

## It's Only Dark

Timber Timbre

The breaking twig  
The  
Putrification of  
The worn,

And won't that figure become green  
In the nearing daylight star  
But it's not late  
It's only dark

The crickets wane  
Mosquitoes die  
A flickered plate-white face  
Beckons the eye

And if by calling out to fear  
Should echo some remark  
Then it's not late  
It's only dark