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Down Comes the Night

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Down Comes the Night

by Kelley L. Logan

There is a hole in my front yard.
I don't know how it got there or when.
Covered by tenacious leaves, it hid and grew,
A self-sufficient

Sandy place, a slight-of-hand shadow, a small
Depression, cupping a stone and furled bits of leaf—
Easily overlooked, legged over on the way out.

Until one day turning, key in hand, day set,
A canyon yawned between the front step and the car—
Now no business will get me across.

Most days I sit on the bottom step
And swing my legs into space,
Listening to the wind blow.
Sometimes I lean over and drop a stone.

