

East off Highway 77, Dusk

Heather light, evening light,
lemon rind light, hand hold light,
quail hovel light, goldentime light,
first kiss, fishing hole light;
this is when the starlings fly
into shelter belts; the hawks
find a branch, land, wait
for prairie mice to come from holes
and cast swift shadows
in the tight grass, for wings
to flourish and lift; one dive
and it's done; we all eat this light up,
bask like children on lawns in last light,
the light at the end of the earth;
sun sinks, earth crests, and the sun's done.
Twilight and its small stars come.

*Ekphrasis on Dave Leiker's digital color photo (2005): "Flint Hills Side Road, Under a Clearing Sky after a Storm, East off Highway 77 – Morris County, Kansas"

(first published in *Sonny Kenner's Red Guitar*)