

# Late Afternoon in the Universe

*by* Michael Tusa

In the evening when the sun sinks low and the baths 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 it's 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.

