

a good ending

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

It's twilight, or maybe just a little past; things have lost more color than not, and pale darkness lights the first stars one by one. You sit on the porch, thinking faraway, and watch a jet flying overhead still catching the sun. You watch until it's out of sight and then you listen, listen for the moment you can't hear it anymore.

A beginning is up to you.

