

Spring 5-1-2012

## The Street In The Dark Of The Night

Marty Gross  
*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Gross, Marty (2012) "The Street In The Dark Of The Night," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 33 : No. 2 , Article 64.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol34/iss2/64>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [orenick@cod.edu](mailto:orenick@cod.edu).

# The Street In The Dark Of The Night

Marty Gross

I

The leather wheel turns

— Elaine's outfit was a bit drab, tonight.

— What makes you say that?

The sleek interior matches the sleeker exterior

— So dark, and she just sat there silently at dinner.

— I didn't notice.

The two are alone

— Didn't notice? For chrissakes Robert, it's New Years and the way she was acting. Something's not right!

Ensuant silence

— I...well, I suppose you have a reason for noticing?

— Oh, she's my sister, of course I'll notice if something is wrong with her.

Their familiarity intensifies the loneliness

— Let's not bicker, this is the worst night of the year to drive. Let me concentrate.

— I'm not bickering! I'm just worried about her.

The brakes lock

— We've had a good night, let's not spoil it.

Ascension

— I know, I'm sorry. Honey, be careful going over the tracks.

Descension

— Robert?

The Man is silent

There is an abyssal distance

Growing between them

— Answer me, Robert.

Advancing down the darkening avenue

Her voice grows quieter and quieter

Approaching a hush

— Robert.

The shafts of light

Fall upon a translucent figure

— Robert...

This time the last syllable not even audible

The breath catches in the throat

Hypnotized by dismal eyes

II

I turn my lambskin collar up while pondering the street.

Reaching the corner, a mellow lamp illuminates the  
names: Rockefeller and Arden.

Wow, how specific; this intersection belongs to every  
goddamned suburb of every goddamned city in the whole goddamned  
nation.

Burrowing my chin into my chest, I let out a shrill  
giggle; my angst is completely for the irony.

To my right, there are lights growing.

I squint as the recesses of Kiwanis are contorted  
into arching shadows, silhouetting the damp forest.

I pause in the shadows, wary of a police man on  
this night of all nights.  
A sedan slides down Washington.  
If it were cold tonight that Volvo's luminous beams  
would strike the icy streets, casting a dull radiance.  
I cross at the road's brightest point, my second self mimics  
my first and flips its hair.  
Eyes cast down the foreboding lane.  
Overhanging branches create an abrasive tunnel,  
that is a route too treacherous to travel by.  
I continue down Washington.  
Reaching into my pockets, I feel the heft of  
illegal weight in my hands.  
I stop briefly at the corner and ponder the darkness  
and the coldness of it all.  
It's funny considering the night is bright and beautiful.  
After a second thought, I turn right on Parkview; my  
footfalls din loudly in my ears.  
A brief snippet of drunken banter flutters upon the  
night air; wind is picking up.  
As I look slowly over my left shoulder (then quickly  
over my right) the breeze whistles in the bare branches.  
The night wind rages above me, rumbling overhead.  
I see the hill and the Burlington line before I notice  
a shadowy man walking.  
He crosses the street silently, and I can't tell if he  
is swaggering or stumbling.  
I regard him by standing still, I would rather stay far  
away from everyone on a night such as this.  
My mind is murky and my apprehension teases my heart,  
the beats resounding in my eardrums.  
He, crossing the street, I imagine him as losing himself.  
He, the same as everything else fades into the  
enameled night.  
One at a time, darkness engulfing; fading into the  
enameled night.  
Achieving the incline, his shadow crosses with the  
overcast contour of a twisting oak.  
All the while, I stand silently, attentively  
observing an innocent passerby.  
After the swaggerer is out of sight, I continue  
on my weary way.  
I am nearer, ever nearer.  
Once again, a lonely traveler crosses my path.  
This one looks expensive, some European thing;  
quietly humming, it passes nimbly.  
In the preparation of my last illegal rite of  
the night, I obtain the hillside.  
Perpendicular to the tracks, I sprint.  
Uneven rocks, awkward stride, I don't feel the earthen floor  
as I rush along the line.  
The same car, that lonely traveler; we meet appropriately.  
I see the woman in the front seat, her eyes transfixed on mine,  
I smile wanly at this faceless lady.

## Gross: The Street In The Dark Of The Night

At the mouth of the dark alley my feet crunch crumbling earth.  
Laconic street lights creat a halo vibrant enough to  
    bring a calm to my mind; I am close.  
My heart settles, seeing the red Oldsmobile and all the  
    pines reaching upward; palms outstretched to a complacent God.  
Halting briefly at the step, I am home.

### III

A shallow gust  
Leaves glide momentarily  
skimming across the quiet street  
Naked trees exhale brief moans  
  
Resonation  
Blank drone of celebration run amok  
Sounds of an empty people  
Concurring with an inconsequential tale

The last grasps of green  
    Long yellow  
The forests final breath  
    Sighed in Late November  
The ominous whisper  
    Through the skeletal shrub  
The Deciduous stands bare  
    It is a dreary slumber

## Wires and Cords

Gabrielle Lehmann

They created a brother unlike any other  
Born not of this race but of wires and gears  
And then was another born to this same mother  
With none of his grace but alike to his peers  
Built in copper and steel, the first son unreal,  
A mother too quick to disown him  
For a boy who could feel, had a soul, not a reel  
--From her favor, this son had quite thrown him--  
But he was, of course, reading from a dead source  
And would never have noticed the difference, for  
There is no remorse from a heart made of cords,  
For a wired mind suffers no distance  
And did he dismay- he would not, anyway-  
It would be but a moment to strike it  
For nothing in him would be written to stay  
If his mother thought she didn't like it, but  
Against expectation, he grew very fond  
Of his mother's last born and her favorite  
And it seemed for a time that the brothers could bond