**Evening Song**

Julie Weiss

Before the hour sheds its final skin.

Before you pull up the blanket and close your eyes

to the day´s grueling tasks, your feet a crunch

of bones, weary from placing one endeavor

in front of the other. Before you set sail

on a winding river of dreams, dip your hand

in the jar of memories you´ve been saving

for a night like this one, when the space

I used to fill arches its back and curls

around your leg like a drowsy old cat.

Plant me in your thoughts and I´ll sprout

in a thousand glowing blossoms to brighten

your path, guide you around the crevices

of doubt, over boulders of sorrow.

Whatever obstacles in life threaten to break

your stride, I´ll be there, beside you, a joint

in your hip to steady your tread, a shimmer

of air in the shape of your favorite keepsake,

a hand casting all your frustrations into the blaze

of my smile—tilt your face skyward

and you´ll know I speak not of reverie

or cliché, but of a presence beyond

the horizon of your senses. If all those words

I spoke should, in a moment of distraction,

tumble out of the jar, skitter across days

and years and come to rest in the forgotten

furrows of your mind, listen for the punchline,

catch my wink as the world doubles up with rapture.