

Take a Moment

Open skies beckon in something broader.
I can feel it as the wind whips past me.
This whispers, secrets and prayers it carries
weigh it down,
making it heavy and dense.

The grasses sway
and lay flat against the rich earth
in which it grows.

The creek burbles and glistens
in the golden hour light
that burns in the afternoon sky.

I breathe in tandem with the setting of the sun.
Arms stretched high to meet the clouds
and the approach of purple and indigo
in the end of days sky.

