

The End of the Day

by Hayley-Jenifer Brennan

Ssssh...

The world is quiet – cloaked in thickened ink
Shadows flicker, glimmer, stagger, shimmer
The Moon is on duty and the candles are sleepy now;
We are outside of Time.

We drift softly as the scraps of Stardust that fall on our lashes
gather at the close of our eyes, ready to enchant us with Secret Wishes
nothing contains them, they are limitless

Ssssh...

The world is in slumber – stilled by hushed tranquility
Stars sparkle, shimmer, twinkle, glitter
We are Poets and Artists now;
We do not have to be careful.

Imagination is wisps of cloud that we scatter absentmindedly during the day,
forbidden from leaving our heads in them when there is sunlight
not bound by Time or Space, our thoughts can wander

Ssssh...

You are at Peace now – tethered forever to Inspiration
Moon Shavings dance, flurry, twirl, scurry
You are unafraid, you are free;
there is no need for reservation.

We can walk through this Warm Winter together,
tingles of touch on the tips of our fingers as we meet again in Dreams
there is no sorrow here
Hope is not a requirement but an absolute.

