

## EVENINGS

Still skies, still woods, reflected in still streams,  
Upon the shadowed slop still flock and herd;  
The tired cry of some wing-weary bird,  
Far from its nest, breaking upon their dreams.  
A single cloud upon the sky's dark brine  
Its ragged sails unstirred by wind or spray;  
Aimless, it gropes and falters on its way,  
And slowly fades across the sunset line.

Dreamful the Silences. The afterglow  
Of sunset lingering on vale and hill,  
Crowning each purple crest with broken gold,  
And loitering, as it were loath to go.  
The gray of twilight deepening, until  
Soft mists enwrap the valley, fold on fold.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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