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ONE SUNSET

Shhh . . . for an incomplete tale
tall off Grandfather's lips is suspended
in half-light, where Grandmother
thinks she can rest her eyes
without being seen and the children
are weary enough to be kind. Listen.

For talking at twilight
in the cool, finally, of the day
brings Mama outdoors, where the last
energy of Father had attempted
to mend the as of yet unbroken
red mower. She laughs.

The murmur of evening itself
promotes conversation, which in harsher
light would seem otherwise awkward
and deepens to treasure.
And we smile in the midst
of steamboat lore, fairy rings
on the hill, and the story of how
the old store burned down,
like an orange fire-ball in the sky
As sunset fall and katydid
heap the night upon us, unsuspecting,
lingering on the lawn. Still . . .

And the dew, as it comes
it chokes us, as tears
that forecast the dawn all too soon.
Firefly flicker and chill in the air
remind us we are not the night-folk of the world
and we one by one go to bed.

M. Dawson