

# In The Evening

*by* Michael Tusa

In the evening when the sun goes down and the bath gets drawn the cool tall glass sits sweating on the white window sill.

The birds send out their last notes to sail on the infinite breath of breeze that is now making its way through our neighborhood gently nudging and guiding and rocking and setting to rest all of the sparks and dirt set loose by our careless and childish ways. The moon sings as it's radiant ray of lonesome luminous love of blossom and sonnet and pearl and magic dip deep into valleys and alleys and wells. All the water smiles up at the dark untethered sky. All the silver all the gold. Dogs pace in circles and she sighs underneath the naked oscillation of our fan in the blue hue of predawn. And crickets and cicadas play their timeless symphonies as the few of us who are still listening dance.

