

# Twilight, Nov. 07, 05:50am

*by* Lola E.

Light spreads its way  
across the sky like a

drop of ink  
on dry cotton sheets:

starts at one point  
and expands

as wind shuffles  
over bodies, seas

hoist your sails  
and I'll throw this one

over  
the night can have it

now  
hear the waves

how they seem satisfied  
with their hour's catch

and the dawn smells  
so strongly

of copper  
and of iron ore

the clouds  
are flowers, hyacinths

to be touched lightly, caressed  
by your delicate fingers

*Written 2017, November 07  
05:50 am*

