

Darkness

Darkness slowly blankets down
weary fields, early dusk arrives
forbearing Fall's lessening days.
I pass time sitting in my van
awaiting evening's proper hour.
Public Radio is marking time
discussing war, war events.
Events, beginnings without ends.
A couple, boy and girl,
illuminated by yellow pale
entrance lights as they leave
the building for their cars
parked near to mine.
They pause, then talk,
gently holding hands,
tomorrows overlapping
educational pursuit
formulating idealistic plans,
a hazy future now unsure,
yet a world real to them.
They speak of it, they kiss
fingers entwined as they seek
a vision of the future
in each other's eyes.
A shared moment of their lives
replay old memories;
intimate moments, marriage,
home, children, daily life,
and death.
The radio dialogue is endless.
A gentle rain begins to fall
in cyclic reassurance.
Is poetry but an intermittent dance?