

evening song

the hills spread out before me
a green velvet quilt
and the sky slides into
a blue the hue of my favorite jeans.

i wonder briefly if a poet
can write by firefly light
(surely on an evening like this
anything is possible).

and when the thunder warns
that i'd better head inside,
i shrug it off with a smile
(like grandma said, i ain't made
outta sugar and
i'm sure not gonna melt).

i savor the heavy rain smell
the damp ground underfoot
i cup my hands to hold the night
carefully
gingerly
knowing full well
it will slip
between the cracks in my fingers
by dawn.

-Kelly White Arnold