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and Jesus says, on a night like this

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and Jesus says, on a night like this

wouldn't it be nice if the drones stopped
not quite dead, like constellations
on a night like this, and the benchmen
assembled, in their alcohol torpor, fish
net and loafers for everyone, wouldn't it
be nice, on a night like this, to open
our mouths and bright things come out
colorful like candy, windfall, curses
wouldn't it be nice if you were tight
on a night bus, a red-eyed flight out
of town, to a long-haired brown boy
like me, like this—wouldn't it be nice
if the sky churned with electricity
enough to let us phone home or jump
start the heart in this body we've been
building, all our lives, from clay
and consternation, wrench and wren:
a starry-eyed new man, on a night