

When the day ends . . .

Lisa Bucki

The sun of dusk hangs lower in the sky
Surrendering as night's oppressive cloak
Cascades upon now red-hued waving rye
And cools the autumn warmth of leaves of oak

A pasture, fenced, soft green and rolling land
New shadows stain thick carpet, hillocks wane
A chestnut filly prances to its dam
They nuzzle, laying down on grassy plain

Two men whose shirts are coated with road dust
Are knocking at the door whose sign says "Inn"
They glance at peeling paint, stained streaks of rust
But bite their lips at stomach's rumbling din

And soon the stars are brave, release their light
They are the kind gatekeepers of the night