**Dusk Meditation**

Beth Oast Williams

Mary believes

there are no more lightning

bugs because she stays

inside. The moon hides

from her window, afraid

of the evening news.

She's forgotten the shock

of summer grass, how blades

are not just for cutting.

I wish she'd anticipate wind,

how it tickles the river with ripples,

whispers fresh as a lover's first

breath, the sun glancing back

as it rounds Granby point.