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