Twilight

Jennifer Enright
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://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.