

Evening Peace

There is peace.

Only the natural sounds of birds and cicadas

Fill the air.

Clouds glide across as sun's last rays

Tinge them gently with strokes of pink

And the sky slides into evening mode.

There is peace

As mountains darken into silhouettes

Flat against their ever-changing backdrop.

Trees lose their branches, leaves,

Become the apron of the scene

Fronting the cosmic stage

Before disappearing in the dark.

There is peace:

Moments spent unthinking,

Each breath moves with the universe's change,

Each blink reveals the awesome ending of the day.

I don't farewell the day; it leaves me

With beauty in its fading wave.

In its persistence I am powerless

Being there, accepting change,

No past, no future, now.

Here is peace.