



**The Witching Hour** - inspired by Andrew Wyeth's painting

All is still.  
All is quiet.  
The only illumination is the sparking of a few candles.  
There is no movement save the creaking revolutions of the chandelier in its mount,  
until that, too, slows and quietly stops.

We enter laughing wildly,  
with abandon,  
flowing through and in and out and rebounding of the wall,  
whistling through the chairs, toying with the candle-flames,  
stoking not choking gusting them up higher and higher with zeal and fervor.

We wish we could stay,  
we know not how we came  
through door or window blasting.  
Yet doors were not opened and windows not cracked.  
No matter – we are in and frolicking dancing and out,  
out and away put back again to bounce with abandon from wall to wall  
seeming to gain momentum rather than lose it,  
gathering speed and intensity crammed tighter and tighter into the space with no escape.

We wish it would last longer.  
We wish to feel the two century old wood,  
to brush and pound the chairs caress them and hold each moment dear  
to sculpt the fire to our whim and make it roar and thunder in the silent night.  
We *feel* the two centuries of life and vigor,  
the carvings made by knowing hands, the gnawing of a hundred mice,  
the playful laughter of children we sense in the scuffs and chips in the chairs,  
the sorrow and loss in the dark stain on the floor and wall.  
We wish to stay, we wish to know the feeling of touching the same thing twice,  
we wish, we wish,  
we wish.

We who fly higher than the birds, we who have brushed our country's boundary,  
who have laughed with the stars about the great joke of the havens;  
all we wish is for the feel of the same wood under our hand,  
and in this silence and stillness  
we touch and hold and stoke and feel and feed and laugh and laugh and laugh.

Then the moment ends,  
the window breaks and we rush out to feel anew  
with only the vaguest sense of loss.

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