

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Sunset, Moonrise*

IT'S scarce an hour since sunset torched the sky  
And soft-edged shadows had a pinkish hue,  
Until they fused to launch a last goodbye  
To puny day and gave fond night its cue.

But up to then, the sun played hard to get.  
Black-bosomed clouds poured forth their store of rain,  
And stoic citizens' umbrellas met  
An onslaught that they sheltered from in vain.

What was this deluge that had been released,  
As heaven's stair-rods lashed the hapless land?  
We'll never know, for suddenly it ceased,  
Before we'd quite condemned it out of hand.

And now, consigning what the hours have been  
To memory, as just another day,  
The earth acquires the soft and subtle sheen  
That says a gentle moon is on its way.

And stately-soon, emerging from a cloud  
Whose fluffy presence shines in borrowed light,  
The orb – where, unbelievably but proud,  
Mere man set foot – is heralding the night.

And gradually, earth's stage is silver-set,  
And shadows stand sharp-framed where moon is bright.  
Magnificence in silver! Let's forget  
The day we'd not expected such a night.

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