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At Dusk

David Schelhaas

From the pink sky the last bit of sun
that squints between houses and trees
strikes my page as I sit in the old blue chair
by the fireplace. Colorful cut-glass butterflies
that earlier flitted upon the east wall
have drooped into slumber.
A soft breeze, sweet with the smells of autumn,
riffles the page of my book and coral petals
from the roses cut by Jeri drift to the floor
as silent as thoughts.

We will go out with friends at nine,
talk of politics and God,
but when we come home,
I will sit here again for a moment
in the fragrant air
and remember the butterflies,
the light, the petals, slowly
falling into the still
dark night.