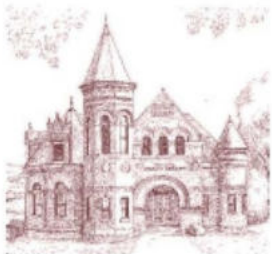




## **The Darkness and its Lights**

The pale sun hastened to its setting;  
the blue light of evening fell  
like a darkened curtain  
over the fields.  
The emerald mountains softened into sapphire  
sleeping shapes at rest below a distant wave  
of pillowed clouds and eiderdown  
of early stars before the moon.  
Night  
flavored the world anew:  
sweet,  
like cold cream.  
The darkness and its lights  
made the familiar fields feel like  
a thing apart,  
a wide firefly distance,  
as though the darkened air  
had hands to hold the world,  
and could,  
if we were not looking,  
carry it far away.

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