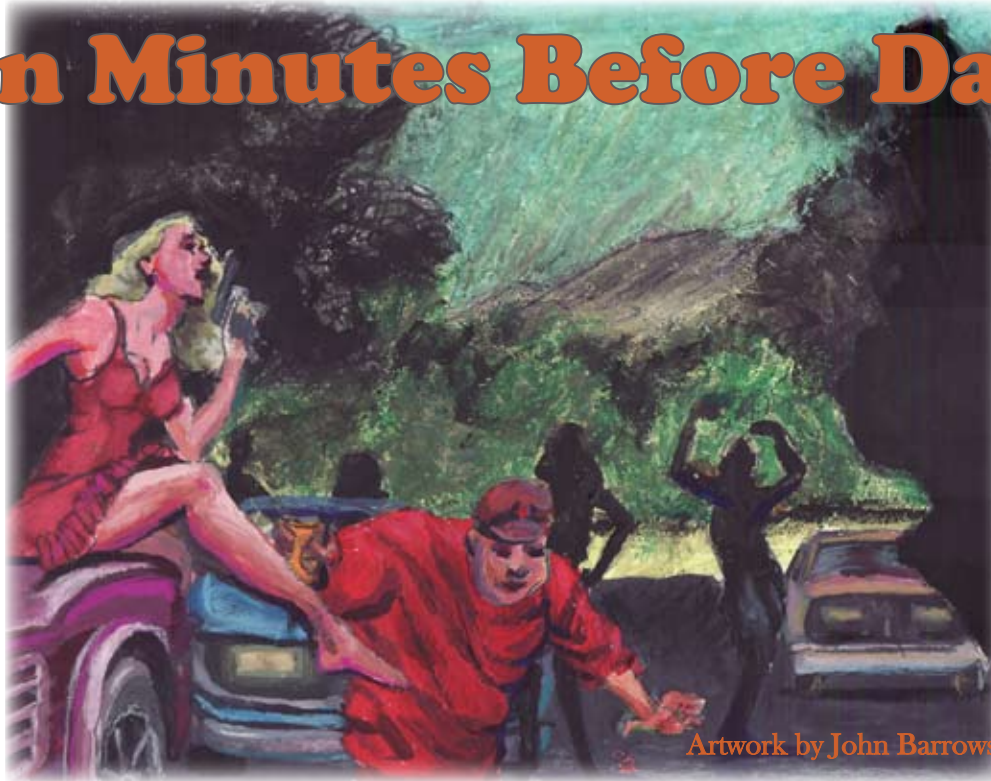


# Ten Minutes Before Dark



Artwork by John Barrows

Poem by Carl Boon

This is the hour  
the Izmir boys  
in Russian cars  
turn their radios up  
to remind us it's Saturday  
night whether Ayşe  
gets away or not.  
This is when all  
over these hills  
some will greet  
the dark with guns  
and blast the trees  
over and over again  
until their hands slide away  
and they need not speak

for a hundred years.  
I anticipate these sounds  
the way a father  
stares at a wall,  
imagining his daughter  
beginning to dance  
with a boy beneath  
a lonely pavilion.  
I keep my right hand  
still with my left,  
waiting for the Yellow  
Mosque to erupt  
with God again, for you  
to call my name  
from Moses Street,  
the last place to know,  
it seems, the sun on earth.