Virgil Suárez

Lo que se va en la noche

What Leaves in the Night

The calligraphy of wrinkled desire,  
heat on a lover’s bed sheets, a boy
anxious on his return home, dimming  
lights of a tarmac, indigo shimmer
of storm clouds fisted into corners of sky.

A sadness of misplaced suitcases, a mother’s  
wakefulness at the bottom of the sea.

A vigil to all those dead in the crossing.  
A clock whirrs, ticks, the slow passing

of time. Leaves scrape the empty road—  
what the night takes, what departs, lo que

El viento se lleva, la noche, el mar...

The night belongs to all those absent now.