

# Living With Night

by Allison Thorpe

*God be thanked I want not society by a moonlight lake*  
—Dorothy Wordsworth, *The Grasmere Journals*

Night was born a wondrous swirl  
of galaxies and orbits, an ecstasy  
of shooting stars and dreams.

Night grew and darkened  
to creaks and groans and mystery  
breathing under the bed.

Night came of age  
with the neon dance  
of champagne and party hats.

Night ripened to black  
high heels snapping shadowy pavements  
and keys gripped to hand.

Night lies with me now  
in the old porch swing  
surrendered and warm,

and I say welcome,  
and I say love me.