

Sunlight

Chris Barnett

January 22, 2012

Sunlight leaning its stilts against the evenings tree
Pausing before it folds the day away.
Or my tired smaller son
Slipping from happiness into dreams.
And todays breeze teasing the sea into foam
Now an echo in the leaves,
While the evening river of folded glass unravels.
And here your troubled eye by moonlight,
Passing into night
Passing through me
Passing.