

When We are at the Edge of Evening

How quietly the night arrives in the pine forest
when the sky is still light
and the ground, without sun
is bound with half-buried roots

This last light, twilight
Could turn the darkness all the more thick and unknown
Turn the leaves into lace patterns
Turn the heart in on itself, if you let it

And so I sit on this log, long enough,
With eyes open enough
Until I can see
 the evening
 of nighttime
 with darkness
 and moon

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