

Postcards

I sent postcards home this summer
so you could see the same things as I
and we could share the beauty.

But none of the pictures
capture a moment like this dusk
as I sit here with you
while the moon slowly swallows the sun,
covering the day like a veil.

This winter night,
the sky sections into blue and orange.
The smooth blue fills with deeper hues until black.
Carries the crescent and the planets shine
to its left, Jupiter and Venus.

The orange a fine layer of dust,
wild zombie trees appear
as black ash against their backdrop.
Thrashing limbs reaching for the cool blue
so they can be alive once again.