Twilight

Jennifer Enright
St. John Fisher College

2001

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/9

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/9 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Twilight

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/9
Dusk falls upon the landscape,
Sliding with a purpose behind the trees.
Loneliness encompasses the cloud shadows
That are casting a blue haze over the evening.
Blankets of denial suffocate,
Disguising the fact that his wife is gone.
If he looks hard enough into the setting sun
He can see her, if only for a fraction of a second.
She is alive again.
A blue gray fog that he can breathe in
And know that he isn’t truly alone
On desolate roads, going nowhere quickly,
Head long into forever, to find
That she still
Is not there with him.
That she still
Is prisoner to the mortality that made her human.
That she still
Is the force in the night that wakes him like magic
To that lonely pillow that once held her curls,
Her cheek, her lips
That held the slight sounds of slumber
Now preserved in this cotton fabric.
If he presses his ear up tight enough,
He can hear the pillow echo her name, her breath, her slumber.
For now, the moon drops behind the trees at twilight.