

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/1

Craig Kirchner
The Gloaming

Our back porch faces west,
across a thick wood. When the sun is
setting just above the horizon,
it shouts a resounding last call through the trees,
that streams through the window,

bounces off the walls, gleams on the cheek.
There is a crystal prism that adds color to
the majesty and mystery this room
has needed all afternoon.
It's a pinprick instant,

like an old friend who flies in,
didn't tell you they were coming,
and walks through the front door.
There are other momentary experiences,
that add a wonderment to the day,

but only a very few come to mind,
and then like magic,
the rabbit under the hat, they're gone.
The awed flame is extinguished in a flash,
like the match that lit the birthday candles.

There was a soul sought tangent,
worked its sorcery, fluttered the heart,
and now the trees are darkening,
the sky is grey, the room withers,
shrinks, waits on future twilights.

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