

Abstraktes

Four black umbrellas weave a line
down alleys of colored lights, muted
like an impressionist's painting. Mine
following yours following hers,
following his, who is mine.

I watch you struggle to be in love.
You have been here many times before,
seeing in her what is not there,
a mirror of yourself, or perhaps
what you want her to be.

If we were young, which we are not,
one might think we were goslings,
picking our way between puddles
of music spilling from late night bars
on shoulders hunched against slashing rain.

We settle around a bistro table
as if it were a stage. You play the artist,
paint over her edges, change her colors
as she melts away, leaving me with mine
and you, your illusions.

Diane Melby

Night Scene

Four black umbrellas weave a line
down alleys of colored lights, muted
like an impressionist painting. Mine
following yours following hers,
following his, who is mine.

I watch you struggle to be in love.
You have been here many times before,
seeing in her what is not there,
a mirror of yourself, or perhaps
what you want her to be.

If we were young, which we are not,
one might think we were goslings,
picking our way between puddles
of music spilling from late night bars
on shoulders hunched against slashing rain.

We move through the scene like a poem.
I make an art of avoiding the grates
that give way into underground rivers, threaten
to sweep me away, when all my dreams settle here,
in this city of illusionary light.

Diane Melby

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