

In the Quiet Curve of Evening
Voices United, 278 (Julie Howard)

In the quiet curve of
evening, in the sinking of the days,
In the silky void of
darkness, you are there.

In the lapses of my
breathing, in the space between my ways,
In the crater carved by
sadness, you are there. You are there.

In the rests between the
phrases, in the cracks between the stars,
In the gaps between the
meaning, you are there.

In the melting down of
endings, in the cooling of the sun,
In the solstice of the
winter, you are there. You are there.