

## 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