

Late Afternoon in the Universe

by Michael Tusa

In the evening when the sun sinks low and the bath gets drawn
a tall glass of milk sits slowly spoiling and sweating on the cracked
white window sill.

And the kids walk across the grass.

The birds send out their last farewell notes

They sail on the infinite breath of breeze that has circulated every
corner of the universe and is right 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 sends its radiant ray of luminous love in blossom and sonnet
and pearl and magic and it dips deep into valleys and fills canyons
and wells. As we raise buckets and catch

stars and pennies as they rain from heaven. All the water reaching
toward and smiling up at the long night sky. All the silver all the
gold, quietly unfolding. The dog pacing in his circle.

The grandfather clock ticking.

She sighs

as we lie

naked underneath the oscillation of our fan in the great blue hue of
predawn. And crickets and cicadas continue to play their timeless
symphony

and the few of us who are still listening dream and dance.

