

## *Effects*

On my one visit to your bijou apartment—  
Glass, wood, neutral tones—you went on  
And on about important places you'd lived in  
Then hushed the room to listen  
To a bitter night in pre-war Berlin

When snow unmapped streets  
Outside a hall bright with human heat  
Where an orchestra played Mozart  
And a choir sight-read sheets  
That gave the text a fresh start,

"Hic in terra" for "in Jerusalem",  
"Deus in coelis" for "Deus in Sion".  
Through the static, the boys' voices sound divine  
And the crowd listen as if *Requiem*  
Were made with their night in mind.

You refilled our glasses and whispered  
In my ear. As the announcer declared  
"That was..." you flicked on your CD,  
*Epic Effects*, first up a yowling Arctic wind  
Rushed up my spine, then cold

Wincing rain, a thunderstorm that  
Set me a-bristle like a cat  
And your pièce de résistance, an at-  
Om bomb that I hear yet,  
All jangle and unnatural collapse

With stringed seconds of nothing  
Then the whole bone china tea-cup asunder,  
A swinging door creaking open.  
What night could go further?  
I said my piece, not that you'd hear anything,

And I walked home, in the rain and wind,  
Wondering at what exact point  
The day becomes night  
In a landscape like that, like this, light  
Disappearing from what's still left behind.