Arun Chandra

**Nightsong: City**

for speaker, flute, and French horn

poem by Dennis Brutus

(1985)
Sleep well, my love, sleep well. The harbour lights glaze over restless docks. Police cars cockroach through the tunnel streets. From the shanty creaking iron sheets violece, like a bug in fested rag is tossed and fear is imminent as sound in the wind swung bell.
The long day’s anger from sand and rocks, but for breathing night at least, my land, my love, sleep well.