

My Color

Evonne E. Thompson

My color surrounds me and keeps me in
the crook of its arm.

My color...
Rich.

My color...
Proud.

Whatever,
I am.

Whomever,
I become.

It is always there.
Like a banner I wear,
My color.

Dusk

Evonne E. Thompson

The night slowly comes
Ascending down on the glowing sky.
The folds of its dark wings spread...
As a curtain of darkness across the world.

Majestic
Bringing an era of peace and rest
Specks of stars sprinkle the sheet of increasing blackness.
The night slowly ascends with elegance.