

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/1

Our planet angles her curve toward shadow

outside branches snag the sill
birds peck seed
then flash into wind
silence overhangs houses and schools
as the last light trickles below the tree-line

we set our clocks forward as if
more time
were enough

candles burn longer into night
mildew blackens
window panes where beetles curl
and die with twilight

leaves drift apart
like sisters
their once-warm colors melting
into sidewalks and imprinting there like
ghosts