Night But Unlike Night

Finally I see the woodpecker, all
black and white—the size of a hug—
with red commas on top, after weeks
of trees tapping at us as we swallow
sweet water after dinner. Ok, now
it's barking at me from the branches.
Look, we've all written our desires
on a small page, folded it four times,
and placed it under a flat stone. It's
best not to return, or, if you can't help it,
look at the rock but don't touch it.
Words have been coming through you
since you learned to speak. Before that
you had the sounds. Before that,
hunger. Where am I? Who are you,
darkness? The bird's gone quiet now.
The leaves like cupped hands.
As if food might drop from the sky.
As if we didn't have to pound
our faces against bark for it.

Cobalt Poets Series # 709 ~ May 12, 2026

Marc Safran Photography

Christopher Citro

Christopher Citro is the author of *If We Had a Lemon We'd Throw It and Call That the Sun* (Elixir Press), winner of the 2019 Antivenom Poetry Award, and *The Maintenance of the Shimmy-Shammy* (Steel Toe Books). His honors include a Pushcart Prize for poetry, and his poems appear in *American Poetry Review, Bennington Review, Best New Poets, Iowa Review, Kenyon Review, Missouri Review, Ploughshares,* and *Poetry Daily.* Christopher lives in sunny Syracuse, New York and can be found online at christophercitro.com.