

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