



Night

By Deveron Long

*Invisible green
cool, damp scent of earth fills
my nostrils and swirls in my chest,
healing the wounds of day.
Why do you smell and feel so different
than your busy counterpart?
Even your rhythmic music—cricket, frog, owl—
soothes the waking drama.*

*A heavy stillness seeps in my pores,
infusing me with a sense of myself.*

*In your presence the universe
is no longer an unattainable star,
but a cloak of reverence
that wraps me in the magnificence
that I am.*