Twilight

At his faint footsteps a swallow swiftly flies up from a branch
That leaves its shadow like a scar on the shed.
   It is a warm evening, retreating at first
And then slowly fading, changing into a spot,
   A somewhat rusty shade on the ochre wall.
And the silence endures through the mother
   Not calling her child:
   It disturbs neither the silence, nor her.
   Just the honking of a far-off car
And the trees sounding softer and sweeter.
   Everything breathes the same sweltering atmosphere
   In which I suspect nothing.

   He does.

   And his sweat weaves a cold web of stripes upon his forehead
   Catching almost everything:
      The flutter of the first moths against the lanterns
      And the sharpening of the shade
      As silver darkens.
      Only the call of the owl that he knows
      Stops him for a while.
      Interrupts unnoticeably the shoving of his feet
      For the sound of the shivering leaves remains.
      And this evening is unlike the others,
      For the trees are taller
      And the one who usually accompanies him
      Has gone.

Mark Kinet