

January 14, 2025

Poete Street Nocturne

The owl calls from the cemetery.

His mate returns the call.

A harvest moon rises to the East

While a cool breeze blows from the North.

Winter is coming

The zinnias are waning.

Leaves fall from sycamore and pecan trees
to blanket my yard.

I sit on the back stoop of my porch

Watching the stars slowly move in the sky.

The dog and the cat stay close

Fearing the predator in the trees.

The owl cries.