

DECODING 101

It's late. Elongated shadows crosshatch
my back yard, extend beyond definitions,
blacker on black cryptograms I can't read.

My neighbor's hunched silhouette
behind his forgotten blinds moves abruptly
to the left, catching my eye. His darkness
rises slowly. One hand goes to his face,
a single legible line
among the hieroglyphics in a pale frame.

Overbearing, cocksure, I never liked him.
In this moment I recognize a lamed
and lonely brother. My warmth rushes to him,
a sudden kinship of knowing.
One deciphered blip on night's graph.

Tomorrow he will have a better neighbor.
Tomorrow I will introduce myself.