal entry:
"All the nights I've stayed awake wondering if this is it."
As dusty stars and powdered snow reflect off the watery surface and gleam.
"Is this all I have? I ponder as I sit."

All the nights I've stayed awake, wondering if this is it.
Lonely nights waiting for sunrise—
Is this all I have? I ponder as I sit,
clinging onto my sheets, wondering if anyone else cries.

Lonely nights waiting for sunrise—
reflect sharp diamonds of snow.
Clinging onto my sheets, wondering if anyone else cries...
Why should I stay here alone?