

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