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Reading at Dusk

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Reading at Dusk

David Schelhaas

The lowering sun lights the page
I'm reading, and then, quick
as a finger snap, though the sky is cloudless,
the sun, as if it has an eyelid, blinks upon my page.
Has God dozed off? I look up expecting Revelation
but see instead a squirrel swinging on the thin, outermost branch
of the giant maple.
He had leaped from the adjoining ash, bridging the airy gap
by riding on the sun for half a second, causing a shadow to
pass across my page.

The shadow of a squirrel between the sun and me—not doubt or death,
not any metaphysical menace my mind can manufacture, just
a squirrel careening through his playground,
fearless as sunrise, joyful as a song.