Gang

Richard Buckner

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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