lullaby on the corner of oxford and willington

a man outside my window whistles a song through faceless lips
a cry i’ve heard before
like the soft padding of sockless feet
toeing down a tiled hallway at night
velvety
like the brownest eye
i hear him croon my name
and i was there
was a man was a barking dog was the wind was the night
was there
if four am has a taste i think maybe it is peppermint
or redemption
give that man a mojito
and a name
and some words to his melody so that i will no longer only
hear myself carried away by his breath
i will no longer be only
then together we can be
alone but not lonely
before the pink filters up through the ground to greet his footsteps