

## EVENTIDE

Why do we bother with the rest of the day,  
the customary cycle of morning,  
the crawl into midday,

then afternoon with relentless heat,  
its slanting sunbeams?

This is the best -  
cool air settling on your brow,  
mom's voice calling you inside,  
and the horizon's outburst of color –

maybe the aroma of fresh-cut grass,  
a promise of dessert -  
but mostly the horizon's outburst of color,

attic fan recycling the day's heat,  
dogs barking,  
as if to catch the moon,

with an interstellar lasso -  
stars millenia, eons old  
up there,

peeking through the cobalt veil  
and the moon chasing away shadows  
as dusk departs

Based on Morning by Billy Collins  
Sailing Alone Around the Room

Blake  
Class of 2015