

James B. Nicola

Another Day and Night Poem

Day plods.
Day bores.
Day dismisses and refuses.

Day is a puritan, a martinet.
Day wears clothes.
Day is on a schedule and tries to keep it.

Day toes the edge before taking the plunge.
Then doesn't plunge.
Day doesn't even dive.

The face of day is met by mostly air
in vast distances, synapses between
the self and the next thing, person or place.

Day keeps a menagerie, a zoo, its wild
animals in cages or apart with ditches,
troughs, and simulated environments.

Day
after all
has learned to be polite.

Night hasn't
and doesn't.
And that is why I sleep

the way I do:
the door latched,
the world safe.

[end of poems]

James B. Nicola's poems have appeared recently in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Antioch*, *Southwest Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Rattle*, and *Poetry East*. His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a *Choice* award. His two poetry collections, published by Word Poetry, are *Manhattan Plaza* (2014) and *Stage to Page: Poems from the Theater* (2016). Sites: google.com/site/jamesbnicola.