

Jeltje Fanoy

After Jas H. Duke

Switching off the reading lamp

my glasses  
folded away

I hear I've left the radio on,

I'm about to enter the dark and cold

of the hallway, there's a voice, still, in this digital age

transmitting across  
a freezing night sky

though the radio is digital already, the presenter warmly

speaks from the studio, it's really him, it's

presumably music he really loves  
as much as I and you and we do

all this makes me very happy