

# Making Her Night

Category: Poems

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Bad news interrupts  
a night on the town...

In Central Park twilight,

we drop our holiday mood  
like a heavy sweater in the heat  
when that call sends us reeling  
as *leukemia* sucks us  
into its bell jar, rings  
our ears, jangles  
minds, reverberates  
into bone.

We can't lower that volume  
but distraction is at hand—  
tickets to *Porgy and Bess*—  
though I forget it begins  
with a knife fight.

When Serena sings  
“My man's gone now,”  
fear of what I might inherit  
swoops like a chicken hawk,  
rips my mask with icy talons;

I weep, ragged and raw.

We're in the third row.  
At least I make the actress' night;  
she thinks she's done one heck  
of an acting job, beaming  
to me at her curtain call.