

# Summer Twilight

by Bonnie Thurston

This is more easily done  
in summer's longing gloaming  
when I read on the porch  
until the light goes  
as it does earlier  
in this little valley than  
on its encircling ridges.  
I listen to the soundtrack  
of wrens warbling arias  
apparently for the joy of it,  
watch militant pugilism  
of kamikaza hummingbirds  
at a feeder so close  
the whir of tiny wings  
ruffles the herbs below it.  
Frequently does bring their  
fawns and friends to feast  
at the green profusion  
on the hill I refuse to tame  
because it opens a door  
to timeless aliveness,  
invites me to love what is  
for its own sake, and  
because in every moment,  
eternity's light dawns.