Poems December 2017

In Europe

by Jack Hanson

Beyond the bay window, before
the browning grass, there sits a square
sundeck, its seats empty, its stones
softening in the August air,
heated to extremes by the sun,
which is high above the house.

I am seated inside the house,
gazing through the glass, awaiting
the setting sun, the cooling bronze,
which will, for a time, spread on the sun-
deck the warmth of welcome, before
the event, before the light-death.

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