



Dusk in October

Waquoit

As heavy front doors close
and warm lights blossom,
a secret life
begins outdoors

Through obsidian trees inked
on a dusty blue gray sky,
a long shadow moves fast
into the underbrush

Far away a howl,
then silence

High up a tossed sprinkle of stars

Stepping out into this dusk
I think
that while we eat our final meal,
while we sleep and dream,

as saint and thief observe the watches of the night

lions roam the earth
cloaked in tawny clouds
of stars and planets
bringing the day to its knees

Samm Carlton