A Moment at Most

I love that time of day that comes late and lasts a moment at most as the sun falls and shadows grow. Trees strain upward to brush a sky falling fast to darkness. This moving portrait fills the horizon white clouds billow into orange and a hush unfolds with the magic.

It comes quickly and then the sun disappears below the trees. Shadows darken and grow together weaving a coat of black which swallows orange like candy and turns trees into scaly-armed creatures with faces that laugh as you're scraped rushing through branches deeper into darkness until you stumble are swallowed by the ground and in a moment disappear.

--Jim Zeigler

Wide Awake

I slept a lot as a child; I didn't wake up until sixth grade. And then I wished I hadn't. They were wrong—It was nice to sleep through life. There were no nightmares Until I woke up.

--Karen Sasveld

A Chat with the Rain

Softly, so very softly Drip-drops the rain against my screen, And blankets my hands in its misty spray. What have you seen, my cool and wet friend, As you rolled across the moon-lit heavens tonight? Surely you passed by the window of my love, And watched her ready for bed. This evening I am jealous. But what you have seen tonight, I will touch tomorrow.

--Matthew Taylor