

**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