

## Evening Muse

Standing  
with my nose  
pressed to the glass  
of the garage window  
Peering  
into the blue winter twilight  
Breath  
fogging my vision  
A circle of muddy grass  
Dirty doily  
beneath the hemlock tree  
Lonely sentinel  
an island  
in the melt

The setting sun  
a guttering candle  
snuffs past the horizon  
The snow glows silver in the dim  
Down by the water  
naked branches  
dendrites reaching  
against the darkening sky  
The subtle kiss of an evening

A crow caws angry  
breaking the silence  
dispelling  
my moment of repose  
And I remember  
the day after Daniel died  
the ducks quack quacking  
on the pond  
behind my father's house  
Their speech  
like raucous laughter  
brought my brother  
to his knees  
in grief