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