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## Untitled

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The light is gone.  
But in the east the sky is orange-white.  
City light on low mist clouds,  
A glow like the moon.  
Lunar white mixed in dust.  
I can see it where I am coldly listening.  
And I also see  
Sky the color of hurricane sea,  
Blue so close to black but deeper.  
With trees like ghosts melting at the edges.  
Western sky like a lake to run to,  
That pulls with strange gravity.  
Directly overhead,  
Like a blueberry pearl,  
There is something like neither.  
And I could fall straight up  
If physics were true,  
And swim in the folds  
Of sunless night.

Amy Snyder  
Westhampton College 1993