Caulder Bittle

**Nighthawks**

The streets are empty & the stores are closed,

The whole city is dark minus one café.

Like a beacon the café shines through the darkness.

And yet it only seems to add to the darkness.

The patrons are few, two men & one woman.

The café is manned by a single employee.

Four people in total, but the café feels empty.

They squint through the blinding light.

They smoke , they drink their coffee,

No words are shared, no merriment is had.

They sit and wait, as if avoiding the darkness.

Perhaps the patrons are simply avoiding ugliness

Putting off ugly business, having one last drink,

Before returning to ugly lives.