

Richard Buckner

"Gang"

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Can you call it what you see when you're reaching for
the light,
Found again before you leave, holding back enough to
try,
Overheard talking down from somewhere, just above,
To take you in, then throw you out, when the open
evenings come
Through the years you're due to spend in the promise
of the vice,
Pouring shares to weathered friends ditching out at
closing time,
Caving in and trailing off, will they find the fight to run,
Doubled back until they've gone where the open
evenings come
Shaking in the coldest hours kept just out of mind,

Whispered where they wouldn't go, tying off the broken
lines
That sent you on as if to show something waiting in the
night,
Facing up and looking in, that you'd finally had too
much,
At last, to be? It won't begin until the open evenings
come.

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