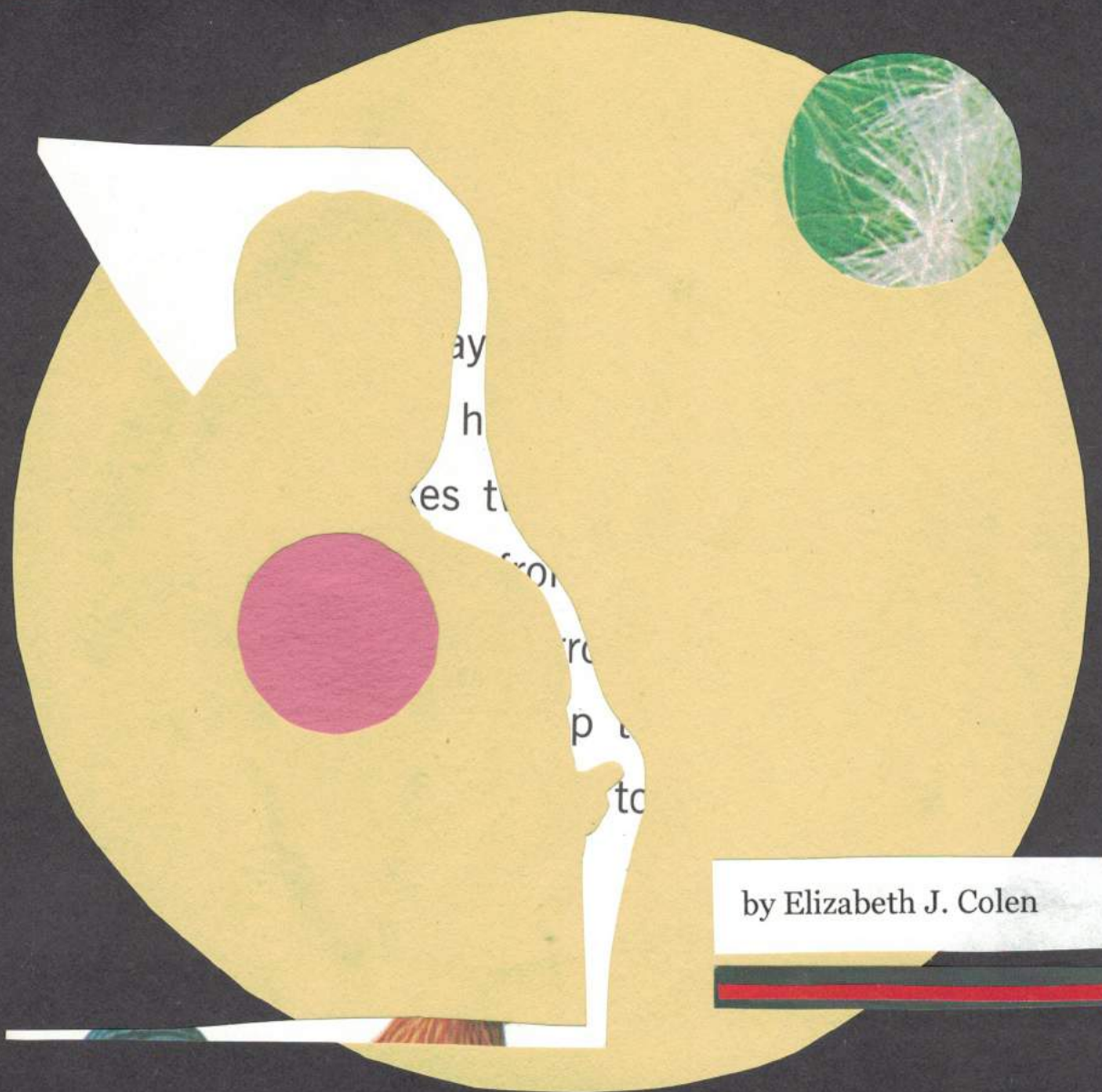


The Nature of Daylight



by Elizabeth J. Colen

You close your eyes,

susceptible to every conjured darkness.



Sundial in soddy hands,

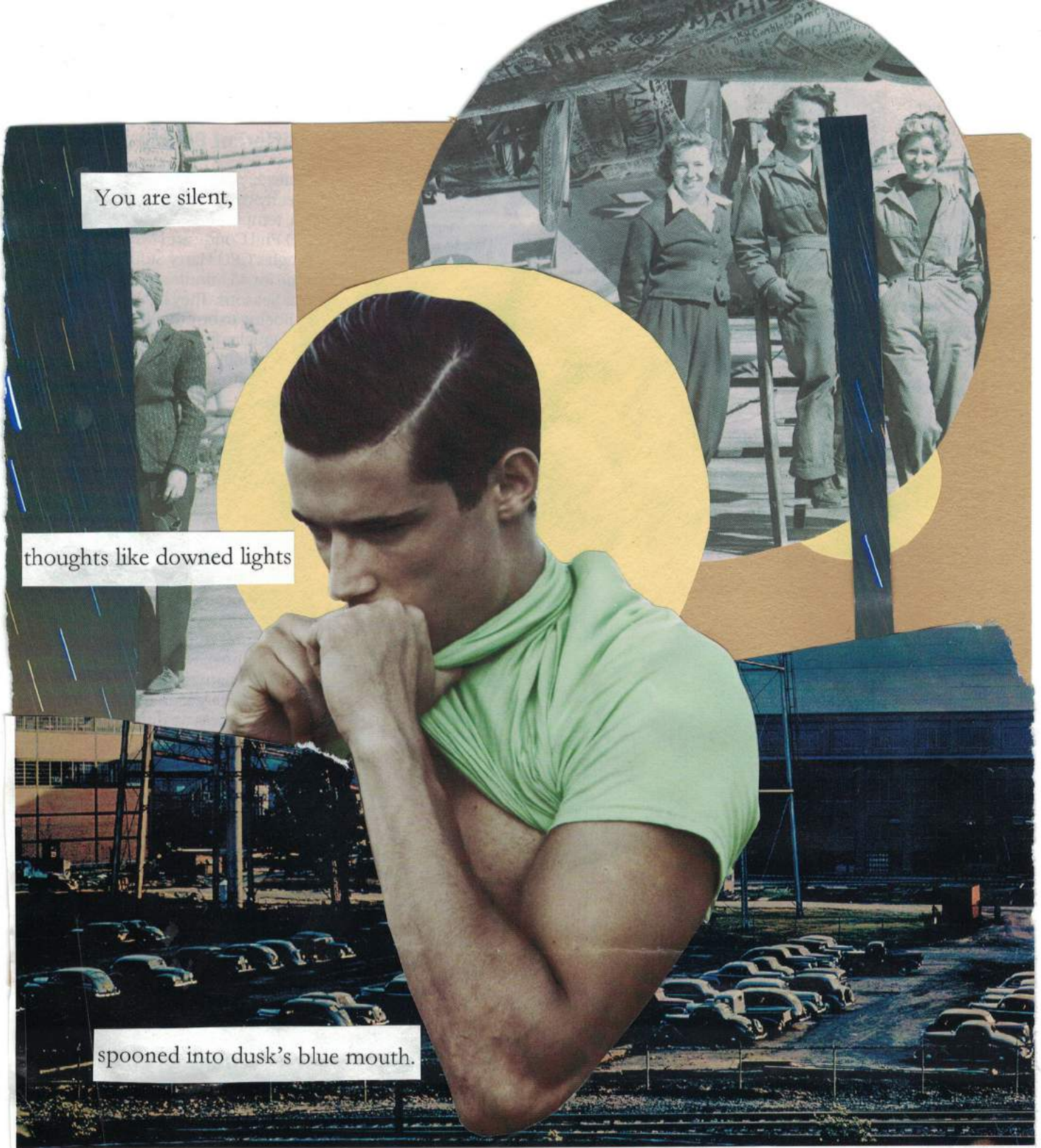
shadow slices the ground in odd angles to the house slats.



You are silent,

thoughts like downed lights

spooned into dusk's blue mouth.



A river of blue blood around her head, in the last light,

or was it morning

the way the pillow

looked at once heavenly,

a halo,

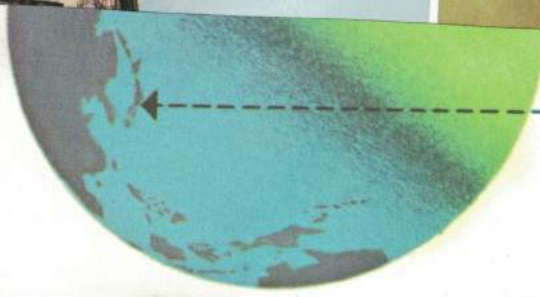
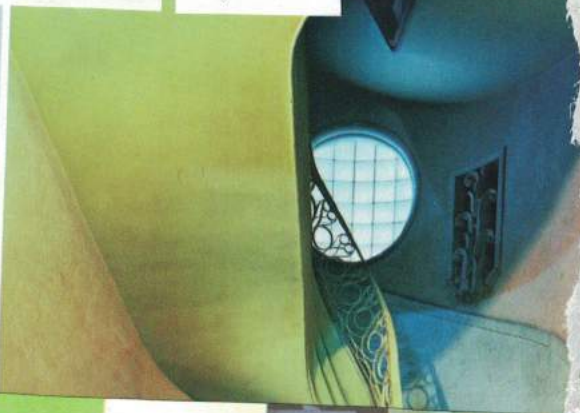
sleep sounds,


and she still alive.

The trees surround a house, silently uprooting the brick path,



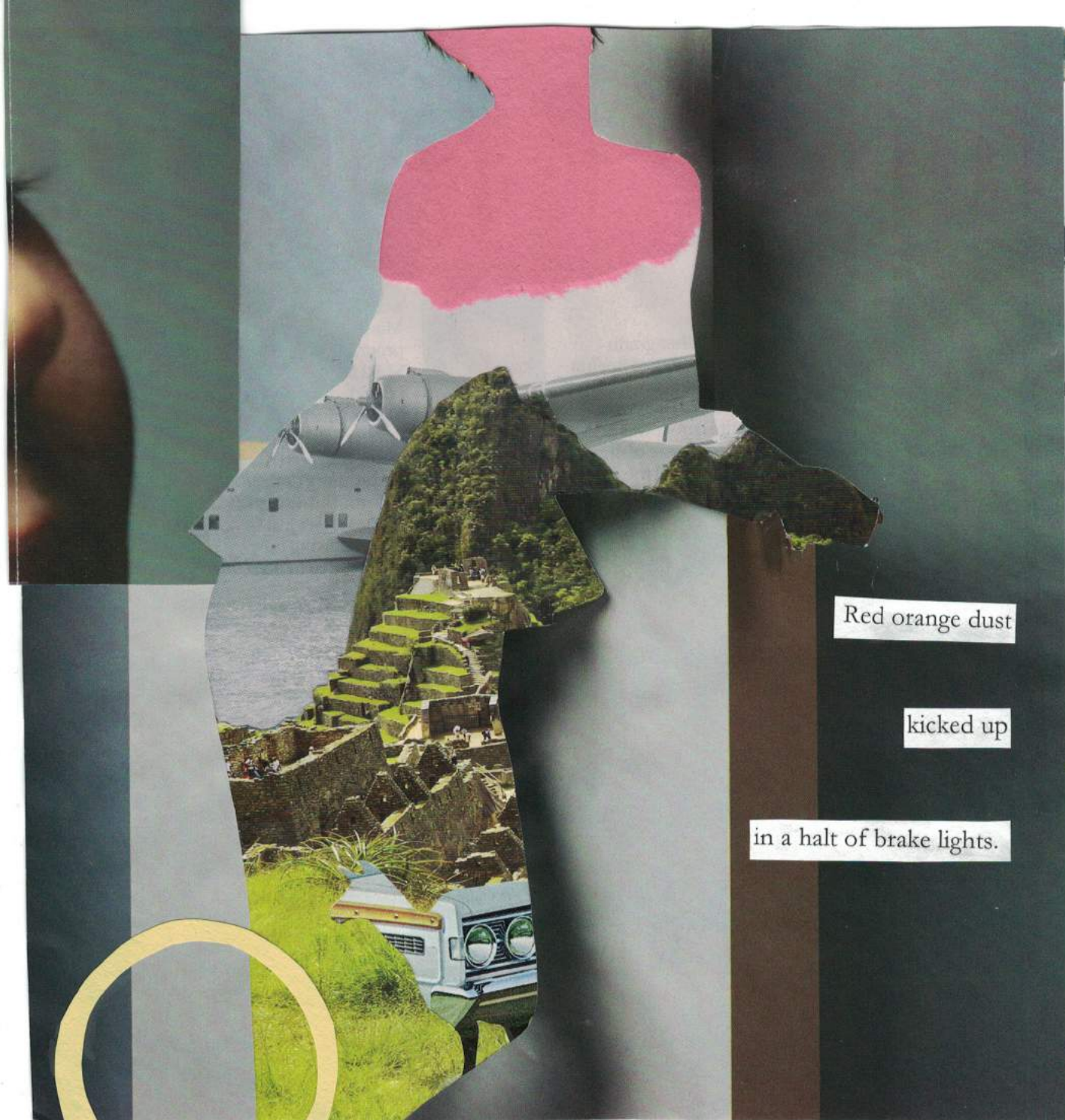
thickness of lost leaves clogging the city drain.





An hour ago the setting sun left welts on our arms

like black beets in pickling jars.



Red orange dust

kicked up

in a halt of brake lights.

The boy puts the pitchfork down slowly,

lets the night fill his newly opened fist.

