



An Evening's Glow

In the glory of a sunset
When bright daytime accedes to night,
Comes golden glow of eventide
When everything's bathed in light.

An amber orb drops from the sky,
Slowly, slowly fading away;
Then an embracing gray appears
Marking the end of my day.

I pause in silent wonderment,
Enthralled by this majestic scene;
Another day has bid goodbye,
Simple matter of routine.

I wonder if old days live on
Thriving elsewhere in evening's glow;
Mere mortal, these things I know not . . .
A certainty . . . God does know.

Henry W. Gurley