

1.

Evening Sun grows cold
as it disappears (beneath the Berkshires.)
The coming darkness commands a question,
If the fondness in our hearts
does not grow,
will it wither, unfulfilled?

2.

The clear glass cover
harbors a pragmatic light bulb.
All night long silk moths dance
about its glowing penumbra
to that inevitable exhaustion;
welcomed by the Robin, seeking her breakfast.

3.

His ammunition exhausted, the hunter
stares as his prey,
outlined against a transparent silver moon,
flies through an ~~immense~~ ocean of air;
leaving no trail to follow.

4.

The grey vole scurries toward our
kitchen garden & squash.
Cries of grosbeaks fill
the small mountain ash.
A young brown hare chews on
patches of fresh sweet clover.
Beyond an old locust tree - two
screech owls sit patiently.
Tomorrow evening, a void may appear
in this scenario.