**Day’s-End Invitation**

Alexander Etheridge

See now

dusk comes on

with its raft of thoughts

*Time is a crucible*

Elm shadows

grow over elms

*and everything is linked by*

*dismantlement*

Watch the sundown with me

There’s a glow

with shadows woven

inside it

As stars begin appearing

our minds take flight

and our oldest questions become

a delicate thread of

silences

Our prayers

are like leaves blowing over the roads

Walk with me

past the border of words

into a lost forest

Look around

meet the dark behind moonlight

and meet the light

behind it all