

Dark Evening

©2022 *Elizabeth Stanley King*

Dark lavender clouds on a slate blue sky
crimson flushed sunset reflections
a carmine canopy bursts forth
emotionless, the fiery globe slides from view
coppery, foliage-clouds weep their color

silvery frost crisply crunching
withered branches snapping underfoot
dusky scent of smoldering leaves
the glow of slowly throbbing embers

shadows cross the face of the moon
dusky, dark, shadows of hollow lives
pierced through with views of beyond
terror of moonlight tingling on skin

cold wet shivers from a sarsar wind
bitter, black, brushwood, broomsticks
scattered across the hollow stone henge
burning, crackling, candlewicks
mandrakes, cauldrons, and magical evenings